
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/intimateletterso0000unse_l4i9

PUBLICATIONS OF THE
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

EDITED BY

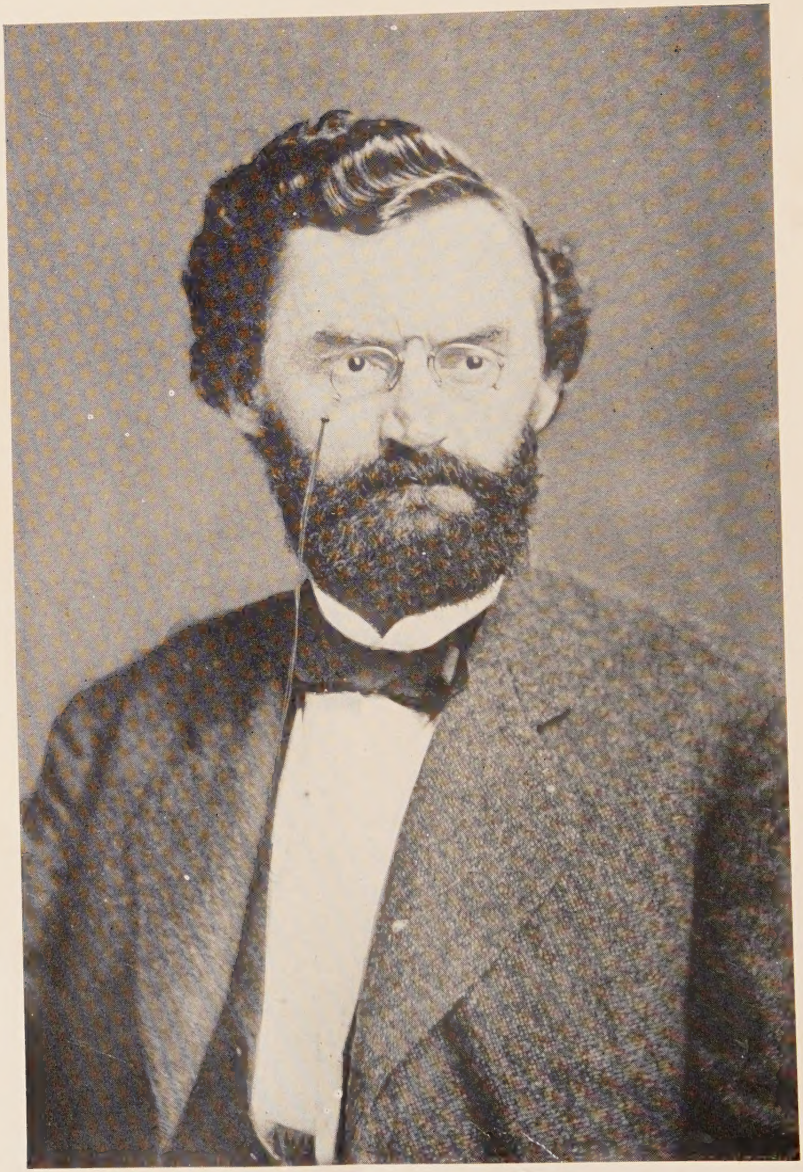
JOSEPH SCHAFER

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SOCIETY

INTIMATE LETTERS OF CARL SCHURZ
1841-1869

WISCONSIN HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS

COLLECTIONS VOLUME XXX



SENATOR CARL SCHURZ

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF WISCONSIN

COLLECTIONS, VOLUME XXX

INTIMATE LETTERS OF CARL SCHURZ

1841-1869

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

JOSEPH SCHAFER

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF WISCONSIN

PUBLISHED BY THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

MADISON, 1928

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

THE ANTES PRESS
EVANSVILLE, WISCONSIN

PREFACE

The project of preparing a book on Carl Schurz was authorized by the Executive Committee of the State Historical Society at its annual meeting in October, 1926. The approach of the centenary of Schurz's birth, March 2, 1929, was the immediate stimulus to the undertaking which, meeting with favor in the Legislature of 1927, was provided for through the appropriation granted to the Society for the biennium beginning July 1, 1928.

The original plan contemplated a volume to be made up of documents illustrating especially that portion of Schurz's career which pertains to Wisconsin, this state having been his home from 1855 to 1866. Speeches were found printed in Wisconsin newspapers, which have never been made accessible to the general public, and certain other records were also assembled, partly from the Schurz papers in the Library of Congress. It would have been practicable to bring together from a variety of sources a body of material which would have proved not only interesting but historically valuable enough to justify publication.

By a rare piece of good fortune, however, we have been enabled to secure a collection of documents possessing a vastly higher significance than those just mentioned. At New York City, in January, 1928, George McAneny, acting on behalf of Marianna Schurz, sole survivor of Carl Schurz's immediate family, turned over to this Society for transcription, with the privilege of publication, a group of Schurz's letters ranging in dates from the early 1840's to the year 1869. These

in part illustrate his life prior to his settlement in our state, but a heavy proportion of the whole number were written during the eleven years when his legal residence was in Watertown, Wisconsin.

Carl Schurz, from early boyhood, was a prolific writer of intimate letters, and happily many of these had been preserved so that, when wanted, they could be assembled by the Schurz family. Theodore Petrasch, his principal boyhood correspondent, came to America in 1864, bringing Schurz's letters with him. Professor Kinkel, who lived to a ripe old age, had preserved letters Schurz wrote to him and to the first Mrs. Kinkel; Frederick Althaus, who lived in London, preserved letters; so did Schurz's parents, both of whom died in 1876; as did also Mrs. Schurz, to whom the larger part of his purely private letters were addressed.

When, in 1913, Georg Reimer, publisher of the German edition of Schurz's memoirs (*Reminiscences of Carl Schurz.* 3 vols. New York: McClure's. 1907-1908), called *Erinnerungen,* wanted to fill a large part of his third volume with letters, Agathe Schurz assembled originals from all the sources named and typed copies were executed under her editorship. She then sent a portion of these copies to the Berlin publisher, who printd them in *Erinnerungen,* volume three, but she retained a still larger number for which the publisher had no space. She naturally sent him what she thought would be most interesting to German readers. Thus were excluded many letters strictly supplementary to the printed group, which are of highest interest from the point of view of American history and of Schurz's biography.

It was the residue left after supplying material for

that work which was turned over to this Society by Mr. McAneny and the surviving Miss Schurz. The bundle contained two hundred and eighteen letters. About seventy of these duplicated letters published in *Erinnerungen,* while that book contains one hundred and fourteen which are not represented in our group. Twenty-five of the latter, in whole or in part, had been translated and published in *Speeches, Correspondence, and Political Papers* (6 vols. New York: Putnam's. 1913), volume one. In deference to that important publication, fostered by the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee, these have not been included in the present volume, save that omitted portions of letters therein printed have in some instances been translated for this publication. In a few cases I have made my own translation, directly from the German text, of letters which were printed in the above-mentioned work. All of the balance, both those printed in *Erinnerungen* and those never printed, are in the present volume. So large a proportion of the letters published in the present volume being already in print in the German, it was decided to avoid the added expense involved in a bilingual publication.

The letters, both those in *Erinnerungen* and those in our bundle, extend into the year 1869, when Schurz entered upon his senatorial career, though the book leaves off with his first letter after taking the oath of office on March 4, while we received manuscript letters extending to August 10, some of them highly significant as revealing the manner in which he attacked his senatorial problems. That point of termination corresponds with Schurz's own narrative as contained in volumes

one and two of *Erinnerungen,* showing that the publisher regarded the letters as documentary illustrations and supplements of the text. Schurz in his remarkable autobiography refought his way through the most stressful and anxious years of his life. In a strain of exultation, which can be traced through the letters immediately following his election to the Senate, he proclaims that he has attained the goal of his ambition politically, while financially he has—after a long and bitter struggle —become independent. He always considered the senatorial term as the climax of his political career, just as he considered his oratory during the Lincoln campaign of nine years earlier the acme of his political speech making. The year 1869 is therefore a natural point of division in Schurz's life, by far the most meteoric if not the most significant portion of it having been completed by that time.

Schurz was the first American citizen of German birth who felt himself to be possessed of powers of persuasion and argument equal to the task of proselyting in the service of a great and sacred cause millions of Germans scattered over a continent. The demonstration he made of those powers in 1860 was the basis of his later achievements. It made him available for a senatorship in a state where he had resided less than two years. The senatorship in turn afforded scope for the exercise of his high talent for practical statesmanship and shaped the issues out of which proceeded the movement for the organization of the Liberal Republican party, to which, as to the election of Lincoln, Schurz and the liberal Germans contributed so powerfully. His selection by President Hayes for a cabinet post was

the natural corollary of his leadership in the Liberal Republican movement. Thereafter he had no public office, nor was his leadership of the liberal Germans so complete at any time after 1881 as it had been for two decades after 1860. Nevertheless he was able in 1884, in the interest of what he deemed essential political morality, to guarantee the defeat of James G. Blaine, an activity which entailed a loss of influence such as the non-partisan usually suffers in a time of rigorous organization. Thereafter he disregarded party ties with almost seeming recklessness; but he at all times, with voice and pen, earnestly supported policies he thought good, and just as earnestly fought those he believed to be bad. He died May 14, 1906.

This collection of private letters of a distinguished political leader possesses special value for American history and biography, as well as special interest for the general reader. Schurz in his mature years was a charming letter writer and, his dominant interest being politics, his letters constitute a kind of running commentary on the changing political phases of the period through which he lived and wrote. Especially noteworthy are those written during the stirring days of campaigning in 1860, and those which follow the election of Lincoln and extend beyond his inauguration to the outbreak of the Civil War. The letters from Madrid later in 1861, while delightful as affording a glimpse of Spanish scenes and Spanish life, reflect very little of European politics, which of course was treated adequately in his letters to the President and Secretary of State. The letters Schurz addressed to Mrs. Schurz during the war, said by him to have been very full and absolutely continuous, designed to make a complete

record of his observations at the front, were all lost in a depot fire at Detroit in 1866. We therefore have only a few letters written from the camp—one to his daughter, several to his parents, two to Petrasch. Those he wrote from the South while traveling at President Johnson's request to report on conditions affecting reconstruction, are in this file and they should be read in connection with his famous report.

In January, 1866, Schurz wrote to Petrasch saying his legal residence was still at Watertown, Wisconsin, but that in six months he would be permanently established either at St. Louis or at Detroit. His family, in fact, removed to Detroit in August, 1866, whence it follows that the letters of the last three years represented in this volume are not by "Carl Schurz of Wisconsin." But being by Carl Schurz, the man whom Wisconsin people knew as an intensely ambitious, able, striving, but frequently disappointed and unfortunate fellow citizen, and illuminating as they do the period which makes the turning point in his life, no citizen of the Badger State can regret their inclusion in this publication.

The translation of the letters, after having been dictated by me, was subjected to a detailed criticism by a professional student and teacher of German. It was then revised by me, and put in form for the press. If the translation shall be judged to possess excellencies, it will owe these in large part to the careful work of Johanna Rossberg Morgan (Mrs. B. Q. Morgan); to Professor B. Q. Morgan, who supplied the exquisite translation of the poem "Melancholy" and gave aid in other ways; and to Edna Louise Jacobson, whose rare competence in establishing a correct text for the printer

I have had occasion to compliment in previous publications. For the defects which may remain—and these will doubtless be all too numerous—I alone am to be held responsible, because final decisions on all points were my own.

On behalf of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin I wish to express special appreciation of the generosity shown by George McAneny and Marianna Schurz in granting the Society the use of the manuscript letters, and by Herr Walter de Gruyter of Berlin, Germany, successor to Georg Reimer, in permitting us to make and print translations of the letters in *Erinnerungen,* volume three.

This volume professes to contain letters of Carl Schurz, yet the reader will find two letters each from his mother and his wife, and one letter from Kinkel to Christian Schurz. The reason for this will probably be apparent. His mother's letters to Schurz in his boyhood shed some light on his path in the years prior to the beginning of the series of Schurz letters. Kinkel's letter to Schurz's father settles positively any question about Carl Schurz's agency in the Kinkel rescue, as Kinkel regarded it. Margarethe Schurz's letter to Carl's parents, written just after her visit to his camp on the Virginia frontier, gives a charming picture of his military life and is included for that reason. For her letter from Bethlehem after the assassination of Lincoln there is of course the double justification that it supplements Schurz's letter to her on the same subject, and that it reveals her own feeling of loyal devotion to the Great Emancipator, a feeling which is doubtless in part the reflection of her husband's attitude and is therefore confirmatory of the views he expressed at various times. Her exclamation, "How glad I am that you served him

so faithfully!" is a kind of epitome of the universal outpouring of love and loyalty which the news of the tragedy of April 14, 1865, evoked all over the North.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

Madison, Wisconsin
June 1, 1928

CONTENTS

(* indicates the letter was printed in *Erinnerungen*)

			PAGE
1841	*April 27	Marianne Schurz to Her Son Carl Schurz	1
1844	*January 3	Marianne Schurz to Her Son Carl Schurz	1
1845	September 28	To Theodore Petrasch	2
	*November 17	To Theodore Petrasch	4
1846	*January 27	To Theodore Petrasch	7
	*February 6	To Theodore Petrasch	10
	*February 16	To Theodore Petrasch	15
	*August 6	To Theodore Petrasch	20
	September 23	To Theodore Petrasch	25
	*September 23	To Theodore Petrasch	26
	November 7	To Theodore Petrasch	28
	* ?	To Theodore Petrasch	30
1847	*April 1	To Theodore Petrasch	33
	*April 3	To Theodore Petrasch	37
	June 4	To Theodore Petrasch	39
1848	May 11	To Theodore Petrasch	42
	*May 29	To Theodore Petrasch	44
	*June 26	To Theodore Petrasch	45
	*September 18	To Theodore Petrasch	49
	*December 21	To Theodore Petrasch	50
1849	*March 20	To Gottfried Kinkel	52
	*March 23	To Theodore Petrasch	56
	*March 27	To Theodore Petrasch	57
	*July 21	To His Parents and Sisters	58
	*July 23	To His Friends	63
	*July 31	To His Parents	67
	*August 15	To His Parents	71
	*August 18	To His Parents	74
	October 3	To His Parents	75
	October 9	To His Parents	77
	*October 20	To Christian Schurz	80

CONTENTS

1850	*January 31	To Christian Schurz	83
	*February 8	To Christian Schurz	84
	*February 18	To Christian Schurz	85
	*September	To ?	86
	*November	To His Parents and Sisters	90
	*November	Gottfried Kinkel to Christian Schurz	93
	*December 1	To Mrs. Kinkel	96
	December 20	To His Parents	96
1851	*January 1	To His Parents	97
	January 7	To His Parents	101
	*March 7	To His Parents	101
	*June 2	To His Parents	103
	*June 17	To His Parents	103
	*October 25	To His Parents	104
1852	*April 19	To Adolf Meyer	107
	*May 19	To His Parents	111
	*July 12	To Frederick Althaus	113
	*July 26	To Frederick Althaus	115
	*August 4	To Frederick Althaus	116
1853	*April 12	To Gottfried Kinkel	118
1854	*September 22	To His Wife	121
	*September 26	To His Wife	125
	September 30	To His Wife	126
	*October 2	To His Wife	132
	*October 5	To His Wife	135
	October 9	To His Wife	137
1855	*January 23	To Gottfried Kinkel	140
	*March 4	To His Wife	142
	*August 8	To His Wife	144
	August 12	To His Wife	146
	August 15	To His Wife	147
	*August 27	To His Wife	148
	September 3	To His Wife	149
	September 4	To His Wife	151
	September 16	To His Wife	152
	September 25	To His Wife	152
	October 9	To His Wife	155

1855	October 15	To His Wife	155
	October 17	To His Wife	155
	*October 21	To His Wife	155
	October 28	To His Wife	156
	October 29	To His Wife	157
	*November 5	To His Wife	157
	*November 19	To His Wife	158
	*November 21	To His Wife	159
	*November 24	To His Wife	159
1856	March 8	To Frederick Althaus	159
	*April 12	To Frederick Althaus	162
	*April 27	To Gottfried Kinkel	164
		Arrival in Montreux	166
	August 6	To Henry Meyer	169
	*November 15	To Frederick Althaus	171
	*November 20	To Henry Meyer	173
	*December 1	To Gottfried Kinkel	175
1857	March 21	To His Wife	176
	March 24	To His Wife	177
	September 20	To Henry Meyer	178
	*November 25	To Henry Meyer	179
1858	*January 15	To Henry Meyer	181
	*February 15	To Gottfried Kinkel	182
	*February 23	To Gottfried Kinkel	185
	March 12	To His Wife	186
	October 18	To Adolf Meyer	186
	*November 5	To Frederick Althaus	188
	*December 26	To Gottfried Kinkel	189
1859	*April 19	To His Wife	190
	*April 21	To His Wife	191
	September 20	To His Wife	192
	*September 21	To His Wife	194
	*September 22	To His Wife	197
	*September 27	To His Wife	198
	*October 3	To His Wife	201
	*November 5	To His Wife	202
1860	January 7	To His Wife	204
	January 12	To His Wife	204

1860	*February 23	To His Wife	205
	February 27	To His Wife	207
	March 14	To His Wife	208
	*March 25	To His Wife	209
	July 1	To His Wife	211
	July 6	To His Wife	212
	July 17	To His Wife	213
	July 19	To His Wife	214
	July 20	To His Wife	214
	July 21	To His Wife	215
	July 23	To His Wife	215
	*July 29	To His Wife	216
	July 31	To His Wife	217
	August 15	To His Wife	217
	August 16	To His Wife	218
	*September 10	To His Wife	219
	*September 14	To His Wife	221
	*September 17	To His Wife	222
	September 21	To His Wife	223
	September 24	To His Wife	224
	October 2	To His Wife	225
	October 4	To His Wife	226
	October 25	To His Wife	227
	October 29	To His Wife	228
	*November 3	To His Wife	229
	*November 7	To His Wife	230
	November 10	To His Wife	232
	December 5	To His Wife	233
	December 11	To His Wife	233
	December 12	To His Wife	234
	December 20	To His Wife	235
	*December 24	To His Wife	235
	*December 27	To His Wife	237
1861	*January 29	To His Wife	239
	January 31	To His Wife	241
	*February 4	To His Wife	242
	February 7	To His Wife	244
	February 9	To His Wife	246
	February 13	To His Wife	247
	February 15	To His Wife	248
	*March 7	To His Wife	249

1861	*March 18	To His Wife	250
	*March 28	To His Wife	252
	*April 17	To His Wife	253
	*April 29	To His Wife	254
	*April 30	To His Wife	254
	*June 2	To His Parents	255
	*August 13	To Adolf Meyer	256
	*August 19	To His Parents	258
	*October 11	To Frederick Althaus	263
	*December 9	To Frederick Althaus	266
1862	January 14	To Adolf Meyer	267
	*February 2	To His Parents	268
	*March 13	To His Parents	269
	*May 5	To His Mother	270
	*June 12	To His Parents	272
	*July 15	Mrs. Schurz to Her Parents-in-law	274
1863	*January 7	To His Parents	278
	*March 26	To His Parents	280
	*September 10	To His Parents	281
	*September 24	To Theodore Petrasch	282
	*October 3	To Theodore Petrasch	286
	*November 9	To His Daughter Agathe	289
	December 17	To Theodore Petrasch	293
	*December 23	To Theodore Petrasch	294
1864	*January 24	To His Parents	297
	*February 20	To His Parents	299
	February 29	To Theodore Petrasch	300
	*April 24	To His Parents	301
	*July 5	To His Parents	302
	September 7	To Theodore Petrasch	303
	*October 12	To Theodore Petrasch	304
	November 9	To Theodore Petrasch	311
	December 31	To Theodore Petrasch	314
1865	*February 1	To His Wife	314
	February 24	To His Wife	315
	February 27	To His Wife	316
	March 4	To His Wife	317
	March 14	To His Wife	317

1865	March 22	To Theodore Petrasch	318
	*March 25	To Henry Meyer	320
	March 28	To His Wife	324
	March 31	To His Wife	325
	*April 2	To His Wife	326
	*April 3	To His Wife	327
	April 7	To His Wife	327
	April 9	To His Wife	329
	*April 14	To His Wife	331
	*April 21	Mrs. Schurz to Her Husband	334
	May 1	To His Wife	335
	May 4	To His Wife	335
	May 19	To His Wife	335
	*May 21	To His Wife	336
	May 26	To His Wife	337
	*June 15	To Henry Meyer	337
	*June 25	To Frederick Althaus	338
	July 26	To His Wife	342
	July 30	To His Wife	344
	*August 9	To His Wife	345
	August 14	To His Wife	347
	*September 2	To His Wife	348
	*September 12	To His Wife	350
	September 20	To His Wife	352
	*November 24	To His Wife	353
	*December 5	To His Wife	354
	December 17	To His Wife	354
	December 21	To His Wife	355
	December 27	To Theodore Petrasch	355
1866	January 2	To Theodore Petrasch	356
	January 12	To His Wife	356
	January 17	To His Wife	356
	January 19	To His Wife	357
	*January 23	To His Wife	357
	January 25	To Theodore Petrasch	359
	January 26	To His Wife	360
	March 3	To His Wife	361
	April 23	To Theodore Petrasch	361
	*May 11	To His Father [and Mother]	362
	July 21	To His Wife	363
	July 24	To His Wife	364

1866	August 2	To His Wife	365
	*August 4	To Theodore Petrasch	365
	August 6	To His Wife	366
	August 15	To Theodore Petrasch	366
	August 31	To His Wife	366
	September 5	To His Wife	367
	September 11	To His Wife	368
	September 12	To His Wife	369
	*December 16	To Theodore Petrasch	370
1867	January 12	To Theodore Petrasch	371
	January 31	To His Wife	372
	*March 4	To His Wife	373
	April 17	To His Wife	374
	*June 16	To His Wife	374
	June 27	To Theodore Petrasch	375
	July 2	To His Wife	377
	*July 8	To His Wife	379
	*July 9	To His Wife	383
	*July 16	To His Wife	383
	July 28	To Theodore Petrasch	385
	July 29	To His Wife	385
	August 12	To His Wife	386
	August 20	To His Wife	388
	*August 23	To His Wife	389
	August 27	To His Wife	391
	August 31	To His Wife	392
	September 10	To His Wife	393
	*September 17	To His Wife	395
	September 21	To His Wife	398
	September 23	To His Wife	400
	October 4	To His Wife	404
	October 7	To His Wife	406
	October 12	To His Wife	406
	October 19	To His Wife	408
	*October 26	To His Wife	410
	November 3	To His Wife	412
	November 9	To His Wife	412
	November 15	To His Wife	416
	November 22	To Theodore Petrasch	416
	*November 23	To His Wife	417
1868	January 9	To Henry Meyer	418

1868	February 8	To Adolf Meyer	419
	*February 3	To Henry Meyer	422
	*February 24	To Gottfried Kinkel	424
	March 1	To Theodore Petrasch	427
	*March 5	To His Wife	427
	March 20	To His Wife	428
	March 25	To Theodore Petrasch	430
	*March 29	To His Wife	430
	*April 4	To His Wife	431
	April 12	To His Wife	433
	May 11	To His Wife	434
	*May 24	To His Daughter Agathe	435
	*May 24	To His Wife	436
	*August 2	To His Wife	438
	*August 9	To His Wife	441
	*August 16	To His Wife	443
	*August 17	To His Daughter Agathe	444
	September 7	To His Wife	446
	*November 2	To His Wife	447
	*November 9	To His Wife	449
	*November 16	To His Wife	451
	November 23	To His Wife	453
	*November 28	To His Wife	453
	*November 29	To His Wife	454
	December 6	To His Wife	456
	*December 20	To His Wife	456
	December 26	To His Wife	458
1869	*January 3	To His Wife	459
	*January 10	To His Wife	462
	January 13	To Emil Preetorius	463
	*January 16	To His Wife	464
	*January 24	To His Wife	467
	*February 16	To His Wife	469
	February 17	To His Wife	470
	*March 10	To His Wife	470
	March 12	To Emil Preetorius	473
	March 20	To His Wife	474
	April 12	To His Wife	476
	May 30	To His Wife	477
	August 10	To Adolf Meyer	478

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Facing Page
Senator Carl Schurz	*Frontispiece*
Margarethe Meyer Schurz in 1867	166
Agathe Schurz, Age 13 Agathe Schurz, Age 23	289
The Schurz Home at Watertown, Wisconsin	416

INTIMATE LETTERS OF CARL SCHURZ

1841-1869

INTIMATE LETTERS OF CARL SCHURZ

Marianne Schurz to Her Son Carl Schurz

LIBLAR, April 27, 1841

I cannot possibly take care of your report before Thursday, for your father started for Bonn this noon and will not be back before Wednesday evening.

Dear Carl, be industrious in all subjects. Particularly, I would have you let religious instruction root deeply, for that is the staff on which you will have to lean. It must keep you from going astray. I say again, do not forget your prayers; you must go to sleep with God and rise with Him. Your father and mother cannot be always at your side; but Our Father in Heaven will never abandon His good children; therefore you must do everything to please both God and men.

Tell Mrs. Schetteler that I will look after your clothing; but I do not know whether to have your coat made here or in Cologne. If I do not come to Cologne this week I shall come the early part of next week.

Many kind greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Schetteler. . . .

Your uncle George is still in Bocklemünd and will not return before Sunday.

Marianne Schurz to Her Son Carl Schurz

LIBLAR, January 3, 1844

Your departure today was very hard for me. I shed many tears after you left and have not got myself in

hand yet. Was it your father's letter which I found yesterday; or is it a presentiment about the future? Dear Carl, you shall want for nothing, not a single thing. You see how hard it is for me when your dear father is a little severe with you. Give us pleasure; let it be your whole purpose to make yourself and us happy. It depends solely on your industry and deportment; you have talent.

Your father, indeed, can sometimes be hard, but you are also his pride; he is truly fond of you. Where will you find a father who needs his money so much and who is spending and has already spent so much on his child! Think of your poor little sisters! I hope, therefore, you will do everything to give your parents and sisters happiness. You will do that gladly, won't you? Also, dear Carl, gladden us frequently with a letter that has some significance. It is dreadful to hear from a child: "I shall write no more at all because you let others read my letter." That is a cold-hearted excuse. Children must not conceal anything from their parents. That [conduct] gives them joy, and we [they] do not injure you [the children] in the least thereby. Do that, dear Carl; in particular, please your father thereby. I trust you will do it gladly.

Do not forget your prayers; think often of the dear God. Then He will not forsake you. Keep well and cheerful, and study with pleasure.

To Theodore Petrasch

LIBLAR, September 28, 1845

That I am still unable to give you definite information about our removal to Bonn is owing to unforeseen

circumstances. The matter will not be settled until Thursday. There is, however, the greatest probability that we shall spend our best years together. It is superfluous to add how much I rejoice in leaving good old, respectable, stupid Cologne, to live in a romantic region, by your side. With respect to quarters, I would request that you notify me of the best [available?], since it will be necessary for me to be in Bonn before you. If your father should not come to Bonn after Friday or Saturday, we might (with your consent) have the selection of a dwelling, it being understood that it suits you and your family to have us live together. But it would be best if we could have a personal talk about the matter in advance. We all regret that you cannot visit us for a few days during the present vacation. Perhaps this might still be arranged, particularly if I tell you that there is going to be a big hunt on Tuesday or Wednesday. For me to be here alone is so insufferably stupid that I can no longer entertain a reasonable thought. Yet you ask what is doing in poetry! It is gone from me when I am alone, and even when not alone it eludes me. I bid you come, and await you most anxiously. Autumnal nature at best disposes to melancholy, and when one is so utterly alone—you can imagine it. I am truly frittering my life away. Still, I believe I am gathering some impressions for the future, so that the days here may not prove quite fruitless. In short, I hope and long for our prospective companionship in Bonn. In regard to your tenth departure I can only pity you.

I have been ill for several days but am now quite well again.

The worthy brothers Winterschladen are right tiresome subjects, but they send greetings. Let us hope if possible for your early arrival. . . . A fine impression

of my prose style you will derive from this letter. (I am not at all in a writing mood.)

To Theodore Petrasch

COLOGNE, November 17, 1845

I have received your letter and have conscientiously and dutifully carried out your instructions. Dreadful institution, this *pension,* for young lovers! I pity you from my heart. I am glad you have become a Frederician. I have been at your house and have delivered the quarterly, likewise *Hatem* and *Suleikha.* Hölscher has not yet come with the booklet.

Recently I read something from Lord Byron, but must say I do not share the almost universal opinion one hears expressed concerning him. His poetical narratives (at least those I have read: *Beppo, A Vision of Judgment, The Siege of Corinth, Parisina, Mazeppa*) are in part very deficient in prose content and statement, and also suffer to some degree from an extremely heavy wit. With surprise I read and reread, and with the best intention of finding something perfect in them; but this they did not yield to my zealous endeavor. Most of them seemed pretty flat. Besides these, I have seen several of Byron's dramatic works and, to a large extent, found them in keeping with the epical writings. *Manfred* suited me best of all, although even here one cannot fail to note a certain imitation of *Faust.* I also read the tragedy of *Werner,* which struck me as quite mediocre, especially since, that same evening, I saw *Hamlet* performed. There is something great about a Shakespeare. When a man contemplates the tremendous effect of such a drama upon the hearts and spirits of the auditors, he

would like to be nothing but a dramatist. The dramatist enjoys his own poetry most of all, even more than the lyric poet, who hears his resounding songs from the lips of the common people. He produces the greatest general effect. If, however, one considers how prodigious the art and its difficulty as compared with one's own powers, one would not want to become a dramatist. Nevertheless, asking pardon for my vanity, I would be one. Whether or not I was born to be one will soon be determined; there will always be time enough to retreat, and the time spent in such effort is never wasted so far as my education is concerned, and it is but the curing of a disease from which otherwise I should have suffered all my life. I shall soon acquaint you more fully with my plans. I have still another dramatic composition of Lord Byron's: *The Changeling.* It is possible that I have not understood it, for I really do not know what he is driving at.

Enough of Lord Byron. Recently I attempted to write a ghazal [an oriental poetic form], for

> To exercise oneself in new artistic practice
> Is a sacred duty.

"*Attempted* to write," understand me! No severe birth pains did I have, for I made things rather easy for myself. On account of its newness I give it a place here, though it really is not worth the trouble.[1] I ask your indulgence, for it is my first (finished) effort, whose imperfections I can myself see very well.

Otherwise, I have lately been comparatively unproductive and only study men—an interesting subject, however. It is one I have always followed, but now

[1] We have omitted the twenty-six lines of the poem, of which every alternate line ends with "nicht."

with plan and purpose. It is singular that we understand least how to portray the character of common people, inasmuch as this remains eternally the same. I believe that you can study the character of men in the lowest middle ages through those of today. Always the same spiritual darkness, the same fanaticism, the same natural wit, the same incompatibility, at least in respect to fundamentals! On the other hand, I do not call it singular that we know how to work out in ourselves the noble and idealistic traits but not the common and deeper-lying. It is peculiarly a trait of the human mind that it can always think itself into regions above its own, but into lower with difficulty or not at all. Therefore, Shakespeare knows so well how to delineate the folk character and folk wit because, until his riper years, he belonged to the lower classes; for it is known that in his youth he was a poacher. That at least contributed to his delightful descriptions, for surely he to whom Nature has sat will paint her more convincingly. . . .

It really grieves me to leave Cologne. I have been considerably befriended by most of the teachers (now also beyond expectation by Grysar), and the stupid philosophizing at the *Gymnasium* in Bonn suits me not at all. But I can live with my family and there will be many agreeable things there for me; therefore I willingly submit. You asked recently if I was acquainted with Nattmann. Oh, yes, but only in a singular way; we shall soon get into a long dispute during which we are likely to become mutually acquainted. He praises my description and language as (so he told Pütz) distinguished and polished, but he was not content that I had based education and the entire life of the soul upon freedom; in other words, that I present as antagonistic

to freedom and as strange to humanity all instincts and voices of nature. We shall discuss this more in detail.

Could you possibly help me to a history of Old English which is quite detailed? The purpose of this—next time! If you scare up one, read the history of King Edwy (955-959) and write me whether or not you would like him as the hero of a drama; leaving aside, naturally, the barbarisms which occur in it. Farewell!

To Theodore Petrasch

COLOGNE, January 27, 1846

Today I visited your family and learned with regret that you would probably be here on Sunday, the same day I expect to go to Bonn. I learned that you were going to move and that the question of your going to live with my family still presented some difficulties. In order, if possible, to remove these, I should like to meet you in Bonn. If you are bent on coming to Cologne for the holidays I beg you to remain till Saturday evening, because I would then meet you, arriving about 3:30 by rail. There will still be time after that to get away. It would please me if you could spend those days in Bonn, and moreover the possibility exists since it depends wholly on your own will. I would gladly spend the time here were I not coerced by a projected improvement in my pecuniary circumstances. So be it, therefore. If you have anything to oppose to this, I beg you to write me about the difficulty of changing the plans.

I have been sick several days, following which I became frightfully stupid. I can produce nothing sensible any more, and since the Christmas holidays I have made

but six lines, on which I do not even trust myself to pass judgment. Listen:

MELANCHOLY[2]
(Phantasy)

Oppressive fall the burning rays
Upon the weary valley's ways.
The brooklet creeps, and mute the breezes all;
Upon their stems the blossoms droop and fall.
A single rose, all withered, faint, and frail,
Looks yearning tow'rd the sky's mysterious,
darksome pale.

I give you till Saturday to think over whether or not this is my best or my worst. I do not know, but it is one of the two.

What are you really up to? Have you written nothing new? No verses? I address this to your conscience. Take care that you do not become too hard a jurist. What would not I do were I in your circumstances! Among friends of high spirit and force, where everything stimulates and everything helps! And here—I am utterly, utterly alone; only von Weise associates with me. He is the sole one and I have great regard for him; but the time is not propitious, it does not bloom as it did last summer. Then it was quite different. Earlier I placed great hopes in our correspondence; I say earlier, for I have been mistaken; as to the reason,

[2] Translation by Professor B. Q. Morgan, of the German department of the University of Wisconsin. Following is the original German:

Schwermuth
(Phantasie)

Schwer drückt der Sonne Gluthenstrahl
Hernieder auf das müde Thal.
Es schleicht der Bach, und alle Lüfte schweigen,
Die Blüthen senken sich an ihren Zweigen.
Und eine Rose, matt und welk und bleich
Starrt sehnend in des Blau's geheimes dunkles Reich.

ask yourself. I shudder always when I think of my prospective life in Bonn. When we two have just spoken of academic liberty, and I remember that I shall have to learn Latin vocables by rote, or to con a French lesson, that will make a strong contrast in my mind. If that period were only over! One feels so timid; believes oneself not entitled to take a bolder step in the sanctuary of the mind so long as one is a gymnasiast. Could you but hear how Vosen cuts loose on Spinoza, Hegel, and Shelling; it is positively a comedy! Recently he said of me that I might amount to something had I not flung myself in the wrong direction. Honor and praise enough!

I am considering writing something in the nature of a novel. The subject shall be the contrast between the ideal world in the mind of a young poet and the crass prose of actual everyday life. How do you like it?

I should like to know that your dramatic idea had been condemned. For least of all must a young writer begin as a plagiarist. The *Wochenstube* [lying-in room] of Prutz pleases for the reason that it is the first of its kind. And truly, God save us from the horde of imitators! The idea of making the emancipation of women the theme of such a composition may not be bad in itself, but to bring the heroines all together without falling into a hundred improbabilities and to build up a correct dramatic action—that is truly a herculean labor. And then the material for your adored parabase [choral interlude]! Consider the purpose of the comedy. With your parabase you draw the whole business into the field of seriousness, destroy the whole illusion, and then do the opposite of what you should have done. I pray you, read Lessing on the subject.

What I have so often said about the much talked of parabase you will find fully confirmed by the content of the choral interludes of Aristophanes, which is quite different in character from that of Prutz. With the former the choral interlude signified something; but Prutz says in it only what he would and should have said in the piece itself, but what he did not and could not say. Read Aristophanes and satisfy yourself. Concerning all of this, more when we meet. Hearty greetings.

To Theodore Petrasch

COLOGNE, February 6, 1846

The Manila cigars you ordered are here at your disposition, and you have only to state how and when they shall be forwarded to Bonn.

I read *Alamontade* with great desire; must say, however, that it did not meet my expectations. The philosophy is indeed wholesome, noble, flattering, but not sufficiently mathematical to succeed as such. Zschokke is more poet than philosopher. Besides, all of this is brought together clumsily and without insight. In the actual novel, as it stands, more than half the matter is superfluous, though it could easily have been more closely interwoven with it. Zschokke wanted to write a philosophical novel, but he has written the philosophical without the novel, and the novel without the philosophy; the two stand separated, side by side. Zschokke writes elegantly, but his elegance often has to support the rottenness of his thinking. His friendliness, too often overtender, disturbs and troubles. You hardly understand how Abbé Willon was able to get his breath amidst the plentiful embraces to which he was subjected. *Alamon-*

tade is the original of an attempt to write a distinguished philosophical novel with less than distinguished powers. On account of its attractive philosophy it has had a long lease of popularity, but time will soon stick it under the bench, inasmuch as we demand our philosophy unsugared, and particularly without this sentimental coloring. Throughout this novel there appears an unripe manner; still, were it the work of a young writer, it would justify great hopes.

I should be glad to come back to your previous letter, and you will trust my solicitous friendship to take an ardent interest in your welfare. You complain about your circumstances; complain that your life is "one which hangs upon the passing moment," that your enjoyment is like "the unconscious pleasure of a dream," whose end is the awakening to dissatisfaction, often to painful remorse—but why all this? Who really determined your circumstances? Who but yourself? You feel lonesome among people, but to what purpose have you friends there? You are dissatisfied with the regulation of the life there, and it is yours to make that life more agreeable to yourself.

You bemoan your fate, that it has made unattainable your yearned for and striven for goal—but has it? Pecuniary circumstances cannot hinder you, for you will be docent before being advocate, and perhaps professor before solicitor. You speak of a wasted semester—better lose a semester than a life. It will cost you only words to change your profession and take up what will gratify you, for your father will not require what will cost your life's happiness. You regret bitterly that you have not been able to attain what you have long striven

for, that you did not at the outset prepare for a different career. But what career?

You say it is not possible to your mind to "recognize a restriction in its flight and in its early efforts," and if it must do so its very being will be shattered. Will and must? You understand but poorly the potentiality of your own soul. Who restricts your flight? Your efforts? Who coerces your spirit to acknowledge a limitation? I assure you that no one disturbs your flight and limits your spirit save your own will. You are unhappy, but you will it. Become clearer in your own mind, and your spirit will effect a heroic flight over your unhappiness and smile courageously upon it. And this smile will save the spirit from ruin, for the *can* depends largely upon the *will*.

You write that no office, position, no profession, will harmonize with your natural disposition—but, pardon me if I refuse to believe it; and see here, you yourself don't believe it. It is nothing but phantasy, an exaggerated idea. This flight of the spirit strives for a kind of freedom which I would call nonsensical because nothing can come of it. The spirit, particularly your own, seeks to be free, but always within reason.

I assume there is nothing wrong with you beyond an unusual attack of melancholy, occasioned by the lack of intimate family life (you smile perhaps, but do not be ashamed of it—it is true) and the lack of restriction, this last being peculiarly the cause of the unproductiveness of your mind. You are melancholy (in German—*Du hast Grillen*); and what heals this more certainly than friendly intercourse? Souls like yours are not able to detach themselves from its beneficent influence.

Friendship resembles the moon. When night falls dark on the spirit,
Sheds she with tenderer light radiant beams thereupon.

Now I want to complain too. Unhappy I am not nor have been since a certain time which makes an epoch in my youth more distinct probably than you would believe—since I learned to know you. You were my first friend, and melancholy flees friendship—but I am so frightfully empty. All is so dull in my head, so dried up, so sluggish, so stupid. I can do nothing but read, and hardly that. If I did not believe that it was due to my cold and the eternal running of the nose I should despair.

You may take it as a proof that I have lost my judgment when I hold that the last six verses (this mediocre *Melancholy*) are the best of my poetical writings; this is still my positive conviction. I beg you to read the thing over again. It is inconceivable to me [that you should regard them as you say?]. You recall perhaps that I developed a dramatic plan this winter. I thought the matter over further and met with unconquerable difficulties, so that I came to see that my powers were far too weak for the task, my versatility too little developed, and that I must study much more. For the present, I have put aside all dramatic plans, and doubt exceedingly if I shall ever accomplish anything in that line. I have achieved a degree of clarity respecting myself, and judge my capabilities as promising to make me, in time, a pretty tolerable quill-driver. For, what have I achieved in lyric poetry? Only occasionally, and rarely, did a lyrical poem come to me, about which, too, judgments differed. An epic poem never came to me, and I give up the drama. I see that the productions of

my youth are altogether like those which escaped the youthful pen of a later novelist. You see that I am despondent, but still not unhappy. I feel on the contrary that I have taken a more philosophical direction, for I am laboring earnestly to become clear in my views. Heretofore I only accepted this, rejected that, and not without valid grounds for my action; but I have not yet classified those I accepted and those I rejected. They stand side by side in my mind, but not logically connected. I have not yet made combinations and inferences, which will now keep me busy for some time. The results I shall soon be able to impart to you, if they interest you. You may call it nonsensical and answer it with a shrug, but to me it is not yet a matter of indifference. Do not imagine that I was in any measure influenced to this course by *Alamontade;* rather a set in that direction drove me to inquire about *Alamontade,* out of whose sugared philosophy, by the way, little that is profound can be drawn.

As all kinds of crazy ideas come to me now and then, I have now concluded to write something of a national character. How far I shall get with it I already foresee. But the effort always pays for the trouble, and I am still undecided about the course for which I am best fitted, since I feel an equal inclination toward all and have no special gift for any specific type of effort. What I want to find out is where I can gain a firm footing and how much I shall have to give up.

Recently I read several legends of the Rhineland. You will recall that last summer you promptly condemned poetic legends—I begin to feel that they are the profoundest, most beautiful and real of all poetry. Of course, that depends largely on one's conception of

it. A legend must not be told like a fairy tale, though as such it may also have its charm. In legendary poetry a high lyric movement unites with an epic interest, not to mention a profound, inexhaustible symbolism. In a legend you find the tenderest heart-chords touched; you find suggestions of your own most poetical feelings. Let me give you an example—the legend of Roland. Does it lack anything of being true poetry? Nor is it the best selection from among worse specimens; only one of many. What is the charm in most of Uhland's ballads? Precisely this pure, light, natural conception of the legend, rightly adapted treatment, and the childlike, mediaeval naïvité which is inherent in large measure in the legend itself. Of course there is no thought of the transcription of a "cow legend" (you will recollect), for one does not pick out the very worst, and on the other hand you cannot judge the species from the prosiness of one creation. Also, it goes without saying that the author must do his share.

I should like to urge you to productiveness again—to the will-to-do. Time is too glorious and youth too fleeting. With it [youth] the heaven-aspiring flame sinks, sinks, murkily down into the ashes. Truly, a man can extend his youth, extend it very much (as Goethe indicated), but not to use does not mean to lengthen it. I pray you—do not withdraw from the world!

I trust we shall see each other on Shrove Tuesday, whatever the malady may be that causes you to remain there. . . .

To Theodore Petrasch

COLOGNE, February 16, 1846

Last Saturday and Sunday I expected you every moment, but in vain. Did you not come to Cologne at

all? It would have been very wrong not to visit me. Shrove Tuesday I shall hope at any rate to meet you in Bonn.

I wondered at your letter and must say I was often tempted to regard it largely as ironical, particularly certain portions in a modern-humorous tone.

Your humble opinion on the subject of being in love is truly open to correction. Such things never entered my head and, as I believe, will not enter it soon. It is strange that you are so ready to judge all others by yourself. Please regard my indisposition as a mere cold in the head, though it might even seem to you the most prosaic ever. What you write about *Alamontade* is all very good except for your tremendous praise of the novel. I pray you read it again and you will have to confess that it must have a tremendous, fabulous charm in order to produce such unheard-of happiness in the eighteenth century. Improbable situations are not only found here and there, but are numerous. Faultless you call the elegance of the writer; praise which I should call a trifle strong, for I am convinced that you yourself would here and there have written far better. You say the narrative keeps the reader in suspense. But does not the *Wandering Jew* of Eugene Sue do the same? Only in a somewhat though not very different manner.

You forthwith condemn my striving to gain clearness respecting myself, and remark, a trifle mockingly, that I may give you an account of it when I have finished with it. But what, my wise friend, if I am now finished with it? You say I shall become tired of that thing, but once more you judge from yourself. It amused me very well indeed. I am eager for your views on the subject, but believe that I can anticipate them. I un-

derstand how you can regard the whole effort as futile, for you have divested yourself of all belief and have then taken the trouble to prove that man does not need to believe. Then have you arrived at a pure indifferentism. But this entire business, particularly the indifferentism, I am obliged to reject. What, indeed, can interest you if you are indifferent to yourself? And are you not indifferent toward yourself if you want to be indifferent toward everything of that kind? Whereby it can be seen that you only wish to be indifferent, but really cannot be. One must have an opinion, and whoever denies this only wants to startle with a phrase. A man must know what he knows and what he believes; he must not believe that he cannot know anything and then still know the contrary.

My first question was: Must I believe? I ask it of myself. Reject the existence of God; does not thereupon a voice in yourself say you have lied or boasted? Do you not have the refutation in yourself when you reject him? I know that you accept some god (say what you will). Do you *know* that he is? A thousand proofs for it there are that are not evident; but one which is irrefutable. It does not carry you to a complete conviction, and still you see that you cannot argue it away. You *believe* it. You see the material world around you, but are you certain that it is as you see it? There is no proof, but you believe it on the not evident testimony of your senses. Take the systems of all philosophers and see how far they carry their belief and their knowledge, and we observe that their belief surpasses their knowledge twice over. They even believe what they believe they know, and they often expect in their pupils a belief which sometimes borders on the unbelievable. A

man has to believe in something in order not to go mad. I trust you will see that. (You now see me on the straightest way to become a Catholic.)

But what shall I believe? Shall I fall back upon the old idolatries? Shall I adapt myself to a system? But how many systems have a claim on me? Almost all there are. All expect great belief of me, the one more and crazier, the other less and more sensible, but all more than I have in myself. A system lies prepared in all human hearts, but these fashion and disfigure it. "There is a God!" my soul proclaims. "There is a God!" says a voice in the cannibal's breast. I see Him smiling sympathetically through the whole creation, call Him Father and love Him. The cannibal merely hears Him thunder, calls Him the thunderer and fears Him. The ancient Greek called Him Zeus, personified His qualities in his nimble fancy, and smiled at Him as a fatherly brother in whom he discovered the transition to self. The Jew prostrated himself before Him and called Him Jehovah, the mighty creator, the ruler of all. The Christian also made himself a God, out of whom fancy and reason created a wondrous monster—but enough of this! Name me a people that has no god. Name a person who seriously denies Him. The inward voice speaks irrefutably and we believe. Does not a voice in me speak of the immortality of the soul? There is no proof which amounts to a mathematical demonstration. But is not that voice again universal? Name a people which does not believe in a life after death! Various, indeed, yet issuing logically from the nature of the peoples. The Greek loved a beautiful heaven, a thoroughly joyous existence; yet, in his temperate nature, is satisfied to find on the other side the shadow of

his earthly being. The German was less temperate. His Valhalla was a roystering beer hall where men could contentedly gather to boast, bicker, and fight, but all in greatest felicity. The serious Pythagorean, accustomed to keep in view the goal and purpose of existence, lets his soul wander till, in another state, it becomes what in this it could not be. The Christ unpityingly drags the poor soul around for thousands of years in purifying flames, and he also has a transmigration of souls, which however is not half so aesthetic and delicate as that of Pythagoras. But all live after death, except perhaps a pig let out of Epicurus' herd, which drowned its soul in wine and choked to death in gulping its food. Anyway, it is easy to infer the character of a people from its god and its idea of the future life. Furthermore, the fundamental features of morality are the property of every individual, though variously developed. Everyone has the ten commandments in his own breast, and I cannot think of anything more nonsensical than to compel a child to recite them. This is the revelation which every human being has heard, which everyone can understand because he carries it in his own breast.

This is my belief, and morality is my religion. I believe the beliefs of all nations and have the religion of humanity. Do not speak of the manifold gods of the peoples; their distinction rests merely upon the manner of regarding them upon the stage of development of the nations; and all gods together are but one and the same deity, and the names can all be united under the sublime name "All Father."

Here ends my confession of faith, but not by any means my philosophy. A tremendous field still spreads out before my eyes, the field of moral philosophy in its widest sense.

I will stop and not weary you longer, though I could add various other things. If it burdens you, say so, for I am not nearly done: with myself, and within myself, yes, but not with you. . . . See that you remain in Bonn Shrove Tuesday, I pray you.

To Theodore Petrasch

COLOGNE, August 6, 1846

Our maturity examination closed as late as Tuesday, and it annoyed me later to think I did not remain over in Bonn Sunday evening and Monday.

I must confess that I was much gratified to be with you men in Bonn, and will compliment you by saying that I long for the time when I can enter into your circumstances. Your organization [Franconia[3]] is now extraordinarily genial. I think, however, that in certain respects it has reached its zenith and doubt if I shall find Franconia so flourishing when I leave the *Gymnasium*. (You will not mind if, on a subject which is so near to both of us, I give you my views openly.) You will not deny that the spirit of the more significant persons controls the views of the masses, even though in this case the crowd is not very great. Now that is all very well, yet the society should have in it no persons who will be wholly under the influence of others. No plebs should develop in such a group, and that is very easily prevented by employing a rigorous standard in admitting new members. Of course, that will reduce numbers at the outset, but will not precisely this fact in the long run attract and gain the best minds? In the long run, to be sure, but one must keep that in mind also.

[3] Schurz's *Reminiscences*, i, 93-94, contains a brief notice of his associates in *Burschenschaft Franconia*.

Quantity will not accomplish it; quality will, and by keeping a sharp lookout for quality at the outset the required quantity will also be forthcoming in time and you will have both together in perfect proportion. If, on the other hand, you begin by considering quantity, which is the easier way, there will in the long run be no thought of quality, and sooner or later the whole business will go to the dogs. We have living examples of this. I believe that in its beginning your society was far abler: first, because some outstanding men have gone away; and second, because less able ones were taken in. You answer, they are talented in their way. Of what man, rather of what educated man, is that not more or less true? We must not be able to detect too great contrasts among the members of the society.

You will doubtless say that I do not know your men. True, not minutely, still sufficiently to be able to pass a general judgment upon their intellectual worth. For the rest, your group suits me very well, and when I come to the university I shall not delay about joining provided my financial circumstances shall in anywise allow it, and you will have me—about which there will certainly be serious question inasmuch as I have really done nothing as yet to become better acquainted with your men. Yet, have patience; I will behave better next time. According to habit, I observed silence on principle, at least at times. I am well aware that this cannot wholly please you, that it may on occasion cause you some ridicule, as was certainly the case with Overbeck, to whom you probably cracked me up considerably without considering that in the beginning at least he might feel himself deceived. You will, however, excuse me if I assure you that I conduct myself in such a clumsy manner in

order not to compromise you and myself still more through foolishness. I had much rather be thought awkward than insignificant, and to a sound question I had rather give no answer than a sickly one. Meanwhile you are quite right in calling me "loquax." But take care lest all too soon I fall into the opposite extreme.

The happenings in your beloved, loyal, philistine native city [Cologne] have possibly given you concern. The matter certainly has a peculiar aspect; the worthy burghers of Cologne begin to be Prussian-eating and want to see a distinction made between citizen and subject. *Horribile dictu* in Prussia! On the occasion of the St. Martin's Day kermis a disorder arose in the market place which was to have been quelled by the arrival of the military, but was only intensified thereby. There was a hot fight which resulted in two battalions occupying the market place the following night, Wednesday about seven o'clock, and closing the streets which connect with it. This regulation made an unpleasant impression upon the Cologne people, who did not like to see their recreation ground taken away.

In the night the battalions were attacked with stones. They divided into detachments which scattered through the streets, a part of them holding the market place. Now began such sharp encounters in various places, despite the bayonet attacks upon the mob, that a picket of dragoons had to be called from Deutz. These indeed did not come to the market place, but forcibly cleared the high streets as far as my house and carried on villainously. A number of quiet citizens were severely wounded by them. About twelve o'clock I lay in the window, saw entire households of refugees, among them wounded persons, and heard the loud huzzas of the dragoons as they charged into the unarmed crowds. The

police and several companies of the Sixteenth Regiment raged in the market place. One man died there as a result of wounds inflicted by the soldiers' bayonets. He had a terrible wound at the back of his head, probably from saber cuts, and many bayonet pricks in stomach and breast. He died on the hall floor in the home of one of my acquaintances. The tumult continued until daylight. A large number of houses were demolished and in many places the pavement showed prominent traces of blood. Besides the death mentioned, there are said to be five persons in the hospital and several in their homes who are lying mortally wounded. I have heard of three deaths already. Of seriously wounded there are twenty-two in the hospital. Many soldiers are supposed to have received wounds. I spoke to a surgeon who counted six wounded in his company. Also, a malicious brickbat is said to have come into most ungentle contact with the tender bosom of a young second lieutenant. Probably the higher officials regarded the matter in a serious light, for in the night there was quite a reinforced guard at the armory.

Yesterday the citizens were in an extremely irritated mood. An extra paper from the government appeared in the morning apologizing for their interference and exhorting the citizens to quiet. In the morning there was a big mass-meeting in the courthouse plaza. Many speeches were made by the leading men of Cologne. Franz Raveaux acted as chairman. The crowd was asked not to let the matter rest, but to report at once in the proper quarter concerning details. A tremendous volume of complaints is said to have flowed in already. Toward noon a second sheet appeared which was of much more moderate character. In the afternoon a citizens' guard was organized and the assembled militia

received the order not to leave their barracks after eight o'clock. The town was tremendously animated, as at carnival; the citizens' guard patrolled the streets and maintained order among the crowded masses, but could not protect Count Canitz against some cat-music and the burgomeister living opposite from a thunderous "Hoch." No red collar was to be seen, and only three volunteers who did not instantly heed the order of the citizens' guard to leave the market place at once were promptly arrested and removed. The night passed in perfect quiet after all. Today again two extras appeared, one of which invited to a ceremonious burial of the man who fell in the market place, the other praising the citizens for their peaceful disposition; and therewith the "Revolution in Cologne" came to its gentle end. Excesses are said to have occurred at Bonn also. Various things have been told about them.

At our peaceful school (*Gymnasium*) also, God willing, a new order is to be introduced. Lukas has pronounced most decidedly against the Jesuitical course of Vosen. "We ought to counteract it," said he to the unfortunate director; "there are unhappy people enough in the world who, on principle, draw their fellows into fruitless quarreling. I want to see this changed." Vosen is very lightly esteemed by him, and he made a formal demand of the other teachers that they counteract his erroneous methods in the most determined manner. Several months ago Vosen desired to have the school library placed under his control. Now it has been decided by Lukas that the director, Pütz, Saal, and Nattmann shall each have a deciding vote with regard to accessions, and Vosen, as fifth wheel to the wagon, shall have an advisory one. It must flatter him mightily! . . .

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, September 23, 1846

On my return from Liblar, where I spent two weeks, I found your letter. So I might consider myself excused for the long delay in answering. Do I really have to justify my hasty departure without leave-taking? Yet we have accustomed each other to this so little! Or were we worse friends because we gave each other so few assurances of it? You would gladly have written to me, you say, but what? At this question I shall likewise have to express my highest displeasure. As if we had nothing to tell each other except news; as if the one theme which includes ourselves and everything were already exhausted, or ever could be exhausted! Formerly you wrote me about your misfortune; why not now about your good fortune or something else? That you are so industrious pleases me; that you have been ill for several days I regret; but I do not doubt that, according to your nature, the thing will soon straighten itself out, for one is not accustomed to such things in you for any length of time.

von Weise was here recently, but unfortunately did not see me because I was still in Liblar. But he is going to visit me on his return from Coblenz, on which occasion, if it can be brought about, I shall make him acquainted with Overbeck. My companionship with Overbeck was unfortunately interrupted by my visit to Liblar, although a good beginning appeared to have been made. As yet we are unable, I believe, to get very close to each other, and I doubt if we shall be able to do so soon. Yet it is possible that the fault lies in me. Shall I lay aside my "loquacity" with him? Perhaps I talk too little to suit him? When I am able to talk

more, I shall talk more, and that time will doubtless come. He works industriously; visited Schirrmacher, who at the beginning of the vacation left for St. Goarshausen; for a couple of days just now, to his great vexation, he is accompanying a Hamburg visitor on walks. By the way, of your men those who are here now are Heim, Speltz, Privatdocent,[4] and Schmidt, who however has just now gone to the Ahr. They have constituted an "Omnibus" with several other Fredericians (Ph. Schwartz, Block, etc.) and several Allemanians and drive twice a week to the Dear Madame's. So far I have not gone there, but may go tonight.

I have deferred my little trip to the Ahr for a couple of weeks. I hope we shall be able to make it together. Perhaps von Weise will go with us. When are you going to visit us here? I am at home all the time and shall hardly be able to come to Lind, since I still have some work I want to do and have been delayed through my stay in Liblar. You will be uncommonly welcome, for though I have experienced much in my life I have had little pleasure, and I love pleasure.

Overbeck sends greetings and hopes to see you here soon, for he will hardly be able to come to Cologne during the next few weeks.

Hearty greetings to you and yours.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, September 23, 1846

We have expected you all this week without seeing anything of you. Time drags heavily and the vacation is somewhat tiresome. For three or four days Overbeck

[4] Official name for a class of unsalaried lecturers, of whom there seems to have been but one at Bonn; hence his actual name is not given.

took a young Hamburger walking, whom because of his loss of time he would have wished to the devil. He has only just returned to his work. His journey to see Schirrmacher he accomplished before I returned from my visit in Liblar. After him Privatdocent was there and he returned only last week. They say Schirrmacher will return today. The Omnibus is pretty well filled. Count Reichenbach has also arrived. Ph. Schwartz comes regularly to be joshed by Privatdocent about Schleswig-Holstein. Speltz, who generally holds his own against the Privatdocent with his jokes, was incarcerated last evening for three days. The financial depression, now general, is felt here also to such a degree that perhaps not a dollar could be extracted from the whole crowd, with the exception of Speltz and Grimm. In the Omnibus tin money is being resorted to, which, as it seems, on account of its unsuspicious appearance is handled pretty freely. Heim is accustomed, as has been at times observed, to inquire urgently the price of the punch before taking the first draught. There are, besides, two unknown Allemanians, three Fredericians (with Schwartz and Schmidt) and the little astronomer Schmidt to be encountered pretty regularly in the Omnibus.

Although you are so monstrously slack about answering (I have already waited a week for your "sensible" letter), I will not bother you the less with letters. My work goes slowly, which I usually find to be the case with me in vacation time. Still I have not been indolent. I have read, exercised, written, etc., but was careful not to write a single verse. Aside from a Latin treatise just now begun, I have written *Poetical Letters*. A peculiar title, yet no more peculiar than the letters them-

selves. Enclosed is the first as a sample—inasmuch as we must not and cannot meddle with such absurdities during your visit. I chose this name because, on the one hand, names are very indifferent in that connection, and on the other because the finest sounding names are best. That they are borrowed from Schiller's philosophical letters is of no importance. This first letter may serve as representative of the lot, which is a long way from being completed and may possibly never be.

von Weise will arrive at an early day, and we are hoping to see you also as soon as possible. It would have been most convenient for Overbeck right now, since he wants to pursue his work uninterruptedly for a certain time and is disposed to defer beginning so long as a pleasant interruption is definitely to be expected.

I hear that my father is now fully agreed that, upon my entrance into the university, I may also join a fraternity. . . .

Expecting you in the *immediate* future I am . . .

To Theodore Petrasch

COLOGNE, November 7, 1846

The outline came too late, but this caused me absolutely no inconvenience, since I have recently made the interesting and unexpected discovery that I am able to write Latin myself. You see, I handed in a couple of good exercises, among others the one in question, which was corrected three days ago, and Grysar praises me very much. How it happened all of a sudden I do not know. But I can do it, and that amuses me exceedingly, as you can imagine.

I am sorry you are not yet cured, particularly since I can easily gather, from the short but significant words

in your letter—"loafing," "coffee," "new wine"—how splendidly you are dieting. Now I hardly pity you much unless for the reason that you are trying to get Schwentzer to join the organization. I have no judgment concerning this young man, since it would be regarded by you as exaggerated and I want to wean myself of that fault. Only I should like to watch your fencing from afar.

What do you want to make out of the association! Something like a senior class at the Cologne *Gymnasium*? von Weise is here! "Educate!" and you will not need the "considerable labor." I do not believe that he will hold off in the least, for under no circumstances is he going to remain a barb.[5] Do land Meusser, for at least he has money. I regret that you are cutting your college classes altogether for the present, particularly on account of the good resolutions which have perished in this connection. (Peace to them!) They were still so young! Material for a touching romance. Otherwise I can only pity and regret your weakness. "Scold, as you expected" I shall not, to be sure, but I cannot conceal that you cause me profound regret. I can imagine quite vividly the situation in which you are, and a little imaginary flight into your circumstances does not affect me pleasantly.

About my own circumstances I have very little to say, for they are the usual ones which you know. The examination affair does not yet look better to me, although I can say nothing certain about it. But I must admit that of late I do not wish so very much for all these things. The business is made more difficult every year, as I learn from very confidential conversations and

[5] One who does not join a fraternity.

reports from Pütz, and I almost believe that despite all pains I shall not succeed. I beg you not on any account to reveal anything about this to my father or put any idea in his head, so that he may not by an unseasonable interference bring to naught that which I have begun.

I hear that von Weise takes his meals at our house. Greet him cordially from me and tell him to let me hear from him soon. Please let me know at the same time how he stands in regard to the fraternity. I do not doubt that the matter will suit him extraordinarily, since he stands in a rather special relation toward you, as the representative of the scientific group of the honorable Franconia.

I shall soon be able to send you a new booklet of poems. Doubtless I shall also soon receive a considerable quantity of the same kind of thing from you. So good-bye. I hope to see you soon again and greet you right heartily.

To Theodore Petrasch

(no date, presumably 1846)

At last I find opportunity to set forth coherently my thoughts concerning a matter much discussed between us, without being interrupted by your holy zeal for your good cause. For it concerns our talk about the scholarship of the fraternity: how far it exists, how far it may be required, and how far it is actually required. You chose, in regard to this matter, to put words in my mouth which I never thought of, and then to laugh at them as manifesting "senility." I formerly asserted the following and still do: What I understand by the scholarship of a society is the scholarly development of its

members among themselves through their association and otherwise. You say the scholarly tendency requires no particular representation since it is represented in the members themselves. Good! Then it must be so represented, and in all members without exception, for only so will it have found representation in the society. If it does so, well and good; if not, then it is bad: for the society as a whole is not living up to its ideals; is therefore not that which it should be nor that which it boasts of wishing to be. By scholarship in the case of the individual member I understand not merely sociability but rather that he should possess a sufficient basis for knowing something, and that he should actually know something and not merely something ordinary. For what else is scholarliness? In the end it does not take much to be a pleasant loafer and popular student and at the same time to be practical. But it takes a great deal to be a useful and all-round member of the fraternity. I am far from affirming that, outside of scholarly mutual furtherance, the association should not have other pleasant features. But a much more delightful one it certainly has not, and there ought to be no member in the society to whom scholarly development and the interests connected therewith are so remote that the opportunities for this could by any possibility easily be shifted to other and shallower things. It means simply that the society as a whole must not let itself be influenced by those members who merely fill out the numbers. You would not let your society come to grief by prating of names the reality of which it does not possess. I trust you will not find these ideas as crass as those you assigned to me. I have even been convinced by you that the convivial gatherings cannot be made and

must not be made very different from what they are; only that the individual member must not deny by his conduct the more serious side of the association's being. I perceive that the scholarly gatherings, as they were, cannot last; that they were the outward representations of an inner tendency; but, with these outward representations the inner must not also be sacrificed. Nor do I demand, as you say I do, that all members must be geniuses, but assuredly they should all be men—every inch of them. Do you not demand that, too? I surely hope you do.

Now I will let you have some verses. I have more of them which you will see in good time.

I sat here among my companions,
And jesting and laughter went round.
Full many a ditty was carolled,
Indifferent jokes did abound.

And I felt so oppressed in my spirit,
So deeply unhappy at heart,
Yet often the riotous jesting
Surprised my dark mood with a start.

And I dreamed of quieter pleasures,
Of joys that were native and free;
And sighed for a season of weeping,
For a breast that could feel for me.

"The devil, why are you so quiet!
You should lift up your head and drink."
Then I raised my goblet with laughter;
My misery would not let me think.

In place of the last line the first reading has it: "But a tear down my cheek did go." Which is the better I submit to your much respected and indulgent judgment.

We shall hardly see each other again before Christ-

mas. Till then, therefore, accept a brotherly handclasp from your friend (and faithful freshman *in spe*).

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, April 1, 1847

Nothing was more unexpected today than your letter, for as is well known, in regard to letter-writing you practice an exemplary laziness. Consequently, as is quite understandable, your letter must rejoice me all the more. That thinking about me fills you with "fear and timidity" is in one respect very flattering to me, in another it is regrettable as being in no sense necessary. For, as I told you before, the plan of my return to Cologne was less my own than my father's. He had so forgotten himself in the matter as to wish to rent a room for me. This proposal naturally went off successfully since, though I continue to hold a firm purpose to ponder the matter thoroughly and wholly without prejudice, still I am not at all prepared to take such a binding step too hastily. It is movingly noble in you to free me from my promise, and it pleases me all the more because, I must say, I in a measure expected you would do it.

Your assumption that our life in Bonn must be frightfully colorless and quiet is so accurate and pat that I would even call it boresome. Your hope that through it I might, by means of our "involuntary daily contact" with Overbeck, come into better relations with him is unfortunately futile, and your suggestion that such a consummation be attempted through friendly overtures on my side has been carried out more completely but also probably more fruitlessly than you might suppose. Our daily contact is also actually as

involuntary and feckless as possible, for it lasts at most the few minutes in which I go to the market. I do not remember ever to have encountered Overbeck in any other than a friendly manner, barring the few maliciousnesses I pumped into him through my beer newspaper. However, if such a difficulty remains, even though quite without cause, I should rather not be troublesome or intrusive to the man, preferring to leave the matter as it stands. I do not know—I am not exactly the person for this business.

Overbeck's zeal for the affairs of the association is worthy of all recognition, and I certainly would not wish to assign the entire "hearty enthusiasm" to mere ambition even though this, as you yourself assert, has a considerable part in it. What you write about your criterion is all very fine, only thanks to my insatiable nature I am not quite satisfied to have the men show their heartiness, etc. only in the society. Meantime, as stated above, I have made efforts to get closer to Overbeck, but these efforts unfortunately turned out badly for the most part, so that I do not feel in the least degree comfortable with him. It is not possible for me to trouble myself about Overbeck, though I cannot tell you, in concise form, why this is so. If you desire to see pleasanter relations between us you had better go to him; for from my side, on account of my unfortunate personality, little can be hoped. Overbeck's moral and scholarly standpoint may as much be exalted over my own as he pleases; he does not stand so high, nor is my respect for him so unmeasured, that I would be willing to give way to him in the slightest degree, particularly since I do not even know what he thinks on this point. This much is certain, that his judgment concerning me may be to me

quite as indifferent as my judgment concerning him would be to him, and that I would sooner give Overbeck a malicious than an artful word. That sounds spiteful, but fundamentally there is nothing to it; for I have good will toward all men if only their praiseworthy qualities present themselves in such a way as to enable one to forget their disagreeable ones. If you have so much influence with Overbeck that you can move him to exhibit himself to me from his better side, that would be the more agreeable to me because our present concealed animosity (at least on my side) might in future tend to become uncomfortable—a condition I would be so glad to obviate that I herewith give you the following assurance: I shall not enter the association so long as I stand in uncomfortable relations with one of its most distinguished members, even though I should never get in; which would be so unpleasant to me, owing to my feeling of attachment for some of its men, that I would easily overlook any little discomfort which might ensue from the undistinguished part of the society. You see therefore how delightful to me in general a pleasant relationship would be, and also how delightful it would be if J. A. Overbeck would condescend to me, for

> It is charming in a mighty one
> To speak poor devils thus so fair.

As to Speltz, I must say, to my deep regret, that I have not established any kind of relations with him. You recall that you once told me, on the occasion of the beer newspaper, that Speltz was enthusiastic over me. That must not have gone very far. I have never doubted that he is an uncommon man, but I should like to know him from another angle than the habitual ob-

trusively juristic. You say I ought to attach myself to him as much as possible. How can one do that? I do not like to impose myself on the man unbidden.

Weber returned quite inspired from seeing Uriel Acosta in Cologne, and spoke to me the other day of nothing else. It suited him all too well in your house, and I trust this opportunity has bettered your judgment of this excellent youth. He is a most gracious little fellow and is at the moment my nearest neighbor. Griebel is very quiet, almost as much so as I was to begin with. I do not believe he will please highly, yet this will depend on how he thaws out.

God be thanked! the men are now all disposed of and I close this portion of my letter with a profound sigh of exhaustion; yet the alarming thought occurs to me that I shall perhaps have to come back to it once more. . . .

"A life of love consecrated to mankind" is your ideal! But do not consecrate yourself and your love to man if you feel that you cannot honor men in their love, or believe that you do not have to do so. It is your ideal and I honor you for it. I know that you love men (because you honor them) and even believe that their weaknesses are to be honored. I love you for that. You write that your heart is so full: I have never seen it empty. Farewell. I take leave of you with a warm handclasp.

If you wish to establish closer relations between Overbeck and me, then write to him yourself if you think it worth while. But do not write as if instigated to it by me. You may give him my opinion of him (which you know well) to swallow straight, solid, and unsugared. That will save details. I promise on my part to take up the matter as far as possible with warmth.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, April 3, 1847

I understand well that it must be startling to you to receive no account of my home affairs, etc., and I shall try as far as possible to make good the neglect.[6] Our untoward circumstances, which often affect me in the gloomiest manner, will, it is hoped, untangle themselves in a very short time; when we shall be gaining a quieter and happier existence. At the moment joyousness and peace do not dwell here, and that I have not in a measure succumbed under the conditions, I credit to my equability of temper. Such a school has its uses, but it is hard on the pupils to take these unpleasant lessons to themselves and work them out.

I can tell you little, or indeed nothing, of my plans, having no future on which to build them. My activities I cannot reveal better than by describing my desk, upon which lie an *Iliad,* an Isocrates, and a Cicero, intermingled with a wilderness of manuscripts which often engross my spare hours. Besides, I have been pretty industrious in my studies, but since this will interest you more I will tell you something about my literary adventures.

It may seem strange to you, but I have taken up my *Richard Wanderer*[7] again and am working on it with more satisfaction than ever. In the new edition, which differs absolutely from the earlier, I am full of material, penetrate it, and reproduce in a way that gives me joy. But I often rise from my page with a feeling that the thing is all wrong from foundation up. The material, however, presents itself in such attractive form that I

[6] Referring to the previous letter.

[7] Referring to letter of January 27, 1846: "I am considering writing something in the nature of a novel."

soon recover myself and proceed with it. Still, certain discomforts do not quite leave me after such reflection, and unfortunately I have no criterion to which I could go, yourself not excluded, so that at the conclusion the work is become a totally different one. I am sorry not to be able to give you some account of the whole, because this could not be done without excessive diffuseness. Still I beg you to give me as accurate a judgment as you can on the central idea of the edition (which you have seen), apart from all defects of form and treatment. You will probably recall the matter clearly enough. The thing interests me to insanity, and I have got it into my head that it must become either a perfectly crazy performance or else a bungling work of genius. I see you laugh, but it does not affect me. Aside from this I have written little, having worked myself so deeply into this subject, which has gained a fearful hold on my mind.

Concerning the incivilities you were pleased to direct to me toward the end of your letter, I find them perfectly agreeable but quite without influence upon me. Good God! Why not leave me in my sphere? You have judged quite falsely of my attitude toward Overbeck, which I regret the more keenly that motives, etc. are assigned to me of which I should have to be ashamed. I want simply to say in reply that Overbeck is just the type of man who, in a friendly relationship, could be quite indifferent to me if I were not likely to have to live with him. And yet I have not abandoned my hopes for the future because it must even be so. That I am the cause of his being angry with you twice for twenty-four hours pains me deeply, for I do not want to rob anyone of his friends; but all the more because this might serve

me as an argument against Overbeck. You say you are going to show him his baseness "orally and in writing." But I pray you, for God's sake, don't; too many words have been wasted over this matter already.

But please convey my greeting to von Weise—a right warm and hearty one, tell him. You men in Cologne are dearer to me than all the rest. I cannot refrain from telling you this, you dear fellows.

Farewell, my boy. When are you coming back here? Will you make a journey on the tenth? I hope either to see you very soon or to speak with you by letter.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, June 4, 1847

You understand it is with some dislike that I sit down to discuss a matter which, although agreeable enough in one respect, yet on the other hand has left upon me such an unpleasant impression. I trust you will appreciate it if I now speak with a frankness which springs not from prejudice or inconsiderateness, but from the best will and, as you can premise, out of the purest friendliness. You know that I have never flattered you, and I should be ashamed to do it now when to speak my real mind can be of some importance to a friend.

Of course, it does not occur to me to discuss from my standpoint the whole E. G. business, and we will reserve this for an oral conversation. Still, I cannot resist touching certain points which relate most closely to your letter.

You assert as before that your loafing days are and were past; you did not *want* to make an excursion

hither. "What I do not want to do I do not do, just because I do not want to do it. In this case there is no necessity so compelling as to bend a will, provided it be a true will. One can let himself be coerced by circumstances. A firm will does not permit itself to be coerced, and accidents are precisely the fire tests of the will."

It is a testimony against you that you find all the shiftings of circumstances and their pressure so wholly natural and irresistible. One should not permit things to develop in such a manner that, ultimately, he cannot help doing violence to a conviction supposed to be so firm. Of course, you will not want to admit that this trip is a violation of that conviction, but I can only consider this a confirmation of my thesis. You say you hope I will assign some faith to this positively expressed conviction, and so I do; I gladly believe that for you it is a firm one, and you will not think the worse of me if I have another. A little reflection will remind you that last semester you often made the same assertion against me in almost exactly the same form, and it will be seen with what justice. I trust, my friend, that your present conviction may also be objectively true, and it is far from me to wish to attack it.

I only want to remind you, very earnestly, that you would become ridiculous for all time with the association—from the first to the last member—if in the near or distant future the conviction you so often expressed before the E. G. in such a positive and fiery manner should prove false. This would imply such contemptible impotence on your part as I have never ventured to think possible to you.

You will think that in the above treatment of a special case I have involved myself in vague unmeaning

phrases, and this may to a certain extent be true—I am really but little concerned about a special refutation of your statement, but simply want to indicate to you the standpoint from which I am inclined to view such matters. Yet we shall be able to come to a clearer understanding of it in direct conversation.

I can assure you that in this matter starting from particular opinions the association and the Court of Honor have demonstrated their friendly disposition more than you, in your ill humor, may be disposed to recognize. Through the admittedly impressive citation they merely wanted to save you from extravagances which in the future might have given you many an unpleasant hour in results and memories; and if you are determined to see in it malevolence or rigorism, I can ascribe it only to the gloominess produced by all these irritating occurrences. Are those friends less your *friends* who try with the best will to benefit you? Your doubts about the necessity of a suspension have made me laugh. Are these differences of conviction so dangerous to the realization of the association's fundamental principles that you think it necessary to retire? All the men are fundamentally in agreement with you and will give you their affectionate confiding recognition whenever the future shall raise that conviction in them to the plane it has attained in you. As to von Weise's ideas about which you write, they had best be gathered in private conversation.

You see, my friend, that I am frank. I do not know whether you will thank me for it, but I hope in any event, as we have said and wished from the first, that in this connection our friendship may not be a common and vulgar one. I cannot believe you want to be deceived

by me, and you will recognize that I am your defender against others, your accuser to yourself. I trust in your noble-mindedness.

I can say very little about my studies and labors inasmuch as I have before me a special preparation for the examination, about which the only interesting thing to me is that I have to write my biography.

My home affairs are as untoward as possible and I had just as soon spare you a detailed account. I have need of all courage and all strength to keep me going. The association is on the point of occupying a new meeting place. . . . You will hear much news on your return, which is eagerly awaited.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, May 11, 1848

First I will try to describe for you the tremendous surprise which your last letter caused. I answered your first letter immediately because I appreciated all the reasons for haste. But since I have long lived outside the city gate, my parents however still in the city, I finally understood the causes of the accident that the letter mailed to me remained in my former dwelling until from your second warning I recognized the calamity. Consequently I believed that I must blame myself less than inevitable fate or the negligence of my youngest sister for my long silence.

Your decision to remain in Cologne is quite unfathomable to me, for although some hopes of a new career present themselves I would in any event try to carry out earlier plans, *as long as possible,* up to a certain turning point, which for you would be the coming fall vacation.

I do not doubt that you have sufficient cause for interrupting your studies, but I believe it my duty to add that an absence of three months involves, according to present statutes, exmatriculation unless one can show proper cause for the interruption. If you can offer sound excuses, or should important changes in the student statutes in this respect take place within a short time, such an interruption would of course not be of much consequence from this point of view; and, aside from assuring you how sorry I am to see you drop so suddenly from our midst and from your proposed career, I will say no word further against your proposal because I cannot know what private circumstances have caused your change of plans. You may be firmly assured of having in me a sympathetic friend who can be as little influenced by untoward things to draw away from you as he can be attracted to you by success. May these latter considerations have remained inapplicable to the case.

About your question: Mrs. Peters stated in the most friendly way that she would take care of your things as well and as long as you might wish, against which I naturally had nothing to offer. Freshie Sterken is, as I find, at home. Your occupation with "little editorials" seems to me to be very amusing and interesting, and I envy you the delightful opportunity and quiet for furthering your knowledge in so neat a manner. We have begun a regular loafing semester, have voted throughout the vacation, have become very radical, and see ahead of us a lively political and reforming activity of which I shall write you soon. The corps remain as they were. We shall probably soon dissolve and you will hear great things of us. Particulars later.

The affair of Tendering remains pretty shaky. Werner, Streiker, Ziemesen, and Müller are back. The rest are expected soon. Your war preparations amuse me. I hope we shall soon have need of them. Surprised by a call and following that by darkness, I take a hasty farewell of you and convey to you greetings from Ashöltern and others.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, May 29, 1848

Yesterday I received quite unexpectedly a letter from Herborn, with an enclosure for you which I forward herewith. Herborn wrote me quite uncommonly insignificant things. I hope he shows you more consideration.

As to our student activities, we are living in such a swirl of doings, gatherings, elections, etc., that it almost makes us deaf and blind, and certainly leaves little time to enjoy our successes. The general organization has come. Up to now it may have from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty members, but we hope to make a vigorous propaganda. We are now engaged in trying to organize a universal union of associated students, which would then be the battle field where, in bright daylight of publicity, we shall overthrow our adversaries and if possible destroy them. The best spirit prevails in our party, and we radicals stand unqualifiedly at the head. von Weise and I enjoy a very extended popularity, particularly among the *Camels* and *Cataloguers.* Overbeck will have to be very careful or he will sink. I promise you more detailed explanations in a couple of days, for I am just now busy preparing a

proposal for this afternoon and it demands my whole time. Franconia has temporarily opened its doors to "social work."

Till tomorrow, then. In haste I greet you right heartily.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, June 26, 1848

At last I have succeeded in conjuring the elusive spirit of letter writing and the first thing I must do is to excuse myself for my irresponsible silence. Dear boy, your friend has become a fearfully overburdened man. The disturbed times have operated powerfully upon him; and further, with my responsiveness, their continued influence could not possibly turn to my advantage in pleasant ways. Our public life is exceptionally interesting and it occupies me the more since, from the beginning of this semester, a lively participation in it has pushed me far into the foreground, made me indeed a public character—which certainly carries with it satisfaction but likewise much inconvenience. The universal recognition that since the departure of our deputies to the Wartburg I have become provisional president of the student union, to remain such until the appointment of a definite directory, of course has for a young man of my ambition very much incitement. But all these things detract powerfully from my agreeable home and scholarly life, which I began to consolidate at the beginning of the previous semester. But—good God, who defends himself against the Devil when he comes in so flattering a disguise and—honestly, I have no regret about it because in this public business you acquire

many a delightful bit of knowledge; and besides, on the personal side, I may perhaps be able to make a competent fellow of myself. Besides, the cause itself is extraordinarily interesting and of the highest significance; so that I do not understand how so many of our fellow students can be so exceedingly indifferent about it. The disposition of the matters coming before us, the mass of diverse plans before our eyes, the strangest considerations, as they criss-cross incessantly lead the mind to many a new philosophical viewpoint, and you obtain a clearer idea how inconceivably wide is the horizon of human activity if we could practically commit individual integral parts to a finer organization.

In connection with our great political happenings the thought has come to me over and over how petty a thing it is to withdraw out of the big, free, mighty, stormy world into the conditions of academic life. But just as definitely has come the thought how great, often, can be the service rendered within a small circle and how powerfully such a small circle can extend its influence when we have theoretically and practically grasped its relation to the harmony of the mighty whole. This is surely a proud thought for me personally, but how endlessly much better it would be, in regard to all of our conditions, if each in his own sphere were to understand this thought properly and knew how to honor it!

The union between us and the men of the corps goes forward fabulously, and I now see with great satisfaction how superfluous were all my plans of war and destruction which, at the beginning of the semester, my evil-boding soul conceived against the other party. In the elections, etc. the corps men are very just, and it is curious that I myself, who in the first assemblies roused

much of the opposition to them, am now sure of a large number of votes among them. Since I have had occasion in my official relations to come into pretty close associations with some of the corps leaders in the discussion of our differences of principle and their issues, I often hear such strikingly sensible and liberal expressions, that my reason not infrequently seems to stand still in contemplating the decisive influence of a couple of momentous months. Ernthausen, for example, has suddenly gone so far in his liberalism that he promises to exceed all of us in radicalism. As to our political views and policies, we head fellows are all and sundry sworn republicans, but all in moderation and with deliberation. Our people of the Wartburg delegation have been back here for several days. They have done and arranged a great many things and, without exception, in those few days they adopted a strong and firm policy.

The results of the convention in Eisenach are significant beyond all expectation. As a permanent place for the assembling of our general student union, which is at this time being constituted and is made up of all elements of the academic society, the academic senate has placed at our disposition the great music hall, to be equipped for the purpose at the university's expense. This may reveal to you more intimately in what relation we stand to the governing powers. We go about the business imperiously, as if we could *stamp* armies out of the ground, and all our petitions, signed only by the presiding officer from the hundreds of bearers, derive an extraordinary significance.

Dear fellow, this official life goes on with such fresh joyousness that one feels good in it, but gets intoxicated with it; but at home—well, you unfortunately know how

it is—and our future still lies before us so gray, as if we had never had a past at all. In spite of this, however, I have preserved a comparatively fresh spirit, and if I have to censure myself occasionally for frivolity, still I rejoice inwardly over the cheery humor with which I select the individual good, however rare, out of the mass of evil. Where it all may lead to—my dear boy, I do not know. But I have always looked to something better than being a newspaper man. That I live here in the midst of most glorious natural scenery is a great good fortune and often dampens wretched doubts and base unrest when at times I am not strong enough to bear them with firm manhood. It may sound ridiculous, but it is true—we [you and I] have had a rich youth, not indeed as respects earthly possessions, but rich in change, rich in prospects, in points of view, in inner struggles and victories. Should we sometime get the benefit of this youth, we shall have raised ourselves for all time above the weak and commonplace, since we have already been able to view and organize with the perfected experience of manhood, some, nay many, things with which Children of Fortune are still having to make desperate experiments.

Is it a certainty, then, that you are joining the warriors? That is a serious decision and I prefer to be silent about it in order that I may not bother and burden you with needless doubts. Franconia still continues as a "social fraternity." We might have taken in the freshmen by the dozens, but let many of them go. We are really the pleasantest people in all Bonn, and I must say I have never felt so satisfied in a society as now. Overbeck has withdrawn from the fraternity. He has forsaken student life to devote himself to his doctorate.

Unless I err, he will feel happier. Inasmuch as I have become an "older member," as August Wagner puts it, I have taken a far [*Leibfuchs*] on whom I shall now practice education. For the present I'll make him cram. His name is Max Sack and he is a very delightful boy.

You will be surprised when I tell you that I have been upon the fencing floor only three, not more than four, times this semester. I was buried in work but am gradually beginning again. That I shall never, never attack anyone is certain, unless I insult someone, a thing I am not accustomed to doing. Neither do subtilities arise any more.

You would do well to come over some day very soon. It would certainly cheer you up if it were but for a few hours, on one of our meeting nights. Greeting to Ashöltern and ask him why, in the Whitsun holiday, he failed to pay me a visit.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, September 18, 1848

Only in the moment of preparing to leave[8] is it possible for me to take time for writing, and that but sparingly—so greatly have I been pressed with the most various kinds of business during this entire week, and hustled hither and yon.

You will not have failed to observe how political happenings have acquired the most intense interest. Neither will you have failed to observe that we approach distinctly nearer to the tremendous explosion of a universal popular revolution than at any time since the world-historical vote on the armistice. The bow is

[8] For the student congress at Eisenach.

stretched and only awaits the moment when a hand shall loose the fateful cord and speed the deadly arrow to the breast of the foe, whether an accident or a premeditated incident announce the moment for the explosion.

I shall hasten to reach Frankfort, for who knows if we shall find the Parliament there two weeks hence.[9] This much is certain: if the German nation makes itself ridiculous now, it will be ridiculous for a long, long time.

After my return, another letter. I hasten to let you know that under no circumstances is anything concerning our eventual gains to be sent hither until I can receive it personally. Therefore, until I announce to you my return, farewell.

You will excuse the brevity of this letter when you understand that I hope to leave here yet today.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, December 21, 1848

No doubt this prompt answer to your letter will be somewhat unexpected. But just because a meeting with you is so imminent I want to direct a few words to you in writing which I might perhaps omit to mention in conversation.

It is superfluous for me to say how much good your letter did me. For, let me say it, you left me here not quite without a sense of injury. I was not quite proof against your aspersions (pardon the word), which troubled and lacerated me on precisely that side on which I least want to be misunderstood. Permit me

[9] The Parliament had suffered an attack from local soldiers just before Schurz reached Frankfort. *Reminiscences*, i, 143.

the remark that by this method you will not convert anyone, but you will embitter every sensitive soul. But why speak further of anger when I see so clearly that your will, your brotherly partiality, remain the same as before? And have I not to ask indulgence the same as you? Dear Theodore, I am glad we have at last, in our letter-writing, come to speak of that evening in the garden at Neusser's. I have wanted to entreat you, earnestly, not to take seriously words the utterance of which at such a time and occasion even my lightest sense of propriety would have prevented. And you took it as my "judgment"? I have respect for every conviction as soon as I know it to be an honest one, and would never oppose it with extrinsic personalities. Shall I cover this with examples? Why did I say nothing about your complaint when you were here? I expected later to conquer you with reasons, not to outdo you with tirades. Or do you really believe that your announced views, of which I might cite a number to your great annoyance, would have frightened me less than you were frightened by that windy report concerning my political status and activity here? You spoke most excitedly about my political vehemence, and I bore it very quietly even when your words often unintentionally struck me, as well as the truth, squarely in the face. Passion, however, is intolerant and quiet patience will not serve, when the means of resistance and answer lie so ready at hand.

But let me come to what is the real purpose of these lines. I rejoice over your early return; but I pray you let us not draw into our conversation what tends to tear us apart, when we can and should mutually take delight in our good spirits. Let us keep to our agreement to write about everything that requires a deep and calm

conversation. I beg of you, do not embitter my righteous joy in the pleasing consciousness that a bond of affection is not to be shattered upon a difference of opinion which deserves and must demand respect on both sides. Let us prove that we are not reckless boys and that we know what it means to show proper respect for honest opinion. There was a time when we regarded ourselves as noble; our faith in each other cannot have suffered shipwreck, and on that I base my confidence. And now farewell, hoping for an early and more cordial meeting.

To Gottfried Kinkel

BONN, March 20, 1849

Up to the present I have not really had a chance to write you at length. Now I see before me a pleasant moment when, the business of the newspaper being finished, I can stretch myself in all comfort.

In the first place, I desire to come to an agreement with you on various business matters. The editorial labors which I accepted as a legacy from you on your departure have become delightful to me in many respects, through memories as well as hopes. There are, indeed, many tiresome drudgeries, but my easy manner of working helps me over much, especially over the bad humor. When, however, we receive recognition of our efforts from so gracious a source as yourself, you may readily understand that we take hold of our work with a redoubled pleasurable eagerness.

I really expected it would not be possible for you to be responsible for the daily handling of the Austrian news. I cannot quite understand how you get time for

your other numerous labors.[10] I assume the additional labor the more cheerfully because I can in that way lighten your duties, and also because I can thus retain that dear old intellectual province in which I have acquired some vision. We shall naturally group the official Austrian news, since the reports are not especially urgent, in comprehensive articles appearing about every other day. In so doing we shall accomplish two things: (1) evade the eternal contradicting and modifying of the Austro-Hungarian lies and fluctuating reports; (2) keep our public in distinctly greater clearness, because we shall be able to distinguish more sharply between facts and circumstances.

Permit me at this opportunity to give you my views on what I conceive to be the necessary character of our newspaper. It cannot be the policy of our little sheet to dish up to the public political news with great speed, or even without any delay. In this respect it is impossible for us to meet the competition of most of the bigger papers. A scramble for news or a motley accumulation of varied news reports in our limited columns does not seem to me to be admissible. We must rather seek our peculiar strength in this—that we examine and illuminate all facts and conditions from a consistently maintained party standpoint, thus introducing into our paper an essentially rationalistic element, which of course can be closely interwoven with the narration of events. This necessity has become even more sharply manifest since your election to the chamber. Since you, in whose name the newspaper is edited, through your entrance into an extensive field of activity have risen to a much higher

[10] Kinkel had been elected to a seat in the lower house of the Prussian Diet.

plane of political significance, nothing is more natural than that you should lift the newspaper to the same plane and make it your personal and party organ, a thing which everyone has expected and will expect. Such a party factor it does not seem to me the paper has hitherto been, since it has, to be sure, kept alive your relations with the circle of your partisans, but has confined itself rather too narrowly to those relations. Does it not seem to you suitable that you should write rather extensive leading articles, upon more abstract subjects, upon matters under debate, upon the operation and attitude of the parties, upon the activities of the sections, upon the relation of the chambers to one another and to the crown, etc., etc.? I believe this might comport so much the better with the space limits of our journal and with your restricted working time, that you can shorten correspondingly the reports of the debates, which command permanent interest, after all, only if aphoristically treated. This would, in my view, carry the paper beyond the sphere of your former influence and make it a necessity in many political groups.

A second point is intimately connected with the above. The paper must get rid of its local character. All the time I have been conducting the journal in your stead this has been my constant effort; I have discussed no city affairs, no striking personalities, unless they had an obvious relation to some question of principle, and it is this characteristic which has won much praise and many subscribers for the paper. During the next quarter I hope for a considerable increase in the circle of subscribers, and this expansion would, in my opinion, be still greater if we were to publish as a concluding feature a series of articles from you as was indicated above.

Your articles are fairly devoured, and our readers have certainly missed long and painfully the Kinkel "bell-wethers" at the top of the sheet. You cannot imagine what a sensation your *Friedrichshain* article made.

I have one more request. Write me concerning this matter very soon and be a little more explicit about those things in the present management of the paper which may not please you. Many good lessons have come to my mind which I once learned from you but are now half forgotten. I have not lost the eagerness to learn, and do not want your influence over me to be broken by your personal remoteness.

von Weise, who saw and spoke with you repeatedly in Berlin, arrived two days ago. I had him tell me all about where and how you live, how you look, where you drink your beer, etc. I expected that you would win great influence in your party and I rejoice to hear the confirmation. I learn also that you continue to wear your old gray hat and the green coat with the wide velvet collar; this aids my mental picture of you very much. For several days I have been very busy with my military duties; I have the pleasure to inform you that I am 5-8′-3″[11] tall and qualified for all branches of military service. The draft commission would have promptly stuck me into the infantry, but they will have to be patient three years longer, I trust.

Concerning our party and other things I will write you soon and at length, if agreeable to you. I rejoice greatly that you will offer the resolution proposing the

[11] Five feet, 8 inches, 3/12 inch. Thirty-four Rhenish (or Prussian) feet equal 35 English feet. By our measure this would make him about 5 feet 10 3/4 inches in 1849. This seems to show that he stretched upward at least a couple of inches after attaining the age of twenty years. Tradition says he grew especially fast after having recovered from scarlet fever in his twenty-fourth year.

removal of academic jurisdiction. The Kappenheim affair has greatly intensified the zeal of our student body in relation to these matters. I can promise you a mass of petitions for the beginning of the next semester. The whole agitation is rather completely under my control and I shall know how to turn my influence to account. I have become a dreaded person to the university senate, especially since on the occasion of the banquet I spoiled their fun and wriggled out like a serpent. Rector and university court, according to their own statements, presuppose exceptional judicial knowledge on my part, which is the more gratifying to me inasmuch as they dropped a very dangerous charge against me which they believed themselves unable to sustain. The agitation is permanent here, and Bonn is the most unquiet city on the Rhine.

You are to be here at Easter. I hope you have not deceived us with a false promise.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, March 23, 1849

In great haste I am writing you, since I find myself in a tremendous difficulty. A considerable time ago I handed in the required evidences in regard to my one-year [military] service to the proper department's board of examiners without hitherto receiving any answer, much less the notice to volunteer. Since, by way of exception, the levy has already been in progress for eight days, because my papers had not arrived I was drafted, when naturally, after qualifying for any branch of military service, all else remained in suspense. On April 3 occurs the general muster, when the recruits are

to be placed in the appropriate branches of the army. If by that time I shall not have my volunteering notice, or some other written evidence of having sent in my attestations at the proper time, I fear they will take great pleasure in sticking me into the infantry for a couple of years—especially since I have become *persona non grata* to the powers that be, and shall hardly enjoy any consideration. I have a suspicion that they have intrigued against me for the purpose of banishing me from Bonn as quickly and for as long a time as possible.

If you, through your father, are acquainted with any officer who may have to do with these things, I pray you to find out from him what the state of affairs is. Should you be able, through someone, to cause my papers to be expedited you would be loaded down with my gratitude. On account of these things, I shall probably come to Cologne in a few days. An accident in this respect would have the most unthinkable consequences for me, and I shall leave no stone unturned to prevent it.

It is really a bit shameless in me to want to draw you into this matter, but I do it in the thought that we both would find it hard to consider ourselves shameless in such cases. Very soon I shall write you in more detail.

To Theodore Petrasch

BONN, March 27, 1849

I am greatly obliged to you for your prompt reply. Unfortunately I must point out to you that simultaneously with my letter to you a dunning letter went off to the board of examiners quite in the manner indicated by you. It is the third one—and still no answer. From this it looks to me as if a new letter would prove as fruit-

less as the old. In giving me your advice you did not know of this circumstance and hence could not take it into account. Should it nevertheless appear to you effective to have recourse to writing once more, let me know—if possible, immediately. On the other hand, should it seem possible for me personally and orally to accomplish something with the commission concerned, I would come to Cologne during the next few days, although it is hard for me to get away.[12] You will doubtless be able to learn from your father if this commission is approachable or not.

To His Parents and Sisters

RASTATT, July 21, 1849

In vain would I attempt to describe the emotion which seizes me as I begin this letter, for I know not if these may not be the last words I shall ever entrust to paper, since my life, or what amounts to the same thing, my liberty, may end tomorrow. In this hour (which I may call the most momentous I have ever experienced; which is perhaps the last that will permit me, in calm clearness, to review my past and contemplate my future before my fate shall be decided forever) there press upon my soul such masses of great questions that I am unable to answer them all, though I know how extended an accounting I owe you.

I know how sorely I have injured you. I know the hopes you built on me, the pain of disillusionment which must be rending you. My dear ones! I would stand before you as a penitent, did not the proud consciousness

[12] Since Schurz does not mention the volunteering difficulties in his *Reminiscences*, it may be presumed that he adjusted these.

of having offered up to you my future, my whole life, my principles forbid me to bow my head. Have I been one to chase after distractions? Have any of the baser motives impelled to overhasty action? Or have I been a reckless youth who, without reflection and good sense, followed a momentary impulse or childish ambition? This last thought weighs upon my heart and I have often considered it when, during this siege, a sorrowful lonesomeness permitted quiet meditation. But, see! Now I face the day of decision; now the time has come when I shall have to die for my principles or be subjected to lifelong imprisonment. This moment finds me quiet and self-contained—like a man. At this moment, which in its devastating reality banishes every romantic illusion, the pleasant consciousness that I have done my duty with spirit and honor becomes doubly clear. I have never been prouder than now, for I know I have never had more right to be.

In happier days you have seen me and observed my doings. I know there were moments when you looked upon me with vanity. I shall not decide here whether you had a right to do so, but my memory tells me that my will would have striven for greater things, my powers would have achieved more, had only my experience and knowledge been greater. I tried to pass judgment on great situations, although I had not seen them and *because* I had not seen them. I would participate in great affairs although and because I had not considered the necessity of a far-reaching organization, or because, in a measure, I thought such an organization superfluous. If I deceived myself I have merely suffered the common fate of men, and a heavy penance will expiate a trivial fault.

You do not know my life since the day I had to leave you. The shortness of the hours does not permit me to describe to you my experiences and adventures. I have recorded them in my diary,[13] which I intended for you and which I kept regularly day by day even at the time when I did not know how to keep it. You will have to content yourselves with that. If only the complication of affairs does not rob me of the happiness, denied me forever, of getting it [the diary] to you! I have not much to add. When the danger of an attack by the Prussians became imminent and I recognized that all non-military activities on my part would be absolutely illusory and useless, I became a soldier in the army of the Palatinate. A fortunate combination of circumstances made me an officer, and my position was as pleasant as it was educative. I must confess that I have longed for some time to stand for my convictions, sword in hand, and since the first attempt in that direction ended in a farce[14] I was irresistibly urged into the struggle as if I had to expiate a sin there. I came under fire first at Bruchsal. I rode in the first line, the enemy bullets, grape, and shrapnel whizzing around me. I swear to you that never in my life did I feel so happy and never so purified as during this baptism of fire. In that very first encounter I was wounded. It was a grazing shot on the shinbone, which soon quit bleeding, and I remained on horseback that whole day. In the encounters under the walls of Rastatt I was often in the bloodiest fighting, in the most murderous fire. You may tell my enemies, if they seek to revile me, that I did not spare my blood in behalf of my sacred cause, that

[13] Diary unfortunately not found. [A. S.]
[14] See *Reminiscences*, i, 171ff.

I never flinched before the rain of enemy bullets through fear or because it drove me back. And though all of these fights proved futile I, and many others with me, saved our honor from the mockery and revilings of those who are our adversaries.

I can never requite all the troubles, the cares, that you endured on my account, all the tears you have shed for me. Fate has played me a sorry trick, raising the suspicion that our family is born to misfortune. All this, however, I foresaw long ago, if not in all its details, at least in its results. I knew my life would be full of storms and dangers because I was too proud to evade them. But I always imagined that I should die like a man whose memory should encompass a rich life, charged with distinguished achievements. With resignation I have succeeded in arming myself against every misfortune. But the reflection that I have been able to achieve so little with my powers—such a thought is hard for me to bear. Had a longer life been vouchsafed me, I should have become an unhappy man; but I should have exploited my unhappiness for the welfare of many; I should have suffered in action and acted in suffering, like all men who are self-sacrificing enough to forget their own present and future in that of others. And so it means resignation enough, when I am reluctant to give up my hopes for the future.

I forgot to indicate precisely the moment in which this letter is being penned. Our scouts returned this evening; they report simply that we are lost. Our army was destroyed several days ago; the Prussians, provided with all the equipment for a siege, are assembling great masses of troops about the city. It would be madness to try to hold the fortress longer. So we have the

choice of two alternatives: either to cut our way through to the Rhine and thence to France, which is hardly possible; or, what is all but certain to be done, surrender the fort. All captured Prussians will be subject to martial law and, according to overwhelming probability, will suffer the penalty of death. Among these am I. When you read this letter I shall perhaps already be counted among the dead. Possibly I may be thrown into captivity which can be broken only by great events. I write this in cold blood because I am master of myself. I trust you will be the same when you read these lines.— And yet, when I think that I shall see you no more, you loved ones; you, who have given me so much affection, from whom my heart can only sever itself bleeding, my eyes seek to give way and I could cry like a child—but I must not weep now, for I stand in the presence of death.— I cannot offer you a word of consolation; it would be superfluous, for I hope it will be consolation enough for you to have the assurance that in life as in death I have been worthy to be your son.

I have placed this letter in the hands of the man with whom I was quartered. He is a good and obliging man. He has instructions to mail it when my fate shall have been decided.

Farewell, my dear ones, my good parents, my beloved sisters. Be assured that no one has loved you more faithfully than your brother; that he loves mankind more than himself and was resolute enough to love it even unto death—and you will be comforted.

Farewell, farewell. We shall see one another no more—or at least not for a long, long time. Farewell.

Through a paper that the Prussians have sent in here I learn that Kinkel was sentenced to death at

Karlsruhe by the military court. I know he can die like a man, because he has lived like one. If I could say the same of myself to the same extent, I should at this moment carry my head higher. But I am happy that weakness is as remote from me as cowardice; that I endure, with steadfast heart, the blows of misfortune and my own thoughts. Farewell! on the day of capitulation!

To His Friends

RASTATT, on the day of capitulation
July 23, 1849

May this letter, penned at a moment when life makes its last demands upon me, serve as proof of the warmth with which I think of you. The next hour will bring the Prussians through our gates and we shall be in the hands of our most embittered enemies. Excuse me from narrating and discussing facts whose narration and discussion you will find in all the newspapers. I am now impelled to speak to you out of a full heart, recalling the joyous days which we spent together, and which we mutually beautified for one another without being conscious of doing so, even partly—permit me the pointed remark—even without wishing to do so.

It is as yet uncertain what the next hour will bring us, but there are only two alternatives which agitate my imagination—death or permanent incarceration. The two facts that I am a Prussian and a political offender leave me no hopes beyond these alternatives. With serene spirit I face my fate, and desire still with calm clarity to cast a glance back over the delightful past out of which your images move so lifelike before my

spiritual eyes. When I traveled from St. Goarshausen into the Palatinate, Wessel said to me in his dry manner: "Say, it would be fine if you were shot there; for it is interesting to be able to say that a good acquaintance went down in this or that affair." I laughed over the remark at the time, but today it comes back to me in a wondrous way. And does it not contain much, very much significance? Of the hundreds with whom I was acquainted, will not the great majority on learning of my death say with a shrug of the shoulder: "Too bad about him; he had fine talent, but he was over-eager and excitable. He might have become an able man"? And so the thing is ended and the young soul, with all his good will, his warmth, his self-sacrifice, is forgotten.

Why? Because the majority do not know for what he sacrificed himself; and what he would have gained by his sacrifice if all had made the same sacrifice. It is easy for me to become reconciled to this thought because I can see that the majority are right. It is utility which rules all conditions, and my unselfishness is only then deserving of recognition when it turns out to the manifest advantage of others. I have done nothing to be remembered for, hence there is nothing more natural than that I should be forgotten. See the program of my ambitions before my end. I know that some of you have considered my ambition excessive and exclusive. I see that clearly in the moment when I am prepared to step out of myself and have a right to pass judgment on my past. It is true, I did not want to be second where I could be first; I did not want to serve where I understood how to command. But subordination under superiority has never come hard for me, and I have never denied recognition to superior power wherever I have

found it. And yet I do not deny that I should have been ruined had I remained longer in those conditions. There was in me a certain untameableness which was bound to lead me to tyranny. The feeling of superiority in some things would have made me forget my limitations, and the words of those who, without knowledge or desire, would have caused me rather to overlook than to improve my own faults. I was on the way to become an intolerant person—indeed, should long since have become such had not a certain natural shyness which, by the way, I was most anxious to throw off, kept me by force on the right track.

Then I did a ridiculous thing which at the same time involved an act of treason; this marks a break in my life course. I went into the Palatinate, where I observed an agitation which quickly illustrated with sufficient clearness what demands a revolution makes on the man who hopes to play a rôle therein. I joined a group of men whose names were much spoken in Germany. It was not difficult to appreciate the superiority of some, the undistinguished powers of others; to learn and recognize that the fame of being a political notability by no means signifies a high grade of political ability and may be achieved at slight cost. The spectacle of all that had to be done in the Palatine revolution to assure it of even the appearance of a hoped-for success; the spectacle of an inefficient provisional government, soon caused me to ask myself whether I really would have had this or that idea or whether I would have been able to set it forth had a rôle in this drama fallen to me. I then quickly recognized that a lack of knowledge and experience branded me as an undistinguished individual whose present might well be exploited even though his future were

lost. I chose, with steadfast resignation toward other offers, a quiet, contemplative position which might yield me a pretty deep and clear view into all groups and all conditions without imposing a responsibility which in my want of self-confidence might have become oppressive. So I traversed the revolution as a nature student traverses a mountain range, not without danger but without weariness. I have learned in these few months more, a thousand times more, than if fate had left me behind to my apparently independent but in fact illusory activities in our university city.

Soon, however, came evil days, and when I had already learned much a relentless fate cut me off from the hope of becoming a useful man. I see my life ending where it ought really to begin, my liberty destroyed where it was my purpose to ally liberty with clarity. That is the heavy misfortune which weighs upon my shoulders, and I feel it is no consolation for me to save the untamed powers of my soul. I have preserved my moral pride and nothing shall bend my neck. I feel myself worthy to live since the expectation of death leaves me clear and undisturbed. I have looked death in the face frequently—at Bruchsal where I was wounded, in all of the fights at Rastatt where I stood up against the enemy face to face and gave him blow for blow. Danger did not cause me to waver nor the nearness of death to tremble—say this to those who may ask about me.

For the last time our drums are beating in the streets; for the last time I put on belt and sword in order to surrender to the enemy. 'Tis time to bid you farewell. It is childish in me, yet now it pains me to think that at the time of my flight I did not even take leave of you.

So then, farewell. To hope for a reunion would be folly. Remember occasionally a friend who pledged his life for the realization of an idea before he knew the means of achievement; whose greatest sin it was, contrary to his own theory, to be too regardless of egoism. Again, farewell.

To His Parents

DORNACHBRUCK, July 31, 1849

At last I find a moment of quiet to let you know that I am rescued and free, both through a hazardous enterprise which ended as successfully as it was begun boldly. I wrote you the last lines in the comfortless anticipation of falling into the hands of my most embittered enemies. Fate changed this and I was given back my life after having already looked death in the eye. I do not know if you received my last letter from Rastatt. If you did, it went off sooner than I had intended, and from my heart I absolve you from the heavy hours of terror and pain which, innocently, I brought upon you by my too hasty report. My rescue could not be anticipated and I did not wish that in future you should be forced to answer the question: "What became of your son?" with, "I know not." It was for this reason I wanted to give you information while it still was possible to do so. The manner of my rescue you will find from the enclosed sheets, written for you and for all others who are interested in my fate.

Now let us speak of the cares of life. I am here in a Swiss village, near Basel. My money resources, because I was able to save little from Rastatt, are so small that I shall not be able to live on them three days. True,

I have my diary, kept with great regularity and in extended manner and which I want to have printed. However, until after a necessary revision and until I can get it into a publisher's hands, at least one or two weeks must elapse, and even then it is very questionable that I shall receive money in hand at once. I ask nothing from you, for I know that I can suffer better than you. But this request I make: Ask of Frau Erbschlöh, or elsewhere, if someone may be disposed to support me up to the moment that I can sell my diary. I would then go to French Switzerland, probably to Geneva, to continue my studies and incidentally to learn to speak French fluently. I would have remained in France had the refugees dared to stop in Paris or near the boundaries. As I am in dire want of many things highly necessary to life, sums up to twenty-five or thirty thalers will be needed for procuring them—particularly as I do not dare remain here but shall be compelled to emigrate. No refugee may remain nearer the boundary than eight hours; so, should my tour to Geneva be long deferred, I would risk being arrested by the police, and set over the boundary or locked up, a result which might prove highly inconvenient. To this first request I join a second. Should it be possible, under a description (which fits me pretty well) with an assumed beloved name, to get me a passport it would have a special advantage for me. I should be able then to remain not only upon the French or Belgian frontier, but as near as possible to my home—even in the immediate neighborhood of Bonn —without the danger of being discovered. That this would prove of special advantage goes without saying. Anyway, I could stay in Paris, which would be most desirable from the point of view of my education. The

only difficulty now is to pass the frontiers without being arrested, which is no small trick in the present watchful attitude of the police. As aforesaid, the passport may bear whatever name you choose—however, the description must fit me as closely as possible. If both these requests meet with a happy fulfillment, I hope to improve the duration of my banishment by the most useful and diversified employment possible.

And now the third and greatest request. For two months I have strayed around in the world without receiving the slightest intelligence concerning you. I know not if you are well, if things are going well with you, even whether you are still living. Do you realize what that means? Day and night I have worried more on your account than on my own; day and night the thought of your cares, your labors, your tears, tortured me; for you must have believed that all was in vain, all lost. Dear parents, I feel what I have brought upon you, but do not hold it against me; do not let me linger or pine for a word, for news, concerning you. Though you send no money, though I must go begging, yet write to me all of you. Write to me, you and my sisters, so that I may once more press them to my lips—those precious lines for which I have yearned so long and so ardently. Inexpressibly do I long for the day on which I shall hold the dear page in my hand as a sweet guarantee that those are still on earth whose image daily becomes fresher in my mind.

Concerning the manner in which you are to send the money and the passport you may confer with some of my friends whom I shall designate. They will perhaps be able to put the proper means in your hand. Ask Sulzbach if he cares to publish my diary. It will make about

two hundred pages and contains, on the subject of the Baden revolution and especially the surrender of Rastatt, very important and authentic information which I was able to give because I was always in immediate contact with the commandant. Tell him that I am asking 2 *Frederick d'or* per signature [thirty-two pages of the printed book] in monthly installments of three signatures each. Meanwhile I shall look into this matter among Swiss book dealers also, but shall wait for Sulzbach's decision since he has the preference in any event. Necessity forces me into these demands, which however are quite unalterable. Write me also whether the *Bonner Zeitung* still exists, and—what would be dreadful—if the death sentence of Kinkel was a fact and his execution has already occurred. I can hardly believe it; time brings wondrous things to pass, and we ourselves are a witness of how fearful is the play of fate.

I sit here, still in a state of deathly exhaustion from my superhuman exertions in Rastatt, and labor incessantly upon the editing of my diary. I have learned to know life from new angles and shall know how to make that knowledge useful to myself. Just a little more help and I am wholly saved. I know that I shall not perish in the slime of idleness in which most of the refugees here are sinking. My intellectual needs guarantee my intellectual activity, and I feel clearly that I have gained more than I have lost in these last days. Nothing is yet lost! Therefore, courage and activity! No doubt one of my friends will write me. You can combine your letter with his. Once more I beg you to raise and send me the money at once, as quickly as possible—only do not tap your own resources. Do not write me under my true name, but at the following address: Mr. Gustav Stahl,

in Hotel Zur Krone, Dornachbruck near Basel, Canton Solothurn. Write soon. I am waiting with feverish longing. Heartiest greeting to all.

To His Parents

Near Zürich, August 15, 1849

Your letters, brought to me by Strodtmann with conscientious haste, have instantly reanimated my exhausted powers and opened my soul to joy again. I had lain sick abed the entire day, but when Strodtmann arrived and handed me your precious letters I leaped up as sound as a fish in water and was as if newly born. The very next morning we marched hither to Zürich, where I think of staying and where the glorious natural surroundings, the daily view of which exerts such an indescribable influence, and the excessively quickening mountain and sea air, will soon make a new man of me. I can assure you, however, that the after-effects of my terrific exertions actually narrow down to a few—a little exhaustion occasionally and a rheumatic pain in my right leg, grazed by a bullet at Bruchsal and somewhat neglected by me, although the periosteum was probably injured a little—that is all. A few days will heal this too. But how have I deserved all the touching care and love which is vouchsafed me? My friends, full of sympathetic zeal, have shunned no effort to help and benefit me; and my good old father does not shun the long road to Rastatt to set eyes on me once more—the supposedly lost one! He is now doubtless returned, to receive the gladder tidings which reached home in his absence. I pray you, write me *at once;* the matter disquiets me greatly. I trust nothing has happened to him

while seeking and not finding me. Had he only known my place of refuge, he might have been with me in Dornachbruck in less than a day. Answer about this *by return mail.* Satisfied on this point, I shall once more be able to live a quiet life until my strength permits me with redoubled zeal to resume the business of my calling.

I have rented a good, cheap, and simple room here in a village not two hundred paces from Zürich. My windows open upon the lake and the ice-covered mountains, and it is but a few steps to the top of a hill whence one can enjoy the grandest and most sublime of all views. I shall write you later how beautiful it is here—just now the spirit urges me to write of other things. Were you really without news of any kind about me during that whole long period? Your last letter I received through Anneke's wife the very day we were marched out of Kaiserslautern. And from that day forth I had to be in the saddle day and night, on marches and bivouacs, constantly near the enemy, and finding not a moment of leisure which would have enabled me to write, much as I longed to do so, aside from the few hours for sleeping granted me now and then. Finally, two days after the battle at Bruchsal, on the twenty-fifth of June, I went to Offenburg for the purpose of rendering myself fit for service as quickly as possible. While attending to my wound there I wrote you on the twenty-fifth of June and asked the innkeeper on the twenty-sixth to send it through France; and on the morning of the twenty-seventh, having been roughly put in shape, I had to return to headquarters, which had then been established in Rastatt. Did you not receive this letter of June 25 written from Offenburg? It was the last

one I wrote, for as soon as Rastatt was invested it was no longer possible to think of writing letters.

I have experienced great and interesting things, and had remarkable fortunes, and now that all the misery is over I rejoice that I experienced them. My longing for you, the uncertainty concerning my father's journey to Rastatt, are the only things that still worry me. About my own future I have no fears. Fate has armed and steeled me against all distress, every affliction. I have suffered and endured so much that I look forward with keen confidence to any fortune that may now come to me. He who feels in himself enough force and courage to conquer life can be sure of eventual victory, even though unable to avoid some severe battles. That such struggles will come is certain; but equally certain is it that my past will be the best protection against my future. It seems, to be sure, that I have taken a long step away from the goal I had formerly set for myself, and this pains me not a little when I think of you who brought me thus far by the sweat of your brow. Yet who knows whether a higher goal may not have been brought closer to me—closer perhaps than we can know or imagine? And as, standing in the presence of death, I felt what it is to live and what one must do in order to live truly and worthily, it also became clearer to me than ever how one must labor in order to have truly labored. I shall do what in me lies to become what in me lies. And of this you may be sure, were the spur to this lacking in myself, your love and care would forbid me to rest or halt.

My friends have collected so much money for me that, for the present, I can live and labor in security. There is little lacking, particularly since I have the hope

of recovering, at least in part, the things I took with me from home and which got out of my hand at the time of the withdrawal of the headquarters from Rastatt. I need only some shirts, say three or four, handkerchiefs, and a neckerchief. These things are very dear here, and I do not know if it would be more advantageous for you to buy them there and send them to me than for me to buy them here. The latter course would exhaust my means considerably. If you decide in favor of the former, buy me only colored shirts. I learned in the campaign how good and practical these are.

My desire to return and live for a time quietly in the neighborhood of Bonn I feel it necessary to restrain for the time being, the plan being as yet too dangerous. I have learned to be conscientiously economical of my liberty. Still I trust it will not be too long until we see each other again. Mail time is approaching, and I add the most pressing request that you write me instantly and dissipate my worries about Father's journey. I await the letter longingly. If more money is raised for me, send it with the letter, under the following address: Diedrich Rentrup, Care of Madame (widow) Landolt, in Enge, near Zürich.

Please greet the entire family for me.

To His Parents

ZÜRICH, August 18, 1849

For the second time and momentarily in expectation of a letter from you, I am writing from this beautiful, wholesome, for me so lonesome, Zürich. I am writing merely because I do not want to let Strodtmann leave without utilizing the excellent opportunity of talking

with you. I feel that I can here carry on a life full of lonely activity. Already, since the joyful greetings are over, I have renounced most of the acquaintanceships established during recent months. We live here undisturbed by the waves of political life, and all circumstances combine happily to establish a quiet, scholarly life. I shall endeavor to exploit it as far as possible. My health is almost completely restored. My fatigues seem to wish to spare me all their significant after-pains. This for your consolation in that connection.

My things—coats, trousers, etc.—which went astray during the campaign and which I hoped to recover, I have not yet received. But I expect them daily, and with them and the things I asked you to send I shall be sufficiently equipped for the present.

In expectation of your letter, which must now be on the way, I close to write more fully on receipt of it. Hearty greetings to all the family.

P. S. In case you have not yet sent a packet off to me, it would be well if you were to add a vest, since I have none now. You can buy it at Wolff's.

To His Parents

ZÜRICH, October 3, 1849

Opportunity offering, I will add a few words to my letter of yesterday. I have considered more fully the matter of securing an individual amnesty from the minister of justice and find myself in a very peculiar situation in relation thereto. My interest is a double one: On the one hand I must try to get back as quickly as possible into the old routine. But, from another point

of view, my hands are tied in many matters by popular opinion, which I dare not oppose because my entire future is based thereon. Through my part in the Palatinate-Badish Revolutionary War, my popularity and standing among the people has risen considerably. I have won by it, but I recognize at the same time that I would lose all this should I stoop to prefer a request of the present powers. Also, it goes against my innermost nature to demean myself before my enemies for merely my own personal interest. It is in fact impossible for me, and I will not agree to it under any circumstances. It would be different if it involved the interests of others. You know how much I have been moved by the fate of Ungar. I am convinced that my participation in the lawsuit might have a material influence upon its success; it might be possible for me to save him.

Were it possible, without my personal cooperation, for others to secure an amnesty for me, under the condition that in the Siegburg matter I appear before my regular judge, I should have nothing against it. But even this matter would have to be handled with the utmost caution. I must have a reserve through which I can prove the purity of my motives to all and at all times. That might be secured in the following way: Some citizen, for example Hittorf or Räss, must be induced to write me urging that I apply for an amnesty. I would answer and this exchange of letters could later serve as a document to prove my sentiments. It could, in case of necessity, be printed, etc. One of you, along with one of the indicated citizens, or with Lawyer Schmitz, could hold a conference and consider what may perhaps be done in the matter. This gentleman must be told of my firm determination not to be admitted to private am-

nesty. Besides, they must in nowise be allowed to see that I knew about the step you were taking or had in the slightest degree suggested it. Finally, they must be urged to write to me directly about the matter, and quickly. Hittorf would be best. As aforesaid, I would not at any price stoop to a request which could place me before the people as a schoolboy begging off before his teacher. Also, I shall not take the first step which might cast a shadow upon my reputation or a doubt upon my views. If, in this whole business, I cannot stand out as a man whose honor and principles are dearer than his happiness, I renounce all clemency of a ruler. In the above suggested manner whereby I contest personally for my right, everything injurious can be avoided. Above all, however, do not approach Professor Sell and that gang; if a step is to be taken and they want to do something, there will always be time for it. It is not necessary to let men whose sentiments are very doubtful see our cards. Manage the business prudently. Honor is a sensitive thing, and remember how difficult it is to rid oneself of an imputation, however groundless it may be. I want to stand out clean, and you must all wish it with me. Hasten this matter and destroy my letter so that it may fall into no one's hands. I greet you all most heartily.

Do not take any step without letting me know. Once again I beg you let me know about Ungar's trial. My other plans remain as before.

To His Parents

ZÜRICH, October 9, 1849

I hasten with the answer so that if possible my letter may arrive in time. I wrote you a couple of lines several

days ago which you must have received now per enclosure. Therein I developed a plan which bases itself upon what the minister of justice, as you wrote me, sent out concerning individual amnesty. In the newspapers I have hitherto found nothing about this announcement of the minister of justice, wherefore I unfortunately came to the belief that the whole matter probably rests upon an error. If that is true, of course my whole plan falls asunder; the one, namely, which is described in my last little letter.

As to my other plan, I shall in any case delay its execution until the end of this month. It is possible that by that time other prospects will appear which may circumvent or lessen the dangers involved in the step. As soon as I have reached a definite conclusion I will notify you of it, as also concerning the manner in which the thing can be carried out. In regard to community steps in this behalf we can later come to more definite agreement. Since considerable time will necessarily elapse and the whole matter must first be more carefully worked out, please send me the things that are there for me, but especially I should like my overcoat.

If the legend of the journey of young Edlibach to Italy and my participation therein were true, I should be mightily pleased. But unfortunately I have thus far heard not a word about it. Edlibach also, so far as I know, is not in Zürich at all. Such a journey to Italy would enable me to pass the winter in the pleasantest and most educative way. Could you perhaps inquire of Dr. Schäfer about it, and if there is any truth in the project it would be very welcome to me.

But I should like to know in the most definite way how things stand in regard to that individual amnesty,

whether it is really in prospect or not. In the first instance I could at least request permission for a four weeks' stay in Bonn such as Veneday actually received in 1840. If the matter were properly presented from our side it would hardly fail. But before I take a step in this matter I must have authentic and thorough reports, and I must say that something of that kind would be most welcome to me. A permanent return can hardly be thought of for me until a complete change in the aspect of things occurs, but I believe that we shall not have to wait for this longer than the second quarter of next year. Should I even now be able, with effort and humiliation of spirit, to secure an individual amnesty, I would at the very least be stuck into a regiment for two years, and these years they would know how to embitter for me to such a degree that it would probably be just as well for me to spend them in prison.

Kamm does in fact owe me some money—seven gulden. He was in dreadful need; still I am certain that I shall get it back. Should Höfling hold back the money collected for me, I should indeed consider that mean. Tell him as opportunity offers that I have written he should turn over to you all he has for me. That would please me particularly inasmuch as in the carrying out of my plans I shall perhaps not come out even.

I am getting along as well as one in exile can. My health is once more quite sound. I am studying with much comfort and get along all the faster for having no other enjoyment. In order to establish a future as a learned man, this circumstance of banishment might not be so bad were I not always oppressed with thoughts of you and my home. I have kept up my courage, but I know very well that a reversal of things would bring a

better but not less stormy future. Everything that was lost for us heretofore a single moment may restore. Accordingly, we should merely be careful that nothing more be lost and that that moment may find us yet. How are my sisters? Are they well? Has Nettie decided to become a schoolmistress? . . . Mrs. Kamm has told me a great deal about little Trina. I send greetings to her.

I shall maturely consider the business until the end of the month and then make my decision. I know how to appreciate the great danger, and you can well understand that I who have purchased my freedom at so great a cost will not carelessly place it in jeopardy.

Be so good in your next letter as to give me a detailed and reliable explanation of the alleged individual amnesty, prospect of which was held out by the minister of justice. The matter might be of the greatest importance. With most hearty greetings to you, my sisters, and all friends.

To Christian Schurz

ZÜRICH, October 20, 1849

In our discussion as to whether I should carry out my design, we quite overlooked one point. I shall not be able to remain in Belgium without proper certificates of identity. I should have to have a new passport if possible for one year. I have reflected much as to which one of my relatives or friends could secure it for me, and have fixed on Herbert or Mathias-Joseph. But were I to remain in Switzerland a passport designated for France, Belgium, and Switzerland would be very ser-

viceable to me. I beg you to inquire if it would be possible to secure such a passport from that source.

New prospects have now opened up for me here. You see, in the University of Zürich the studies I am pursuing are taught in the weakest manner. In history there is but one professor, and he lectures only on Swiss history. For the whole of the balance of the field there is not even a *Privatdocent*. I have obtained information about the examination and find that I could easily be prepared for it within a year. If no new agitation in Germany shall have brought about a change in affairs by that time, I believe it would be my wisest course to stick to this project with utmost perseverance. It is pretty much a matter of indifference whether I find my living in Germany or in Switzerland, just so I find it. A certain inspiration to scholarly achievement now prevails here. Some of the refugees of the educated class have united in the decision to do as much as in them lies toward the education of the others, as well the wholly uneducated as those who have had good preparation. A sort of institute will be the outcome, to which the Swiss superior officers have already promised their approval and support. I am interested in it and hope that out of this educational movement certain not inconsiderable material advantages may emerge; for example, a free dwelling place. A few more days will determine how far our expectations are to be fulfilled. If they should be reasonably satisfied, it would seem wisest for me to remain in Switzerland, particularly since, after a removal to Belgium, I should hardly have the prospect of coming back. The outlook for a future position is by no means to be despised, and I shall do my best. In case a new revolution should make the soil of the fatherland

accessible again, a thing I hold to be very probable, such foundation-laying as is herein contemplated would not be "built in the wind," for it is always good to keep open a door for unforeseen accidents. Write me your views as you have opportunity. I believe you will agree with me.

Mrs. Hess has delivered to me the things and the money. I thank you heartily for them. She has also suggested several things to me—private tutoring, etc.—and I must confess that every means which will enable me to keep from being a burden to you and also prevent the solicitude of my friends from being put too much to the test is in highest measure welcome to me. I think it pretty certain that some alleviation of my situation will soon occur, which has augmented my doubts about exchanging these advantages for a removal with wholly uncertain future. I pray, however, that all these matters may remain among ourselves.

The above-mentioned passport you will need to have executed only when I specifically ask for it and have need of it.

In this manner I trust that our misfortune, if it does not lift, may still become bearable. The period of suffering cannot last long. It will not be impossible, with my healthy powers, to gain a better future for us all, and you know that my will to do it is not lacking. For this reason, however, I can do violence to my intense longing to see you all, oppressive as this has become and may yet become in the future. Of this we may be certain, our reunion will be a joyful one. Be strong and do not let your spirit sink; for your spirit is mine. As soon as Strodtmann gets back, ask him to write and give

me his address. I greet you, my sisters, and all friends most heartily.

P. S. Mrs. Hess tells me much about Kinkel, that he seems to have changed his mind, etc. Do tell me what there is in this.— Should there be an opportunity to send me my coat with the cape, I would be very grateful.

To Christian Schurz

ZÜRICH, January 31, 1850

I am extremely perplexed to have waited in vain since December 20, 1849, for an answer from you, and yet a letter from Meyer received at the beginning of January shows that you must have had mine of the middle of the preceding month. I wrote again the fourth of January, but in vain. Did this letter arrive and the one I addressed to H. Hittorf? What, then, has happened to cause you to leave me so long in most painful uncertainty? Or have you perhaps written and was the letter intercepted at the post office? I have grounds to fear the latter, for the letter from Meyer bore unmistakable evidence of having been opened. I shall write Meyer particulars concerning it. I pray you, write me instantly. I know not in the least how things are going with you—whether you are well and contented. The most peculiar, gloomy forebodings cross my mind. If it has happened that one of your letters was left lying in the post office, reclaim it in order that I may get it.

My circumstances are such that I cannot complain. We support one another, according to ability, and together overcome our perplexities. At the end of De-

cember I gave up my old residence, it being too cold to work there. I now live with merchant Dolder, by the moat, in Zürich, to which place all your letters should be directed. More about this next time. My disquiet prevents me from giving you more details about my situation.

Our lawsuit is probably going on. Would it not be possible for you to send, soon, the Cologne newspapers in which the proceedings are reported? It might perhaps be necessary to write something concerning it and to give it publicity in one or more papers.

Again I implore you for a prompt answer.

To Christian Schurz

ZÜRICH, February 8, 1850

I have just posted a letter to Herbert praying him promptly to take care of the matter of a passport for me.[15] I may perhaps need it soon. At any rate, momentous events are approaching, events which may momentarily worsen our condition considerably but whose ultimate results will unquestionably be favorable. Much is said here about the enmity of Austria toward Switzerland, about expelling the refugees, etc. Though these things are not to be fully credited, yet without doubt they rest partly on facts. An expulsion would place us all in the severest straits, for money is very scarce everywhere and without it nothing is to be accomplished. How the crisis may pass is still impenetrable. Were it possible to make available to me as much as would enable me to shift my residence, I should find it a great relief.

[15] This was in preparation for his dangerous expedition into Prussia to liberate Kinkel. See letter written at sea, middle of November, *post*, 90.

Yet I always hope it may not come to this. At present no kind of danger threatens us, but it is well to be prepared, as far as possible, for eventualities. Since Meier has been arrested, as I read with regret, I know no one among the students at this moment with whom I could correspond. Strodtmann, since his expulsion, has not been heard from at all and his place of residence is altogether unknown to me. It would be particularly pleasing to me to continue in relations with at least one of the Bonn students. If any one of my people [of Franconia] should come to you, please request him to write to me.

Your last letter reached me just an hour after I had posted mine to you. It is a great satisfaction to know that you are all well. I am so likewise.

In two or three days I shall give more particular reports of our circumstances to the *Bonner Zeitung* and will also write more fully about them to you. For today, accept my love with these few lines, and let the enclosed letter be commended to your prompt attention.

In haste, with heartiest greeting.

To Christian Schurz

ZÜRICH, February 18, 1850

The nearer spring approaches, the nearer comes the decision. No one can have failed to observe that things are preparing east and west, north and south, which will materially alter our circumstances. I hinted in my last letter something in relation to an early action against the fugitives either through an Austrian armed invasion or through new edicts of the confederation chamber. The latest reports indicate that, while there

is something to the above, we shall still be safe here for a time. I have written Herbert urging the sending of the passport with the greatest possible dispatch. I might need it soon, for the Zürich police appear to be extremely malicious toward the refugees. I beg, however, you will be as secret as possible about the passport business, for the police there, if they should hear about it, could either try to intercept the letter in the mail or else make things inconvenient for me here. My personal circumstances are endurable. I suffer no want though I cannot deny some money would be welcome, particularly because we are never quite certain but that sudden occurrences may make a change of base necessary. Be good enough to write me in detail, soon, how matters stand at that end. Every report is significant to us. The departure of the post makes it necessary to close this letter. For today, farewell.

To ?

BERLIN, September, 1850[16]

Though I do not know at this moment where in all the wide world to place you, I cannot repress the desire to write you some words and will confide these lines to any favorable wind. First a reproach. Why have I heard not a single syllable from you since our last meeting? The way from you to me was always safely open to you through your brother, and I imagine we might have had this or that to say to each other. But I see

[16] This letter, undated, of Carl Schurz, written from Berlin in September, 1850, and in part published in the *Vossischen Zeitung*, 1912, no. 236, was discovered by Dr. M. Ballert in the proceedings of the inquest against the Berlin physician Ferdinand Falkenthal, with whom Schurz lived during the final weeks preceding the rescue of Kinkel. The addressee of the letter could not be ascertained. [A. S.]

that I must take the initiative again, a proceeding which has often been more flattering to me than in this case.

I write these lines in Berlin, whose walls have harbored me nearly three weeks and will probably harbor me longer yet, for I am chained to the place where I sit, like Prometheus to the rock, and cannot move. Do not be frightened; I am not occupying a prison cell or one of the iron-railed guard-houses, but a simple student room, which however is nearly as lonesome as the prison cell. I had to propitiate my good star through a bit of hard luck. The incident may interest you, for it is medical. One morning about two weeks ago I entered the bath in order to prepare fittingly for the heat of a day pulsing with activity. As, anointed by a health-giving ice-cold shower, I walked up through the bath-house, barefoot to my neck, in the pride of my Apollonian limbs, on a slippery step my feet shot out from under me with wondrous facility and I fell full length with corresponding force. After they had taken me home, with much labor (I suffered distracting pains), late in the afternoon two doctors (after an examination conducted with the aid of chloroform) decided that my right thigh-bone was not broken, but that a very severe contusion of the muscle had occurred. Now there had to be blood-letting, bandaging, etc., and after five days I was actually so far along as to be able to crawl out of bed and sit on a chair for several minutes. Now I slink around my room conscious of an hourly access of strength, but still unable to stand alone and obliged to hold on to chairs—longing impetuously for the time which will restore me to a free, two-legged state. It is not far away now. Though I had marvelous pretty dreams during my chloroform sleep, and the cupping

process was rare fun, I will not deny that my whole situation assumed a somewhat inconvenient and unpleasant character. But I have already got forward so handsomely in the practice of peripatetic study and have such fortunate sources of scientific aid here, that it has not been necessary to step outside of the circle nearest to my intellectual labors. So far all is well, and I have no particular inclination to be misanthropic.

Oh, this Berlin! How I rejoice that I was able to live and observe here for some days! Berlin with its splendid line-straight streets, its magnificent palaces, its wondrously beautiful theatres and museums, its constables and white and black cockades, its guard lieutenants and white-beer philistines! Berlin is truly beautiful, the archtype of a modern princely residence, with brightly cleaned houses and large windowpanes, incessantly disturbed by the din of omnibuses and equipages.

But Berlin lacks one thing which gives imposing character to great cities: In Berlin you find nothing that bears on its brow the stamp of great history. It is hardly possible here to draw a parallel with Paris. How can a statue of old Ziethen stir me here; or Blücher's, Scharnhorst's, or Bülow's; or even an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great? They stand like anecdotes in history, and nothing is associated with their fame aside from a little cold admiration. Here one cannot read, as at a Paris street corner, a chapter in world-history. Even the few and mean occurrences of 1848 in their impotent instability fail to lift our souls through any great memories.

How different it was in Paris in 1789, when the people had as yet done little more than storm the Bastille! Everything there was more universal, more au-

thoritative for the civilized world. And even the French legitimate kingship was, in itself, an immensely more significant phenomenon. Apart from the tremendous material power, the court of Versailles ruled the taste of Europe for hundreds of years. If that court was frivolous and wicked, it became at once the duty of educated Europe to be frivolous and wicked. If a mistress in Versailles loved ostentation, all Europe took to showing off. If a king became old and pious, the world's "four hundred" dropped upon prayer stools. Though this phenomenon is often degrading and disgusting, it remains distinguished and splendid. And all these variegated affairs of Europe one can read upon the windows of the Tuilleries, in the Luxemburg gardens, and in the courts of Versailles. Shall I narrate the glorious memories of the revolution, the national pride in the Empire, of which every pillar there, every plaster cast, the name of every street seem to preach? Where would it be possible, here in Berlin, to feel the profound thrill I experienced one evening in the garden of the Tuilleries as I leaned, lonesome, against the pillar of Spartacus, in this overpowering image of revolutionary force and heard all around me in great circles the eternally thundering streets of Paris?

And then the people! I do not know whether you know the South German folk intimately enough to draw a parallel between them and the North Germans. How different they are even along the Rhine! Where do you find, among them, the sickly, spiritless apathy we find here; where the insufferable superciliousness, which even tries to exceed itself? At first, as was my habit, I regarded the people with all good humor, and cannot forbear to tell you a little incident. In coming

hither on the railway I fell in at Magdeburg with a young woman returning with her children from a tour of the Rhine. The children cried and the mother was in a state of despair such as is not uncommon on a journey. Finally the desperation of the woman changed to an attack of anger. She was a Berliner. "On the railway," she began, "everybody is treated alike. The officials run hither and thither as if they had wondrous much to do. No one asks who you are, and (she added weepingly) on the railway one cannot dress according to what one should really represent. If my husband knew that!" "I've got to punish that woman," thought I, and asked with the most cold-blooded shamelessness: "What, then, is your husband?" "He is in the ministry," she replied. "What, your husband is a minister?" said I. "He is in the ministry," she said rather dejectedly. "Oh!" said I; "well, that will pass." Fortunately the company was tactful enough to swallow the laughter that threatened to break out, but the woman was quiet as a mouse all the way to Berlin.

To His Parents and Sisters

At Sea, middle of November, 1850

For more than three months you have had to wait for the moment which would bring news of your son and brother. I went away secretly, without a parting word, and left nothing with you but a difficult time filled with the cares of a bitter uncertainty. Did the news of Kinkel's rescue finally cast a light ray into the secrecy of my departure? In fact, the news which connects Kinkel's escape and my name is true. Luck was favorable to us, making good the boldness of the hazard.

Did I not do right to keep from you that I spent three months in Berlin and Spandau? In hiding myself from my friends I hid more securely from the police. One favorable night permitted the rescue of Kinkel, and the smooth working of our arrangements hurried us quickly beyond the danger of pursuit. At the moment you are reading this the sea is bearing us to the coast of England, or perhaps a friendly port has already received us. The time of danger is past and we are well and happy.

Will you ask how I could have so jeopardized myself and you in this affair? The answer will be read in the glad countenances that surround you. Is not Kinkel a great power in the party, and a friend? Something had to be risked for him. Such bold undertakings must be judged by their results. The joy of succeeding makes superfluous an excuse for the risk. I beg you to think so too; rejoice with the rest, and let us not have too many words about it.

But you must not believe that in the moments of danger I was less conscious than at other times, that every step I was taking should give the measure of my obligation to you. I thought about that too, but there were other things also that I must not forget. Please do not reproach me for this seeming inconsiderateness of mine, for it would be bitter to hear from your mouths the somber demand of everyday life that one must sacrifice a great ideal for petty cares. I am happy in the consciousness that I shall not so readily subordinate purposes to doubts instead of doubts to purposes. Do not let it appear too dangerous to you. For the present the danger is past, and I foresee no new one in the immediate future.

I shall not so soon again abandon the safe soil of a neutral land, and a quiet scholarly activity will I trust at last afford me opportunity and means to serve also as a secure support to you. I shall hardly remain in England. I am thinking of spending the winter in Paris, studying and writing as much as possible. I have the firm conviction that I shall be able to keep myself there. The rest we shall have to entrust to the future. I put a little trust in my luck; you must do the same.

The first thing I am hoping for is a letter from you. Please do not write too much about the anxiety and care you felt in regard to me. We are now gaily enjoying the unalloyed happiness of our success, and I would not wish that subsequently a dark shadow should be cast upon it. But about the joy which the news of freeing Kinkel brought to your environment—about this I should like to hear much, very much. I should like to know in how far the scenes I pictured in my imagination, with all the well-known figures in them, lag behind reality.

With oppressive fear I write the question again as to how you are getting along; whether your existence still drags along from day to day, in care and durance, as when I last saw you. If so—and I can hardly hope it is otherwise—keep nothing from me. I hope soon to be able to answer your complaints with something more than bare promises.

Of the details concerning the freeing of Kinkel,[17] our flight, and the incidents of our journey, I will say nothing now, but will entertain you with these things

[17] A full account of the incident is given in *Reminiscences*, i, chapters 9 and 10.

in detail as soon as I shall have found some leisure for it on English soil.

Once more, be not angry with me for going to Berlin without taking leave, and now going to sea in the same way. When one has to employ cool reason at every step it is necessary to constrain the heart. For today, farewell. You can be easier about me than I can be about you. Only on account of the impending seasickness do you need to pity me a little. I have prepared as best I could for this type of the "morning after" feeling and hope to sustain it better than the Manteuffel ministry its German politics.

Today be content with most heartfelt greetings from your faithful son and brother.

Gottfried Kinkel to Christian Schurz

At Sea, November, 1850

When you receive this letter your Carl and I shall be at sea and practically in complete safety. I regard it as my duty to write first to my wife and next to you as the father of my rescuer, my truest friend. For on the occasion when you visited me at the casemate in Rastatt, mourning for your son, I saw fully how attached you were to him, and hence I can imagine that you and your entire household, in these months, must have suffered many anxieties on my account, because the staff of your age exposed himself to such great danger for my behoof. Yes, it is true: Carl has manifested a loyalty to me which I shall hardly ever be able to repay. His spirit, persistence, and resourcefulness performed a miracle, and I owe to him in the full sense the saving of my life, more endangered daily through hard usage. As to the

way this all came about and how wonderfully up to the present all things conspired to the success of the venture, this I cannot and dare not yet narrate in writing. I hope, however (and a glance into the newspapers which I had to dispense with so long gives me the certainty of it), that Carl and I, after not too long a time, shall return to the fatherland, when under altered conditions all can be told with more peace and less danger, with a pint of new beer.

As far as I am concerned, Carl arrived in the nick of time, for I am still quite well and my loyal ones in Bonn would quickly observe, could they hear me talking and joking with Carl, that I have still not lost in the cruel solitariness of my confinement my joyous Rhenish heart. Tell this to all those, in Bonn and the surrounding country, who have remained loyal to our beautiful old flag. Tell them I am still the old Kinkel and expect to remain so, until—for all the love, devotion, and loyalty which so many brave men poured out upon me during my suffering—I can repay them by placing all my powers at the service of the fatherland. For, if in the sinister night of my imprisonment I never for a moment despaired of the success of our efforts, I now look into the future with especially sure hope. Carl also, by reason of his character and intellect as well as his unheard-of wonderful luck, will win a position which will enable you gladly to forget that you have had to give him up so long.

Though it will depend on a number of circumstances where I shall fix my residence, Carl and I will remain together for some considerable time, enjoying the hearty friendship struck up in the course of our common political activities and now rendered inviolate by

Carl's loyalty and my gratitude. It was a rare moment in my life when everything had succeeded and he first embraced me there upon the free thoroughfare, when after a year and a half of torture leaning on his shoulder I rode forth into the rescuing night, and between dark lines of Brandenburg pine treetops the morning broke upon us happy ones. Given back to freedom, activity, my beloved wife and sprightly children, escaped from boundless distress! Only when full security in England envelopes me and complete quiet of spirit returns, shall I be fully sensible of how much I have become indebted to the loyalty of my party and above all to my friend. I believe also that in freeing me he has given joy to many, many other persons besides; for aside from the democrats, many hearts, stirred by the hard and unreasonable treatment accorded me, were inwardly moved to sympathy; all of them will be grateful to Carl for what he has done in my behalf.

I have not been able to repress this expression of a strong feeling toward you and your family, and I beg you tell my other friends and my party associates in my name to whom I ascribe my rescue. Greet all for me who have maintained the true spirit in these heavy times and who still think with pleasure about our fiery summer of 1848. Keep well and conserve your age, till the glad day comes when I can restore your son to your arms. I greet you with high respect and brotherly affection.[18]

[18] Another letter from Kinkel to Christian Schurz is dated Paris, December 19, 1850. In it he asks permission to prepare Antonie, youngest sister of Carl, for the work of school teaching. The offer was accepted and Antonie went with Mrs. Kinkel to London, living in the Kinkel household one year. She came with the family to America in 1853; was married to Edmund Jüssen at Watertown in 1856; and died at her home in Milwaukee, April 29, 1923, at the age of nearly eighty-six years.

To Mrs. Kinkel

EDINBURGH, December 1, 1850

Our first business is over; the time for cracking jokes has come. Our cheerfulness is as boundless as our appetites, our appetites as boundless as our health. Today, for seven hours uninterruptedly strolling about we searched for an eating place, because all are closed on Sunday; and when late at night we picked one up, it was found that we understood English enough to select, out of the entire list of earthly things, a beefsteak, a pudding, and a bottle of Xeres, with trimmings. Not without reason do we imagine that our progress will quickly disclose the most splendid talents. If in the upshot I shall be outstripped by Kinkel; if he laughs more and drinks no less than I, you may look upon it as a proof of extraordinary good humor, since my fondness for such professional studies is certainly not far behind his.

Farewell! Look forward to the day of reunion as cheerfully and as well as we.

To His Parents

PARIS, December 20, 1850

Our journeys are now ended. Now the return to London and we shall have peace. Work begins, and let us hope for good results. In regard to my sister Nettie, we have agreed on some things. I am pleased that she wants to become a schoolmistress. She has talent, quickness of perception, and I hope industry enough to carry on her education with good success. We are agreed that she should come to England with Mrs.

Kinkel and remain in the Kinkel household and receive instruction there. You will be able to talk the matter over better with Mrs. Kinkel than I can explain it to you in writing. Only this much I assure you, that this offer of the Kinkel family seems to me a rare piece of good fortune for my sister. I hope to learn as soon as possible what you think about it.

My arrangements in Paris will soon be made. I shall live quietly and in retirement and concern myself at present with nothing but my studies. I find here the most abundant materials for my work, and I hope to bring something to pass.

The reports about the state of your health are indeed slight, but permit me to hope that your condition is somewhat improved. Your sickness, dear mother, I trust was nothing but the old weakness which was again easily overcome. My health is fine; I have an iron body for hard exertion. The sea and land journey has not weakened me in the slightest degree.

For today, farewell. Write me soon about what you have discussed with Mrs. Kinkel. I can then give my opinion more fully. Since I do not wish my whereabouts in Paris to become known, I should like my letters to come to me in a roundabout way. Be so good for the present as to give to Dr. Lehmann without address everything that you write to me. He will then undertake the further care of it. Hearty greetings to the children and all friends.

To His Parents

PARIS, January 1, 1851

At this moment I have a lively recollection of the time when I was still going to school. I used regularly,

on December 31, to rule with utmost care a sheet of paper and then begin in anxious solemnity a New Year's wish to you such as the master had set for us. I would write and write, letter by letter, the perspiration coming out on my forehead; and at last, when I was quite at the bottom of the page at "Obedient Son," a drop of ink was sure to mar the page and I would have to begin all over again. And so over and over, my writing worse and worse, till at last it was very bad. You will recall that my New Year's letters never came out very well. That was a labor and a torture, and in connection with the many "Welfares" [*Heil*] and "Blessings" [*Segen*] I thought only of the difficult *H* and the hard and unshapely capital *S*; and of how superfluous it was, after all, to write a long letter, since we were sleeping in the same room. And when had it ever come into my mind to wish you anything but "Welfare" and "Blessing"? Yet, this had to be solemnly written, on paper. At that time I knew nothing of the *hatred* of life, and in my childish faith supposed that *love* was self-evident.

Since then many years have passed and for the second time I greet the opening hour of a new year in exile. Last year I was in Zürich. We had watched in cheerful comradeship the passing of the last hours of the bloody year of misfortune, and as suddenly the bells pealed out from all towers and the crowds rushed into all streets congratulating one another,I walked arm in arm with Techow across the Linth bridge and we recounted many and delightful things concerning the hopes we were carrying over into the new year. What did our wishes not make us glad to believe! And of all that, nothing has come true.

Today the second half of the century takes its first step into history. I sit, quietly working, by the dying chimney fire, and nothing indicates to me the passing seconds. There is no solemnity save the deep stillness of night. Nor is my mood a solemn one, and I would not wish to force my thoughts to roam over all the possibilities which might perhaps sleep within the new year's digit. Wherefore excite the brain with things not yet tangible and which our imagination cannot hasten?

But it is not as if my hopes were dead. I believe more firmly than ever in the great day on which the power of the new time will set its mighty foot upon the ruins of our degradation; in the day which will recall us to the breach with irresistible battle-cry, when we shall stand fighting till our victorious banner flutters from the conquered fortress. It must be and will be. It is undying, this spirit which draws its magic circles wider and wider about this earth, which even arouses nations seemingly dead, causing them to enter upon the universal march. How? Have not those who call themselves our enemies poisoned themselves with home-brewed medicines? Did not their own mouths yesterday brand the things which today they themselves are doing? Do they possess any other greatness than in shame? Do they not publicly boast of their shame? They have unmanned themselves, and this closes the future to them.

But who knows when the day will come? Decades, in the life of peoples, are like a single day. The spirit of world history regards not the longing of men, but their weakness and their strength. Therein lies the free will of peoples. Whether today or tomorrow, no matter. We are all still young enough to witness the tragically absurd fall of those fools who must first learn,

by the course of history, that they cannot bind down the storm with ropes.

Let us wait. We can wait quietly, for we have saved our honor. Even the conquered can no longer be mocked, since the victors have covered themselves with ridicule. Who deserved ridicule more, the insurgents in Baden or the Prussians in Hesse? Who stands higher, more worthy of honor, Tiedemann before the court martial or Herr von Manteuffel before the Dresden Conference? It has gone so far that they count it an honor to have had no power in the general confusion. The silent voice of the press speaks louder than the talking one could have done. We have arrived at the point where silence can agitate.

All of this was ended in the year just gone. And the tasks of the new? The nature of things, the logic of events dictate them. They will be intelligently carried out even if our intellects cannot evaluate them in advance. I am perfectly calm about it. The study of the past makes easy for me the expectations of the future. The conception of happiness which we are accustomed to wish one another has changed not only for me but also for you.

What would it amount to if we were to sit quietly together here or there, and the four walls limited our horizon, and aims which are calculated for tomorrow or next day limited our hopes? Our family is severed anyway and we look upon that, I believe, without great pain. Has not each of us had his own kind of happiness? Is there not in store for each of us his kind of happiness? Certainly there may be much to be desired; but in compensation for that which man renounces, a favoring fortune proffers something else. Let us not belong to that

perverse class who can neither recognize nor enjoy any other happiness than that which their own narrow imagination alluringly dangles before their eyes.

That we are as we are is all that I personally can wish for us. For the rest, you will feel with me that it is beautiful to see our fortune united with that of suffering peoples.

I have long had no news of you. I have a feeling things must be going better with you than formerly. Write soon.

Farewell, and greet my sisters heartily for the new year.

To His Parents

PARIS, January 7, 1851

From the letter of Mrs. Kinkel to her husband I infer that a letter from you must already have been sent to me. You can imagine how eagerly I have looked for news from you and Dr. Lehmann, but so far without receiving a single line from Bonn. Has a letter been lost perhaps, through wrong address or interception in the mails? Please reply at once, for our family affairs must now be further discussed between us, urgently and indeed promptly.

I am writing in haste and expect an answer in equal haste. Hearty greetings to my sisters.

To His Parents

PARIS, March 7, 1851

Your last letter troubled me greatly. Will it then be wholly impossible to remain longer in that house if

no other is found? As for myself, I shall do what is in my power and you may count on this, that I would rather suffer want myself than let you suffer. But my position continues to be very precarious, my earnings uncertain. To promise something definite at stated times is impossible because I always have to wait for the outcome of an undertaking. I certainly hope in the near future to make a beginning in literature, but a secure position is not to be thought of in that connection. That I shall make many a fortunate move thereby I surely hope, but this hope is all I have yet in sight. As to Kinkel, his circumstances are in no respect bright. The reports of rich legacies, etc. are one and all legends. He will have to live by his pen, and will have all he can do to make a living. Then, too, his entire family lies sick in a city where living is so desperately high. He is overloaded with outside affairs and has hardly been able to think of his income-producing work.

What I can promise by May is between fifty and sixty thalers. If I have more I will give more, but it cannot be counted upon. Is there no one in Bonn who will agree to aid you until I can earn more? It is self-evident that more sources must soon be open to me. I need very little, and what I have beyond my necessities belongs to you. Yet we must fight our way through, however it may go; we may hope for better times.

Nettchen [Antonie] has written me several times. She seems to like the life in the Kinkel family.

I have not heard from Dr. Lehmann for a long time. I expect a letter from him or his brother any day.

I have a great deal of work to do and am in the house or the library almost all day, often having hardly an hour left for my walk. Of the carnival I saw only

the opera ball. But I am in good fettle, able to be a little strenuous. Farewell for today. Greet my sister Anna heartily. Why has she not written me? Heartfelt greetings.

To His Parents

PARIS, June 2, 1851

Do not be surprised when I tell you that I have just now got out of prison. I was arrested on the street Sunday evening, my papers attached, and my person confined. They believed I was on the point of overthrowing the government of France. It was found, however, that the French alone could accomplish this feat, and so they let me out again today. In addition, they desire that I betake myself to England within eight days, which anticipates my plans. I write this in haste so you may know where you are at, should you learn the news of my arrest from other sources. Later more on this subject. I shall perhaps leave here this week. . . .

To His Parents

June 17, 1851

You must not take it amiss that I did not write you again after the very short letter telling of my arrest and subsequent release. You learned enough from the newspapers to quiet your fears. In addition, I was so overwhelmed with activities and business during my last days in Paris that I had hardly a minute to spare. Yet I have made so many acquaintances that the way into the society here will smooth itself. Then things will go better. My arrest and expulsion have had little in the

way of unpleasant results, excepting the thing itself. Moreover, I would perhaps have gone to England earlier anyway. The expulsion by the police rather delayed than expedited my departure. It would have been easy for me to secure permission for a longer stay in Paris, but I did not care about it and I avoided everything that looked like a request.

Greet the family most heartily. How is my beloved sister Anna? I hope soon to receive a few lines from her. Adieu. Answer soon and as fully as possible.

To His Parents

1 Henstridge Villas, St. Johns Wood
London, October 25, 1851

I promised you a long letter, which comes herewith.

First, a few words about my journey. You have given yourselves a great deal of uneasiness but without great cause. If you learn that I am gone from London, never get foolish notions about my danger. I am careful enough to undertake no great adventures unless the reward of labor fully balances the danger. It gives me no such great pleasure to risk my life. Besides, luck at times helps out my precautions, and I always get back to a safe harbor.

This time I was in Paris just at the time of the wholesale arrest of strangers. I arrived Thursday, remained over night, and I do not know what urged me to hasten my departure as much as possible. Two hours after leaving Paris the arrests began there; thus I escaped, luckily. I stayed one night in Strasburg and next morning rode to Basel; from there to Zürich. Hardly had I arrived in Zürich when I learned that im-

mediately after my departure from Strasburg arrests began in that place also. And so I had fortunately escaped the double danger. However, the matter was not so very dangerous after all. In case of my arrest, they would have kept me in confinement a couple of weeks, and then shipped me across the channel. The whole Parisian plot has ended in exposing the ministry to ridicule, and the poor devils who are still in prison perhaps have their own indiscretion to thank, at least in part.

In Switzerland I stayed a couple of weeks, made a walking tour through the mountains, climbed around in the snow, saw an avalanche, heard glaciers thunder, slept one night several thousand feet above the clouds, etc. I made the trip in the company of several friends. . . . From Switzerland I returned to Paris and remained twelve days without any interference. Naturally I was extremely circumspect, but it is after all hard, in so large a city, to discover and seize quickly a newly arrived and unobtrusive stranger. . . .

Several days after my departure from London Kinkel set out for North America. The purpose of his journey is the promotion of the German national loan, which we have undertaken from London. Kinkel is now holding mass meetings in the large American cities, calling for subscriptions to the German loan and organizing the whole business on that continent. His results are colossal. I receive twice weekly a large packet of newspapers from America, which are full of news about the Kinkel mass meetings, his speeches, and the enthusiastic manner in which the people are taking up the German loan. Detailed accounts have thus far been received from two cities, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Kinkel's reception was cordial beyond all measure. Banquets, escorts of honor, serenades, deputations vied with one another, and the sums actually paid in after the meetings showed sufficiently that this excitement is no mere straw-fire. In Philadelphia the mayor (*Burgomeister*) was a member of the loan committee, and in Baltimore the mayor offered to organize and conduct a mass-meeting for both German- and English-speaking Americans. The business is steadily taking on a more and more official character. . . .

Kossuth arrived in Southampton a couple of weeks ago and will reach London on the twenty-eighth. You will have learned from the newspapers about his reception in Southampton. Great preparations are being made for his arrival here in London. Several hundred thousand people will be out. I am on the committee of the German refugees who will welcome him. I hope to see him several times and speak with him, particularly in reference to our American undertaking.

In Kinkel's absence I am living as vice-regent in his house. My hands have been very full since my return. There is a tremendous general correspondence, a weekly lithographic correspondence for America, the work of the current business connected with the loan, and my studies. We have two presses in a state of lively activity, printing the interim receipts, and for every American mail we have to get several thousand copies ready.

My tour in France gave me great hopes for the development of things in the year 1852. The agitation among the people is exceedingly active, and confidence is matched by determination. Never has the press given so inadequate a picture of what is going on down among

the people. The new occurrences in France also show abundantly the temper of the reaction. How these matters may develop is in detail most uncertain; on the whole, however, after the observations made in the departments as well as in Paris, I consider a most fortunate outcome of the crisis to be not at all doubtful. It will be our problem to spread it over the rest of Europe.

Write me fully about your circumstances. Adieu. I greet you and my sister Anna most heartily.

To my party associates in Bonn, *"Salut et fraternité!"*

To Adolf Meyer[19]

LONDON, April 19, 1852

You expressed the wish, in your letter to Margarethe, that I would acquaint you with my past and with my plans for the future, since to our profound regret it is not possible for you to see us in London. I would have met your wish in this regard immediately had not the conclusion of your letter to M. led me to hope for a prompt reply to my own letter to you. But now it appears as if we were waiting the one on the other, and it is for me to break the silence.

As regards my past I can be brief; for it will interest you, as it does me, less than my future. From earliest youth I have lived in very modest circumstances, and while not exactly obliged to earn personally what I required, still I was always forced to get along with what I had. I decided early upon a scholarly career:

[19] Carl Schurz's future brother-in-law. "In February, 1852, Carl Schurz affianced himself to Margarethe Meyer of Hamburg." [A. S.]

finished the *Gymnasium,* and beginning with the spring of 1847 studied history at the University of Bonn, in order eventually to win a professorship at one or other of the German higher schools. Then came the events of 1848, and the mighty spirit of the time drove me into the tumult of the political agitation. In the summer of 1849 I found myself compromised in the United Germany movement on the Rhine; had to leave my home, was in the Palatinate and in Baden, and after the unfortunate catastrophe went to Switzerland, where I continued till April, 1850, the studies I had interrupted for a short time. Kinkel's misfortune called me back to Germany once more. His release was achieved. I turned to Paris, where I lived half a year, and have now been in London since June, 1851. That is a concise sketch of my life. As to details, may that which you know of my life serve as guarantee to you for that which you do not know.

Your chief explicit doubt is whether, after my union with Margarethe, I shall be strong enough to provide an assured living. Since entering into the political agitation I have considered it my duty to spare my family all care for my personal support. It has never proved very difficult to meet my needs, although up to now the larger share of my working energy has been devoted not to earning but to the furthering of my education. At this moment I earn at teaching what would suffice in a pinch to cover the common needs of two. I should undoubtedly be able, by and by, to establish myself here in a very advantageous position. But there are reasons of overpowering weight which decide me to shift my residence from London to America.

I do not expect to find any mountains of gold in

America, knowing on the contrary that only a vigorous, uninterrupted activity will enable me to succeed there. But just this is what I seek in America and for this I hope to find there a broader and more fertile field than I can open to myself here. I am accustomed to work, to work hard, but I would that the goal of my effort were something more than mere bread. My nature cannot content itself with the life aims which are contained within my four walls. By and by I might have a good living here in England. But citizenship here, for the alien, is merely formal. The stranger remains a stranger here. Under such circumstances I cannot feel at home. What I am looking for in America is not only personal freedom, but the chance to gain full legal citizenship. If I cannot be the citizen of a free Germany, then I would at least be a citizen of free America.

Yet this is not the only reason which drives me across to America. Another is the following: My family (my parents are still living) have acted in the most self-sacrificing manner in all the changes of fortune which have befallen me. And from the day I liberated Kinkel they have been exposed to almost uninterrupted chicanery and annoyances on the part of the Prussian government. This went so far that one evening soldiers of the garrison there entered my parents' house and with naked sword in hand caused the most fearful destruction, and next day were loudly praised by their superior officer. All this because of me. Violent and sudden disturbances in business life followed, blow upon blow.

You understand that it is my duty to make an end of these insufferable conditions. I cannot permit the vengeance they cannot visit upon me to be visited upon my gray-headed parents. Some of my relatives are

in America, in the state of Wisconsin, in pleasant and comfortable circumstances. Immediately following the December occurrences in France I conceived the plan to associate my parents with those relatives and to assist them in establishing themselves there. It is desired on both sides, and this matter has become dear to my heart.

You see from the above that these resolves were already firmly fixed before I learned to know Margarethe. The reason that the thought of a union with her does not cause me to waver in these plans, is as follows: Margarethe's is in every respect a gifted nature, which however has not yet found true content in itself. I know her, and it is my profound conviction that only one thing can give her complete physical and mental health; namely, a stimulating occupation. Problems have been lacking in her life. Because she has never felt what it means to provide her living she has not yet learned to enjoy it. Activity, immediate aims in life are what she has lacked for her happiness, and what I shall provide for her. And that we shall find there, and would not find it in Europe under present circumstances, and especially not in England.

Margarethe must not be bored, and she will discover that not only pleasure entertains. As far as making a living goes, for me, to whom the most strenuous activity is necessary to life, it will not be harder in America than in London; and I do not bring Margarethe's property into the reckoning. I do not require a large capital in order to make my living, but only the opportunity and scope for work. These I have never lacked.

This is what I expect to do first: I shall give lectures in the larger cities of the Union upon subjects which lie in the field of my scholarly studies. That I

shall succeed in this is probable both from what has been written me from America and from the widely ramifying acquaintanceships I have there through my political relations. Such a tour will have as another object to find a location and position which may suit both of us. According to assurances received, there will be no lack of invitations. In six or eight months, perhaps sooner, this tour will be ended and I shall then settle down in the most favorable place.

This is the first element of my plan. I trust I may now await your kind communications.

To His Parents

London, May 19, 1852

Yesterday and today I received letters both of which have very gloomy contents. The first, from Mother and Anna, expressed the suspicion that I had half given up the thought of emigrating to America and living there with our family, and was beginning to think of remaining in London. I do not comprehend this misunderstanding. I wrote that Margarethe's brother did not agree to our immediate emigration, but that I expected to arrange the matter. It does not in the least follow from this that I myself am prepared to give up that plan. And, in fact, I am not thinking of it. My plan is still the same that it was three months ago, and I am still just as much convinced that I shall carry it out. That difficulties should have arisen was to be expected; and it is quite natural that I should attempt to overcome these difficulties amicably, and not needlessly bring on a break with the family by violent steps. The plan for me to go first to America rests upon what seems to

me the very sensible idea that I ought not to let you journey at random into uncertainty. I must at least know in a certain measure where we are to lay our heads, and to find that out requires time. If a longer continuance in Europe is impossible for you, then very well; I will make a provisional dwelling place there for half a year or as long as may be necessary. Then we shall establish a definite home, and all will turn out well. But the complications here must be overcome or circumvented with wisdom. For two reasons I am not considering settling down in London: first, because in that case we could not arrange to live together; second, because I cannot endure permanently the kind of work with which I have to make my living here.

The present sorry state of your affairs touches me deeply, and you may be sure that I will help where I can. Just now I am unable to send you more than the enclosed bill of exchange, for I have no more. My money has not yet all come in, but what is still to come amounts only to a couple of pounds sterling. If I can in any wise make it possible, I shall send you something more soon. I have been earning now for only a full quarter-year, and for that time I think I have saved enough.

I can as yet say nothing definite about my departure. I shall hasten it as much as possible. I am glad that I shall soon give up my teaching hours. They have broken down my health, but I trust not too greatly. The climate also is objectionable. I feel the most pressing necessity for activity on a large scale.

Farewell for today. Be prudent, and depend upon me to do everything that I can. Do write me at once

as to whether the bill of exchange arrived properly. Adieu.

To Frederick Althaus

HAMPSTEAD, July 12, 1852

The situation in which I am writing you is in some respects inconvenient. This you will detect in the uncertainty of my handwriting. With my young wife I am lying on the grass under one of the most glorious English elms in a large peaceful meadow set with magnificent clumps of trees. I have been married two days; our wedding was in the most middle-class, democratic style. We now live in a charming little cottage in rural Hampstead, right near London, in the midst of glorious scenery, where we shall quietly pass the days before our departure for America. I need not tell you that I am happy. The new life lies before me, stirring and great like the ocean, for which I yearn. I hope to sail in two weeks. That is the external factor in my situation.

Has not fate been kind to me? Without difficulty I have won the fulfillment of a beautiful wish,[20] and in the near future there beckons to me a life of striving activity in a mighty part of the world, in which dwells the inexhaustible power of development. I shall combine the happiness of home with the surge of the forum; and viewpoints and avenues for learning and striving are opening to me. I am tired of the futile doings of the refugees. Our great hopes have come to nothing, or they have receded to an indefinite distance. I do not want longer, with enforced inactivity, to fix my gaze

[20] Apparently referring to his wish to take his wife with him to America on the first visit.

on a point in the future for the attainment of which our active cooperation is almost wholly inhibited. I require close, definite goals and objects, and I am going where I can find them. I want to make the period of my exile fruitful.

As to my plans in detail, they are as yet not definitely fixed. So far as I can now survey the possibilities, I shall first of all give lectures upon recent history in the large cities as I pass them. I shall take up directly that which has the most burning interest this year, the French catastrophe. In America they judge concerning it—particularly as incited by Kossuth—with much vivacity but with little knowledge. And I myself have learned so much by and through this episode that, for the first time in my life, I feel moved to bring my knowledge before the world. My principal theme is this: No country is so much misunderstood in its tendencies and its destiny as France. No history is so misinterpreted as the French. These successive convulsions of a folk spirit striving for liberty; these utterly contradictory events which so quickly follow one another—now fiery proclamations of democratic principles, then shortly afterward a general acceptance of the usurpation of a new tyrant—all these things in colorful variety, and yet the inner life of the people always the same—always lack of freedom on the part of the people; a passion for government within the democracy; a passion for individual distinction within theoretical equality; in a word, with the most fantastic political device that has ever appeared, "La liberté et un government fort," "Un government fort vis-à-vis de la liberté," or, what amounts to the same thing, "Un government fort contre la liberté"! That is the red thread which runs through the

most recent French history from 1789 to 1852. The affair of December 2 is the most instructive incident of recent history. . . .

To Frederick Althaus

MALVERN, WORCESTERSHIRE, July 26 [1852]

My letter was interrupted at this point by an illness which rendered me speechless for almost a week and kept me in bed several days longer. My wife had just been ill for a couple of days and I had nursed her as well as I could, when suddenly an inflammation developed in my gums which made swallowing difficult and speech almost impossible. A high fever followed, which soon showed symptoms of scarlet fever. So there I, poor devil, lay a few days before my projected voyage to America. My wife's sister, Mrs. Ronge, suggested that in the midst of my fever I should undertake a trip to Malvern, a water cure, and submit myself wholly and with every convenience to this method of healing. I took the advice and with my wife made the long, bitter journey, on which I truly suffered. Arrived here I was pretty miserable, but my wife nursed me splendidly, the water cure applied its harsh remedy, and in a few days the fever was broken and my mouth reopened for speech and for food. My sickness, as is usual with me, was swift and severe in its onset, prostrating my whole organism for a short time; then just as quickly broken, and a prompt convalescence. I like the water cure. The operations are sensible, above all vigorous, decisive, and effective. But one must not be too exclusive even in this system of treatment. I consider it nonsense to set up as an incontrovertible, absolute principle that

one must never take a drop of medicine—as though the results hitherto attained by empirical medicine were now at once to be stricken out of history.

We are thinking of returning to London tomorrow and hope to be on the ocean in a week. My illness has made me a little impatient. One appears to himself so futile when ill, and that is unendurable. Every moment lost now lies heavily on my soul. I am actually in a hurry to reach America, now that I have given up my living here. It is such a floundering state of suspense, which would be most unpleasant were it not for my wife. She is about me like a good angel, and everything goes as well as possible. Women are an indescribable element in life. You know that too.

To Frederick Althaus

London, Hampstead, August 4 [1852]

We reached here only yesterday—precisely the day which we had set for our departure; my condition suddenly became worse, my wife also was somewhat unwell, and on the advice of the physician our departure was deferred until yesterday. Now we are here. This letter to you is the first thing I have undertaken. I have spoken only to a couple of persons, and news comes to me already in full strata. Kossuth is here again; also, an agitator of the German emigration has returned from America; the French are indulging new hopes of an early development of the popular spirit in France; the fugitives are naturally in considerable motion again. Kossuth I have not yet seen. So I do not know what he himself says about his successes. He obtained consider-

able money, swam constantly on the tide of enthusiasm, and is said to be convinced that the happenings in Europe will very soon correspond to the hopes he proclaimed as his in America. The German agitator Gögg, of Baden, has organized a number of associations in America which have combined and centralized into a "German Revolutionary Confederation." Their purpose is to support by every possible means the movement on the continent of Europe, and in the United States itself to throw the entire weight of the German population into the scale in connection with political questions, such as elections, etc. It sounds good, but signifies little. First of all, the great majority of the "Revolutionary Confederation" consists of more or less new arrivals who, for the present, have no political rights; and in the second place, everything which is primarily in the hands of actual political refugees (especially Germans) soon dies. The Grays, the "old settlers," soon withdraw from such enterprises because the Greens, the "newcomers," make too much noise about their European humbug. Such an institution can hold together only for a time, just so long as it remains in a passive state. Its disruption begins the moment it comes into practical operation.

Dear Frederick, I am sending you a letter which, so to speak, is made up of mere shreds. Pardon me; I could not do better and yet I had to pay off my long overdue debt to you despite my shame. I hope to be on shipboard in a week. Until then my hands will be very full here, exclusively with business matters, which are not my specialty, and a multitude of calls upon political and other friends, some of whom are even trying to keep me here. As for myself, I am saying farewell

to Europe with the certainty of being back again at the right time. My wife, whom you do not know, wants to greet you cordially. I regret that you two have never met. You are worthy of mutual friendship. Farewell. With all the old cordiality.

To Gottfried Kinkel

PHILADELPHIA, April 12, 1853[21]

You made me wait a good long time for your letter. It was about three or four months after I had last written you when your reports arrived, and a few days thereafter your wife's letter surprised me all the more pleasantly. Of your good success in Manchester I have learned through the newspapers, and what you write me about it has distinctly heightened my pleasure. Your position in London seems now indeed to be assured, whereas almost everything else has crumbled away. As I hear, a rather general exodus hither of the exiles there is to take place this spring. That is good; here he learns to work who does not yet know how.

I proposed to you that I should put myself in touch with the loan committees in this country, and as soon as I had received from you any sort of instruction, to pass it on to this one or that one. This instruction I awaited in vain, and as you answered absolutely nothing at all I came to the conclusion that you in London had decided to operate on an entirely different basis, and were following new plans, and so I held my peace. Finally, I learned of the arrival of Willich in New York, and the

[21] Carl Schurz and his wife arrived in New York from London, September 17, 1852. They lived at Philadelphia till 1855. For Schurz's earliest letters from America, see *Speeches, Correspondence, and Political Papers*, i.

newspapers announced the plans which he proposed to carry out. About three weeks ago, he arrived here and called upon me. I soon saw with what illusions he had come here, and realized that he would not allow himself to be convinced either by arguments or through his own observations. His whole agitation is a thoroughly moderate one. The transformation of the loan committees into little political clubs seems to me purposeless, as in general all showy undertakings, all noise-making, all forcible digging up of old stories, are entirely out of place. You yourself must have learned what the building up of a so-called moral force signifies here in America, especially as far as it depends on the Germans. The Revolutionary Confederation, begun and organized with such great enthusiasm, has failed almost simultaneously with its creation, because with the first ebullition its enthusiasm was spent, and it lacked objectives for its activity. To that result, to be sure, this beautiful annexation dream has contributed. But Willich has expounded to me something of the "great idea of the actual establishment of the German state in America, through the loan," which is no less fantastic than the universal annexation and is exactly calculated to disappoint the practical American understanding, which little by little becomes operative in the German. On all that I expressed my opinion to Willich.

For seven months now I have quietly observed here, said little, and inquired much; and I believe I have not been superficial in forming my opinions. I believe as follows: Your agitation and Kossuth's and the Revolutionary Confederation have so used up the enthusiasm for transatlantic affairs, and the European events since 1851 have made the Americans so distrustful, that the

people must be given rest and quiet to recover from their chagrin and disappointment. For that day which shall bring us great news from Europe, the explosive material must have been collected here once more. We need not fear that everything will lapse again. The constant embroilments with European powers, the Cuba and Honduras question, and a hundred other things keep the fire alive and force the foreign policy of America naturally into a new channel. . . .

Our task for the present seems to me to be as follows: We must get at the American politicians, bring before them a true picture of political life in Europe, and center their attention upon Germany. They would first have to learn what conclusions, as to Germany itself, they could draw from the German doings here, which they despise—etc. . . . If the Americans have hitherto had not much use for the German revolution, no one is to blame for that but the Germans here. . . . I have already confided to you the plan of forming a secret association—that is, one that is not public, but also not bound up with any secret hokus-pokus—which shall comprehend within itself the intelligent forces of the Germans in this country. It will be a sort of missionary society to proselyte American politicians. It is in operation, works quietly, and has already accomplished something. If it is possible for me to do so, I am going this year for a time to Washington, as a wholly private individual who uses the library there for the study of American history. On this occasion we must cast our nets without officially indicating our intention. . . .

This winter we have lived very quietly. I have prepared a book which will go off to Germany at the first

opportunity. It is not wholly the realization of my old plan for an account of the French Revolution; I have broadened the scope and drawn in the most recent history, and to that end briefly summarized the details. If I stay here somewhat longer, I shall begin a book on America, the plan of which already lies pretty clearly before me. It will be essentially different from what has heretofore been written about America. . . .

I forgot to give you my opinion in the matter of the loan. That it continues to stand is a matter of course. But I think one should merely let it stand *quietly*; the less noise made about it, the safer it will be. It will yield no more money until things begin to happen in Europe. Then, however, it will yield again. Until then, a special agitation for the loan here is a pretty poor affair. . . .

Be so good as to inform me of your activities from time to time. I am no less attached to Germany in America than I was in Europe. And be not so stingy with your letters.

To His Wife[22]

INDIANAPOLIS, September 22, 1854

. . . I will not undertake to give you a full account of my journey, because I hope that most of what I might tell, you may have opportunity to see personally. As soon as one reaches the Alleghenies the character of the country changes. At the point where the Susquehanna flows out of its mountains Pennsylvania ceases to be a flourishing, friendly garden. Dense forests

[22] The earliest known letters addressed to his wife were written by Schurz from Washington in March, 1854. See *Speeches*, etc., i, 8-14.

cover the heights and whereas in eastern Pennsylvania only occasional groves stand amid the cultivated fields, here one sees only isolated cleared spots looking out from the dense woods, and these even more rarely. The mountains press close upon the stream, hardly leaving room for a narrow highway. One begins to see here for the first time the blockhouse (log cabin) in all of its primitive roughness, which gives one a remote impression of the hardships and privations which are inseparable from the life of pioneers. Unfortunately, I did not see as much of the Alleghenies as I wished, since we passed through mostly by night and only the contours of the mountains could be observed in the darkness.

Only the entrance into the mountains, where the railway crosses the broad Susquehanna, I enjoyed in most beautiful evening light, and I can recall but very few views which are so magnificent. We passed through Pittsburg about three o'clock at night and I saw nothing of it except the yellow, burned-out fires which were lighted in the streets as a defense against the cholera. The impression was distinctly what one calls "gloomy." The rising sun lighted us over the boundary into Ohio, and I would have greeted that state with great pleasure had I not frozen so in the cutting morning air that even my thick winter overcoat was not warm enough. In Ohio the character of the land changes in the direction of friendliness; the "dark forest" has been mightily cleared, and though far the greater portion of the surface is still overgrown, the farmsteads range themselves thickly side by side, the ensemble presenting a picture of rapidly progressing well-being. In many places the log house still predominates, though even in the forest

solitudes people are beginning to establish themselves more pleasantly. The German tongue is heard everywhere, and often on the train we recognize our honest fellow countryman, even without hearing him speak, by his indestructible cap and his decorous long coat-tails.

A farm in the first stage of its development has about it something quite touching. The log cabin is only just big enough to hold a fireplace, a table, a bed, and the assembled members of the family. Stables there are at first none. A shelter covered with boards, or often only with limbs of trees, takes the place of a barn. The fields still have many trees in them, but the farmer has girdled these or set fire to their trunks so that they stand leafless and dried up, awaiting the first good wind storm which will uproot them. Cattle roam among the trees, and children among the cattle. The woman is in the house busying herself about the butter; and the man, somewhere around the edge of the clearing, is turning the rich new soil with his plowshare. The entire picture is enclosed within dense woods, and only a trail, often seen cutting through the forest for many miles, straight as a taut string, establishes a connection with the outside world. Such forest trails in Ohio are wonderful, and when I saw one I wished nothing more than that you and I might ride it from end to end. The woods become lighter and lighter as one nears Cincinnati; at last there opens upon us the magnificent valley of the Ohio, showing a glimpse of the proud "Queen of the West."

The Ohio had so little water that at first I saw only a broad streak of sand where its bed should be, until finally I discovered the stream itself. When the river is at regulation height it is about as wide as the Rhine

and its hilly banks are not much less beautiful. Cincinnati lies in crescent formation upon the Ohio and is bounded north, west, and east by high, steep bluffs. The aspect of the city is friendly, not so monotonous as Philadelphia, not so noisy as New York, but of course inferior to these eastern cities in magnificence. But there is so much building going on in Cincinnati, and the new constructions are on such a magnificent scale and so splendidly executed that the "Queen of the West" may soon proudly compare herself with the great eastern cities. The Germans live together in one part of the city—at least most of them—and their streets are easily recognized by the conspicuous but not very advantageous old-country customs. I stopped in Cincinnati only long enough to gain a general impression of the city, and yesterday afternoon journeyed to Indianapolis, to which place my business called me. I came in during the night and have seen only what a short walk this morning enabled me to see. I shall write you one of these days about this city, which looks to me very pretty. This morning I hunted up Mr. Bolton, who received me most cordially. He took me to see the governor of the state, F. Wright, whom he had told about me earlier and who in a long conversation showed himself very obliging and pressed me to call on him. Mrs. Bolton, who is engaged in furnishing a house, and who on that account was absent this morning, I saw this afternoon.[23] I hope that my Washington acquaintance may serve me very well here. The governor declared he would make every

[23] Sarah Bolton, the poet. Schurz had met her in Washington in March (*Speeches*, i, 13). Her husband was Nathaniel Bolton, who was soon to be appointed consul to Geneva, Switzerland. Schurz's "gas business" seems to refer to a plan for the gas-lighting of Indianapolis streets, and suggests that he at that time was pushing any business venture which promised financial success. He was doubtless agent for a Philadelphia company.

effort to induce me to remain here. I am thinking of entering at once upon the gas business; the auspices are good. . . .

To His Wife

INDIANAPOLIS, September 26, 1854

. . . I now know the city fairly well. Although it has at present only eighteen thousand inhabitants it covers a very extensive area. The great "Main Street," with its stores, allows no doubt that Indianapolis is a state capital. It presents an extremely lively appearance, not like any one of the leading business streets of Philadelphia or New York; rather it bears a rural character. With its confused mass of farm wagons and equestrians (also equestriennes) it looks more like a permanent annual fair. There is much horseback-riding here. No farmer comes into the city afoot, and the women and girls mount their horses in their everyday clothes just as they are. Since there is much breeding of horses here, about half of the riders are followed by young colts. These gambol about in the street as if they were at home. Thus the beautiful broad street has an animated appearance and you hardly realize that you are from seven to eight hundred miles west of the Atlantic coast. Private dwellings, at least the more elegant ones, now begin to leave the innermost portion of the city and to move toward the outskirts, and charming rows of nice cottages are seen toward the ends of the business streets, which run out from the middle point of the city ten or fifteen minutes' walk into the forest. You might say, indeed, that the outermost houses of the city are in the woods. The Germans, who number about

two thousand, dwell mainly together in their own part of the city, as in Cincinnati. The public buildings of Indianapolis, among them a school for the blind, an insane asylum, and a school for the deaf and dumb, concede nothing in external magnificence or in solidity of construction to the best eastern establishments. The railroads, with the exception of two or three, are all combined in one general depot and between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon you can see, leaving the Union Station, six trains at once moving in different directions. So far I have not heard anything of accidents. To be sure, cows sometimes get on the tracks, but as soon as the engineer sees them he lets the locomotive whistle loud and long; whereupon the cows are generally frightened and hasten away. The roads are well built. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, September 30, 1854

Before this letter comes you will probably have complained bitterly because you have had to wait several days for news of me; but the blame lies more in the great distance I have covered in the meantime than in me. Do not draw bad conclusions concerning my welfare if my letters are a little delayed; there is really no help for it at times.

Today I can tell you about travel adventures which I am glad you have not had to share with me. From my last letter you saw that I was about ready to leave Indianapolis. This I did last Wednesday about twelve o'clock, and should have reached Chicago at 8:30 in the evening. You see the shortest way to St. Louis, from

which place I go to visit Hecker, is at present through Chicago. But the train was so crowded and the accommodating of the passengers took so much time that we were very slow in getting started. The sun was already low in the west when we crossed the Wabash and saw on our left the bloody battle field of Tippecanoe. At twilight we entered the "grand prairie" which occupies the northwestern quarter of the state of Indiana. The movement out of the forest on to the prairie is comparable to that out of a stream into the high sea. On both sides of the railway track the woods recede farther and farther, just as the stream opens out into the bay; and as you gaze ahead ever on the level, endless prairie meadows, your eyes find no point of rest save the sharp, straight streak which the horizon makes; here and there perhaps a straggling clump of trees or a small farmhouse, which stand forth like single islands in the waveless grass sea. Finally the forest banks right and left disappear, and wherever you turn your eyes they see only the unbroken, inexorable, dead plains. I believe there can be no profounder sense of abandonment than to be alone upon a great prairie. The sea is much more alive than the prairie. There at least the waves shift grandly and the horizon changes with their movements; but even a storm leaves the prairie still. It must be a remarkable sight to witness from a distance a train rolling over the prairie. Flowers are abundant and of many colors, but when one regards the prairie as a whole its flowers are forgotten. The "grand prairie" has a rich soil and in some localities is already studded with farms; but however much I am compelled to love the West, at least what I have seen of it, I should not like to live upon a great prairie.

It was nearly midnight when we reached Michigan City, and after two o'clock when we arrived in Chicago. Here my misfortunes began. I was taken to a hotel, but there was not a room or bed to be had. In vain I drove to a second and a third; everything full. By this time the omnibus which carried me had reached its terminus and I had to get out. The hour was now past three o'clock in the morning; yet dead tired as I was, I had to seek in a strange city, and afoot, some place where I might lay my head. Fortunately I had left my baggage at the railway station. So I wandered forth at random, and when I saw a bright jet of gas light, decided that there must be a hotel, which was true. Finally in a small public house I found a chance to sleep in the same room with another man. But inasmuch as my prospective bedfellow in his exterior was not to my liking, I had the energy, to me now quite inconceivable, to decline the offer and entrust myself anew to the night. Meantime it had become very solitary. I wandered from one street to another but saw no human being to whom I could direct a question. Still, the streets had living creatures, and very jolly ones. Chicago has "wooden sidewalks" under which live millions of rats. These rats regard the streets at night as their domain, and in my presence made great use of their freedom. Rats of all sizes and colors, old and young, white and gray, played charmingly about my feet. And when I stepped on one and it squeaked, it seemed to me as if I ought to beg pardon. I roamed around in this company until a tower clock struck half past three. Then, on one of the bridges, I sat down upon a curbstone to rest a bit. The rats gathered around me and I experienced something like what Heine did when he was stalled with the

mail wagon in the Teutoburg forest, surrounded by wolves who spoke to him. A large rat, who seemed the oldest and wisest of all, stepped forward and began:

(Heine's wolves could talk German, but American rats naturally spoke only English.)

"What do you want here, stranger?" said the speaker. "Why didn't you stay with your lovely wife and child? Why did you come into this distant country, in the pursuit of wealth and earthly things? Fool that you are! How sweet would be your rest with your loved ones, and now you are sitting here on a cold stone, lonesome, and nobody cares for you! But you cannot sit here any longer! Move on, stranger, this is our time and you are in our way; move on!"

The gaze of the speaker was so determined and energetic that I considered it diplomatic to be polite. So I answered in the following words:

"Mr. Speaker and Fellow Rats! Though I am not accustomed to speaking to so large and respectable an audience in a language foreign to my native country, yet I feel myself compelled by the reasonable sentiments expressed by your honorable and worthy leader to venture upon a word or two. Mr. Speaker and Fellow Rats! I am exceedingly sorry to have trespassed upon your nightly rights and privileges by the unfortunate fact of my presence. But, gentlemen, you may be sure that I never should have taken such an indecent as well as dangerous course, if not [sic] beings of my own race, men with hearts of stone, had kicked me away from their doors and turned me into the deserted streets. I know, gentlemen, that you harbor feelings of kindness in your hearts and that you are not insensible to the sufferings of a distressed stranger, who in the vain pursuit of

earthly things, as your worthy speaker expressed himself very appropriately, has improvidently left his dearest ones and threw [sic] himself into the wide world. Mr. Speaker and Fellow Rats! Deep regret creeps over my soul when I remember my dearest ones, and every one among you who happens to be separated from his spouse and offspring will readily understand my feelings in this respect. (Several rats begin to swallow hard.) Now, my friends, I see it is not impossible to kindle the holy fire of sympathy in the hearts of pure children of nature and, trusting to the world-renowned hospitality of the noble rats of Chicago, I throw myself entirely into your arms, and as men have forsaken me, I will sleep among you as one of your own!"

The rats broke out in great enthusiasm and gave me three cheers. They then quickly named a "committee of arrangements," and after a short private conference the speaker came to me and said:

"Sir! I am very sorry to have addressed you in a harsh and discourteous tone, and if any one among us has offended you we are ready to apologize in any terms which you may choose to impose upon us. Now, sir, by unanimous consent we have agreed to offer you all the honors of our hospitality, and I hope you will feel quite at home amongst us. There is no rat in Chicago who would not exert himself to the utmost of his power to show himself worthy of your noble confidence in our race. Now, sir, I take the liberty to invite you to take supper with us; then I shall introduce you to my lady, and she will be happy to accommodate you in one of our best rooms. This is the way to my house; please, sir, step in!"

Thereupon the speaker pointed out to me a knothole

in one of the planks of the sidewalk only big enough to enable me to stick two fingers in it. I was about to fall into a state of high indignation, when I was awakened out of my slumber by a man, who told me that I had been on the point of falling off the curb, etc. I told him my story, and he guided me to a hotel in which I found a room. Aside from a small air-hole over the door, this room had no window. The walls bore evidence of bloody bedbug battles. One of my predecessors had obviously attempted to kill the bedbugs by squeezing them with his finger against the wall until they burst, whereby he probably gained his purpose. I, however, threw myself like a daredevil into the bed, hoping to sleep until ten o'clock, for already the hour of four had passed. But soon after six I was awakened by a vulgar rapping upon the door, and heard a voice calling to me that breakfast was ready. I would gladly have renounced my breakfast, but thereafter I could not go back to sleep (particularly as I now felt the bedbugs more strongly than I anticipated); so I went out to visit my cousin Edmund and learned that a short time ago he had gone to St. Paul, Minnesota, on business, and would be away for four weeks. (Later I found several friends of the olden time—lawyers and newspaper men—who received me with extraordinary friendliness.) I will write you about Chicago next time. This young city is one of the most marvelous phenomena of America, or indeed of the world.

About ten o'clock at night I got into the Chicago and Mississippi train and arrived here yesterday about one o'clock in the afternoon. I visited an old countryman, a lawyer named Kribben, who promptly took me away from the hotel and forced me to stay in

his home. I am enjoying as much attention and hospitality as I can use. As yet I have seen little of St. Louis, employing my first free time here in writing. Day after tomorrow I shall go to Hecker, who has been dangerously ill but is now quite well again. Perhaps I shall write you again before leaving St. Louis, but cannot be sure that they will leave me time for it here.

Be cheerful, and laugh a bit at my squirmy little rat story. I am taking a lot of notes and having many experiences which will soon come in handy. I am more and more convinced that we should be on Easy Street here in a couple of years. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, October 2, 1854

I write just before my departure to see Hecker.[24] I had just posted the previous letter when I learned that Hecker's illness had returned upon him with severity and that they feared for his life. Though it was impossible to obtain wholly authentic news, I have decided to go to him anyhow, whatever the situation may be. Hecker's friends here, who are very numerous and greatly worried about him, urge upon me the employment of every argument to induce him to adopt a different manner of life—if, indeed, it be not already too late. His illness is generally ascribed to the reckless over-exertion with which he works his farm, and it is believed he cannot survive long if he continues in the

[24] Friederich Carl Franz Hecker was born September 28, 1811; died March 24, 1881. He was prominent in the antislavery struggle, was a colonel in the Civil War, and continued active in public affairs till near the end of his life. Hecker was most prominent in the German revolution of 1848.

same way, even should he withstand the present crisis. I shall try my best to prevail on him to undertake a journey, or something of that kind. They tell all kinds of remarkable stories here about the passion with which he pursues his new occupation, as though he were striving to dampen through the fatigue of bodily labors the fire which burns in him.

Day before yesterday I described to you my night entrance into Chicago. Today I shall say something about the impression the city makes by daylight. My friends took me around to see its greatest wonders. After reaching the lake, along the courses of the broad business streets with their high, magnificent marble structures, which in the activity of trade hardly yield to New York's Broadway, and making our way among colossal warehouses, we reached the great station. This is almost at the water's edge, and from it four or five railway tracks built on trestles extend through the water. We stopped in front of a small wooden building, constructed of logs and pierced on every side with loopholes, which obviously could have no relation to the tremendous life going on all around it. This, I was told, was Fort Dearborn, which up to about twenty years ago served the few settlers of this place as a protection against the wild Indian hordes. This fort, the oldest building in Chicago, the most honored relic, is now thirty years old. The oldest native inhabitant of Chicago is a girl of twenty-two years. She was born when only three miserable huts stood there. Now the city has over eighty thousand inhabitants and an incalculable commerce. One sees the place growing as one walks its streets. The building and business activities are indescribable. That section of the town in which the well-

to-do people live and which, on account of the gardens surrounding the houses, is called "Garden City," shows an elegance in the buildings and beauty of streets which is not behind the best I have seen. The magnificence of the public improvements and undertakings, in relation to the youthfulness of the city, surpasses anything I have known. The prices of land in the vicinity are absurdly high because the people realize to what an extent Chicago will spread out.

The journey over the Illinois prairies is rather monotonous; the many places passed enroute are neat and prosperous, but otherwise without distinction. From Alton to St. Louis we were on the Mississippi, whose dark waters move majestically between the eternal forests that cover its shores. Great herons glide on slow wing over the waves, swooping down occasionally to spear their victims. Large birds of prey, in swarms, cross and recross the dark primeval forests adjacent, strengthening the melancholy impression which the solitary wildness makes upon the soul of the wanderer. For, scarcely has the town of Alton vanished from sight, when cultivation ceases on both sides of the river. All is desolation until one reaches the immediate vicinity of St. Louis. Where the broad Missouri mingles its yellow, slimy waters with those of the Mississippi, the color of the stream changes. At first the water of the latter is clearly distinguishable from that of the former, one side of the stream being dark brown, the other pale yellow. Soon, however, the Missouri with its tremendous water mass overwhelms the Mississippi, and then the entire stream becomes clay-colored.

St. Louis looks very imposing from the waterside. The warehouses and hotels range themselves side by

side on the broad quay like palaces. But in the interior the city is dirty, and the streets of the "old" section are narrow—that is, according to American standards; in Germany they would be considered very wide.

You see at once indications that the city was originally laid out by the French. Several streets are now being developed with great elegance, and accord with the significant business life and the incalculable resources of the city. I found here a multitude of old and new friends, and it was with difficulty I was able to keep myself clear of invitations, etc.

To His Wife

October 5, 1854

Between the first half of my letter and this comes my visit to Hecker. I reached him in the morning toward eleven and found him in a pitiable condition: countenance sunken and peaked, eyes languid, voice weak, skin yellow—parchment-like. I was affrighted to look upon him and still more to hear him. For four weeks he had not slept and was perpetually tossing back and forth with restlessness, though hardly master of his limbs. His illness is the so-called "congestive fever," which manifests itself in a sudden rush of blood to breast and head, the third recurrence of which is generally regarded as fatal. In addition he suffers from abdominal ailments. I believe one can arrive at the true ground of his illness by hearing him talk. His sanguine-choleric temperament throws him from one extreme to the other, often in the most contradictory manner. His recollections of the past constantly torture his spirit and drive him to combat them through the hardest bodily exer-

tions. He has become exceedingly nervous and permanently irritable. The violent, thoroughly foolish bodily exertions, the bitter rashness with which he exposes himself to the dangerous effects of the climate, have broken down his resistance, and the present distressing solitariness has confirmed him in the darkest possible views of life. When he complains, he accuses; when he censures, he damns outright. He feels old; believes it is no longer worth the trouble to live, and often wishes for death merely to be at rest. He is vexed because he craves vexation, and the things he cannot censure give him little pleasure, since there are so many other things to censure. He looks at everything with the eyes of his dejected spirit and complains bitterly about disillusionments where he never needed to have been deceived. I sat sorrowfully by his bed and tried, by dint of the greatest efforts, to cheer him up. At last we got into the swing, and as I brought up matters about which he could talk with some satisfaction all went well. Finally both of us became lively and got to laughing. I did my utmost and we kept on talking till late in the evening. Next morning I found him much better, and he said in greeting me, "Since four weeks ago, I have slept today for the first time, and you are the cause of that. You made me forget my fever period yesterday."

He felt strong enough to get up and walk about the house. A great fire was kindled on the hearth and we sat in the large room. A joyful spirit was visible among the farm-hands when he came to the table once more, and things seemed in the way of turning toward his improvement. I advised him to leave his farm and seek the benefits of a water cure. He was agreeable to the suggestion, but I fear that as he comes to feel better he

will not do it. He is being treated wholly according to the old methods and takes unbelievable quantities of medicine. I have done all I could to dissuade him from it, but with only apparent result. I had intended staying a longer time with him, but a two-days' visit drove me forth, partly because I really was deeply dispirited by what I heard and saw, and could not wholly conceal it longer, partly because your letter was waiting for me in Chicago and I suddenly found I could not bear to wait longer. Therefore I gave up the hunting trip and all other Illinois delights, attractive as they were with millions of passenger pigeons flying over us. I returned to St. Louis as soon as possible, in order to get off today for Chicago, where I shall at last gain some rumor concerning you. I feel that I must get back to you soon. What is left to be done I shall complete as quickly as possible.

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, WISCONSIN, October 9, 1854

. . . My last letter I wrote from St. Louis shortly before my departure for Chicago. I rode through the night, and finding at Chicago letters from my Uncle Jacob [Jüssen], who urged me in a most pressing manner to pay him a visit, I took the night steamer which brought me across Lake Michigan to Milwaukee. This voyage, crossing the lake on an indescribably lovely moonlight night, was one of the most beautiful of my journey, and in this riotous enjoyment of nature nothing was lacking save that I should have had you by my side. Well, you must sometime travel with me and see everything that I have seen. There is so much here

which is grand and beautiful that it well repays one for the expenditure of a little time and some inconvenience. I believe you would quickly lose your dislike for the West if you could once see it. I will not say that in beauty this country surpasses the East. On the contrary, the tremendous plains on both sides of the Mississippi are not exactly interesting in the long run; but an infinitely fresh breeze blows through this land. Wherever you direct your gaze you see something great developing. Grandeur is the characteristic of all western life. All life looks at you hopefully, and the war against obstacles opposing civilization is carried on in the serenest confidence of victory. I have never seen so many cheerful people as here. The western American, however great may be his instinct for enterprise and acquisition, does not bear on his countenance the stamp of speculative determination which one meets so frequently among the eastern Yankees. The Westerner is sincere, talkative, direct; he makes friends with extraordinary ease, wherever he may be. The cold reserve of bearing which so often seemed freezing to us in the East is a stranger to the "Western man." He is resolute in speech as he is in act, and the complete spontaneity of social intercourse makes one forget quickly that he should not look for a finely polished behavior among these people. You find an extraordinarily large proportion of sensible men and women, and in conversation you can usually be sure of discerning both an open mind and a sound heart.

The trip from Chicago to Milwaukee by boat takes eight hours, and when I awoke in my stateroom this morning I found the chief city of Wisconsin before me. The town is quite pretty, but for some time it has not

been progressing very well.[25] The immigration into Wisconsin has been somewhat too forced. The state has to some extent overshot its future, and when the formidable competition of Chicago arose it could not quite keep up. Still, things will undoubtedly go better as soon as the "territories" west of Wisconsin become states, so as to give the trade of Milwaukee a new market.

Milwaukee also suffers from the presence of too many Germans. Wherever the German in this country has to live off Germans, things go badly for him. There [in Milwaukee] you can see in the morning, while passing through the street, the German house father standing in his door in dressing-gown and slippers, with his long pipe in his mouth.

From Milwaukee to Watertown you have seventeen miles of railway and thirty miles "stage," which over the splendid "plank road" is not at all unpleasant. Wisconsin is a beautiful land, contrasting very favorably with the flat Illinois country by reason of its wooded hills and the multitude of its beautiful little lakes. I had imagined it to be less well settled; for although one finds the borders of civilization so near at hand that in hunting one often encounters Indians, yet the southern half of the state is developing into a great, blooming, densely populated agricultural district.

I was received by my Uncle Jacob [Jüssen] and his family with the most hearty, even tearful, joy. You know I am sort of the pet of our family, the object of its modest pride; and as we met after so long a separation the happiness was extreme. My uncle is still the same noble, fine man, although he has had to make his

[25] Cf. letter of August 15, 1855.

way with great effort and care and sometimes rather poorly. But an inextinguishable and indefatigable cheerfulness reigns in the family, each lightening the load of the other as much as possible. My aunt is a very sensible and well educated woman who understands music and several languages and has a multitude of practical accomplishments. My uncle now has a business that goes well, and it seems to me he is beginning to prosper. No one deserves it more than he. I only wish you could see him. I am sure you would love him. I shall not see my cousin Edmund upon this journey, for he is just now on business several hundred miles farther west. . . .

I am now looking forward a great deal to the return journey. I shall have to rest a couple of days, for in this last period more than half of my nights have been spent on trains. Before Sunday I mean to be in Chicago. If I find there no letters which call me to Indianapolis, I shall travel thence, day and night, until I reach you.

To Gottfried Kinkel

PHILADELPHIA, January 23, 1855

I received your letters yesterday and will reply at once to the points therein which are of importance. The passport which I carried in Berlin in the year 1850 has not been in my possession for a long time. I burned it shortly before my arrest in Paris, since it had lapsed. Besides, I do not see how the accused could be materially aided by it. That I bore a false name in Berlin is a fact established by a sufficient number of witnesses. The point is merely to show that Falkenthal did not

know my real name as well as my assumed one. In that connection my passport could not serve as evidence, since it would merely prove that I bore a false name, which is already proved. It is absolutely impossible to prove by *positive* evidence that F. did *not* know my real name. The whole argument would merely come down to a calculation of probabilities, in which my passport would be devoid of weight. F.'s attorney must obviously put on the opposing party the burden of proof that F. knew my name—and of this I believe there is no evidence, unless F. has got himself into a pickle by some cheap, unfounded bragging. I know positively that he did not know my name. This declaration, according to my legal understanding, is the only thing by which I can help the accused. The affidavit I sent you, to be sure, has another object in view, because I did not know exactly what the real charge was. But the above-mentioned necessary declaration is nevertheless quite clearly contained in it. I believe the lawyer will be able to use it if he does not regard the entire document as compromising in another respect. If the trial is long enough deferred, he might let me know what I can do for F. I can swear (1) that he did not know my real name; (2) that he did not help to influence the officials; (3) that he was not active in the operation itself and had no special knowledge of what went on that night. I cannot, however, state on oath what he asserted; namely, that he was not informed as to my plans and activities.[26]

That they have changed to "Gissem" the name I bore at that time is especially pleasing to me. I am

[26] Dr. Falkenthal was one of the friends in Berlin who gave aid toward the liberation of Kinkel. Schurz does not speak of his trial with the others mentioned in *Reminiscences*.

very anxious to have this "Gissem" satisfy them. Herbert is the actual head of his family, an excellent and in his group quite indispensable man. The loss of his freedom would greatly disturb, perhaps wholly disorganize, the life of the family. I would wish, therefore, to do everything to keep him clear of the whole affair. On that account I should not be able, in the statement concerning the name and passport which I bore, to go into greater detail; I should not like to weaken the "Gissem" idea. Perhaps this little error will stick. I think there have been sacrifices enough. Besides, according to the latest reports the trial seemed to me to be going so well for F. that he would have to employ all his inconsistency and indiscretion in order to alter the chances. Please remember, therefore, if you do anything in the matter, to keep H.'s interests well in view.[27]

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, March 4, 1855

We finally reached our destination yesterday afternoon without railway accident, without being snowed in on the prairie, without suffering hunger or thirst, etc. I wrote you last from Chicago. We took the train there at nine in the morning, since the lake is not yet open for traffic. We reached Wisconsin by a detour, and in order to get to the railway which runs from Milwaukee

[27] The balance of this letter, save eleven lines, is translated in *Speeches*, etc., i, 14-17. The omitted lines divide into two paragraphs. The first asks an anxious question about Brocklemann, the man who aided in the Kinkel rescue by placing a vessel at their disposal in which they sailed to Edinburgh. The other refers to the German National Loan, which Schurz thinks should be held for the present in Kinkel's hands—until some hopeful object presents itself for the furtherance of which it could be used effectively. The sum, he says, is small.

to Watertown we were obliged to cover a stretch of six miles by sleigh. The weather was warm, the snow was thawing, and the sleighing party was most unpleasant. I was very glad that I had not taken you along, for the outing was really somewhat wearisome, particularly since in some places the snow was wholly melted away and we had to go on foot. About five o'clock we arrived at a small rural town, Jonesville, where we had to stay over night because we had got there too late for the regular train. Yesterday morning we left there in the finest weather, and are now here safe and sound. Today being Sunday we were able to do nothing for our purposes aside from amassing some information. But the results of these inquiries are very satisfactory. . . . My Uncle Jacob and two of his children were somewhat unwell, but not seriously so. Otherwise, all well. Papa is in the best of spirits; his birds have promptly taken possession of their new quarters and feel very much at home. . . .

The town has improved in many respects since my last visit. Much building is going on, and property values are rising steadily. I believe that much can be done here to our great advantage, but you can be assured that I shall spare no pains to inform myself in advance with the utmost accuracy about all the conditions. Aside from business relations, a good deal is also being done for social entertainment. A singing society [*Gesangverein*] has been organized which has already given a very successful concert. A lot of balls were given during the winter, and an amateur theatre is organizing. Of course all this is only a beginning, but it is something. It is a sign that spiritual needs are strongly making themselves felt. . . .

Much as I desire your presence here, I am glad I did not take you with me. Winter journeys have much that is unpleasant and would be too hard for one in infirm health. . . .

Today is the fifth day that I have been separated from you and our child, and my first desire is to get my business settled in the shortest possible time in order to be able to come back to you. I am glad that I shall be so fully engaged as to have no time to brood on my homesickness. But you, too, must not worry. Time will fly, and some regular occupation, whatever it may be, will quickly help you over the days of separation.

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, August 8, 1855[28]

. . . In my earlier letters I forgot to write you about two political items which used to interest you greatly. One is the temperance movement in New York, the other the Know-Nothing movement. I had been in New York two days before I recalled that prohibition was in force. All lager beer saloons are open and full of guests; you find in the hotels, as formerly, the tables covered with bottles, and the wine-list lies before you just as copious and unconcerned as ever. People drink just as they used to, but with the extra pleasure of talking about the temperance law over a bottle of wine. A couple of tavern-keepers lately indulged in a humorous and profitable speculation. They engaged temperance preachers to speak in the street in

[28] Between the date of the preceding letter and this one Schurz accompanied his wife and child to England. They sailed April 21 and he sailed on the return trip July 8. See Agathe Schurz's note, *Erinnerungen*, iii, 126-127.

front of their places of business. That was done; of course it drew a great crowd, and the natural result was that the barrooms of the neighboring tavern-keepers were filled to suffocation with thirsty humanity. The only effect of the temperance law is this: that all persons found drunk in the streets are arrested and must pay ten dollars fine. If they will not or cannot pay they are jailed for several days. This arrangement is not bad, and it would seem as if such regulations should constitute the final residue of the great temperance movement.

As to the Know-Nothings, important and perhaps decisive alterations have occurred on the inside of this widespread party organization; and, moreover, in exactly the way I predicted more than six months ago.[29] About two and one-half months ago there was a great convention of the Know-Nothing party in Philadelphia, to which delegates came from all parts of the Union. Very promptly the slavery question arose, and the southern Know-Nothings, who were in the majority, secured the passage of a declaration friendly to slavery. Immediately all the delegates from the North left the convention en masse, and with that the Know-Nothing party was divided into two large opposing factions. The next result was that the northern (that is the anti-slavery) Know-Nothings approached the foreigners and the slavery question was declared to be the leading issue. Through this proceeding the edge is taken off the entire Know-Nothing movement, and you begin to see many of their greatest leaders modifying their tone and saying that neither religion nor birthplace, but republican sentiment, is the true criterion by

[29] See letter to Kinkel, January 23, 1855, in *Speeches*, etc., i, 14-17.

which the worthiness of a foreigner to receive American citizenship can be determined. That is the beginning of the end; and it is a question whether the existence of the Know-Nothing organization will last until the presidential election of the year 1856. Here and there, no doubt, individual small sections of the party will perhaps come forth strongly once more, but the bulk of the army is decidedly in retreat.

To this extent, then, the political heavens are somewhat brighter, and the unpleasant things which have occurred may in the end be looked upon as an agreeably exciting change. . . .

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, August 12, 1855

. . . I was out with Rothe[30] today to examine pieces of land near a town about ten miles from here, and we had taken with us guns and dogs to hunt as we went. So we tramped about the region the whole day from early morning on, breakfasted at one farmhouse, had a lunch of sour milk and bread at another, and were somewhat provoked at our bad luck which put into Rothe's bag only a single prairie hen and a snipe, and a prairie hen and two quails into mine. Finally, shortly before sunset, our luck changed. For, at the edge of a wet tract, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of such a multitude of prairie chickens that we could hardly take time to load. In half an hour our hunting bags were full, and when darkness settled we returned to Watertown. There I found your dear letter. . . . Perhaps I shall be able to tell you in my next letter

[30] Emil Rothe. See *Reminiscences*, ii, 46.

how the business with Jackson stands, but in case the sale occurs the real work will have just begun. I shall then have to survey the entire tract and lay it out in lots. . . .

Later

Last evening I went with my parents to a summer refreshment place near the city, which was opened last Sunday with a great bowling contest. In such places things are conducted with much cheerfulness and wholly in the German style. The arrangement of the garden and all the grounds, and the predominance of the German language, would almost make you feel that you were in the fatherland if you did not hear the most varied German dialects and here and there a couple of Americans talking. At another place near the town, in the woods, there is target shooting on Sunday, and when the setting sun ends the work of the marksman a piano in the hall invites the young people to dance. Even the American is reconciling himself little by little to this German mode of celebrating Sunday, which (if the abominable high-handedness of the priestly hierarchy in Germany continues) will soon exist nowhere save in western America.

To His Wife

Milwaukee, August 15, 1855

. . . The reason for my journey to Milwaukee is principally that before definitely closing with Jackson I want to see once more what opportunities there are here for favorable investments. In addition, I shall try to make some acquaintances, business and otherwise.

Today is Wednesday, and I expect to return to Watertown before the end of the week.

Last night, immediately after my arrival, according to my old custom I took a solitary walk through the city, particularly through those portions which contain the better dwellings. No American city, not even Cleveland, has made upon me such a pleasing impression.[31] Most of the houses still combine in a highly delightful manner the urban with the rural character. The surrounding gardens are mostly full of dense foliage, and the almost universal and tastefully decorated veranda makes the whole very homelike and livable. Just as darkness fell I came to the height above the lake where stands the white lighthouse tower which can be seen from afar. The great Lake Michigan with its subdued roar announced itself from afar, and suddenly I stood upon the steep declivity of the hill which revealed outspread before me the light green, sail-covered water plane. The impression of the lake at that point is not very different from that of the sea, only the colors are not so darkly somber.

The wish to live here arose strongly in me, particularly when I saw through a lighted window into a family room and involuntarily imagined you and our child in it. . . .

To His Wife

WÁTERTOWN, August 27, 1855

. . . It was very annoying to me that Mr. Jackson condemned me to another wait, for he neglected to give his relatives here the necessary power of attorney,

[31] Cf. letter of October 9, 1854.

which forced me to open a correspondence with him again. . . .

There is much to do now on the farm. The grain harvest is completed; the wheat, barley, and oats, however, are not yet threshed, so that I do not know definitely how much there will be. But it looks fairly promising.

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, September 3, 1855

. . . The active period has now begun for me; that is to say, the business activity, for otherwise my life here is pretty empty. Before I received Mr. Jackson's last reply, and thus before I had to take the definitive step, I again last week made a tour into the country twenty-five miles westward to Columbus. I was astonished at the extent to which this region is cultivated and with what energy people have developed the advantages which the soil offers. Several miles west of Watertown the woods cease to be dense and the openings take the place of the forest. These latter are great open spaces set with trees, orchard-like, the soil of which is mostly without any brush but covered with lovely turf. The openings of Wisconsin can best be likened to the open planted sections which one sees in the parks of London. Between the openings, which are crowned by hills, spread out the succulent meadow lands often enlivened by island-like patches of woods, but often also like valleys of small streams extending for miles between the highlands. These elements of the landscape give the most peaceful, pleasant, prosperous pictures. There is here nothing of the ruggedness which attaches

to almost every American beauty spot. This type of region repeats itself in the friendliest variation, except that the openings become lighter and the meadow lands more extensive the farther west one goes; until finally at Columbus the far-spread prairie land lies before you. It is astonishing how very rapidly the building up of the country proceeds here; indeed, how rapidly in some neighborhoods even the log house disappears and the pleasanter frame house or a pretty stone building takes its place.

I cannot refrain from giving you an incident which is not exactly flattering to our German fellow countrymen. You cannot believe how greatly the house and the whole domestic management of the American farmer surpass in cleanliness and clever arrangements those of the Germans. If you enter the most insignificant hut of the Americans you will at least find the walls specklessly white, all utensils brightly scoured, the windows shining, furniture in order, no farm tools inside the house, and all female occupants arrayed with a certain degree of taste. I have found that if one comes into an American farmhouse ever so unexpectedly the wife never finds it necessary to absent herself a while in order to make herself presentable in the eyes of a stranger, which is almost always the case in the German farmhouse—if, indeed, the German woman even considers it necessary to appear well. As regards practical arrangements, too, I found that the German farmer has a vast deal to learn here.[32]. . .

[32] Of course Schurz had seen only the better types of American settlers and he had apparently not seen the superior types of German settlers.

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, September 4, 1855

This week I had an artistic pleasure here. Three of the artists of the Milwaukee Music Society were here and gave an "operatic concert," a new invention which consists in this, that large continuous sections of an opera are performed in costume. The Milwaukeeans this time selected "Norma," which had already been given a number of times in Milwaukee. You can imagine that a presentation of the production without scenery, without orchestra, with a bare piano accompaniment upon a bare concert stage looked pretty bad. But so far as the musical performances themselves were concerned, they surpassed my expectations, and would in part have forced even an art critic to give a favorable judgment. I now understand very well how they put on more ambitious performances in Milwaukee, with the best success. I do not believe they can perform any better in most of the small capitals of Germany. The small traveling company will perform their operatic concert in most of the larger cities of Wisconsin, and it is hoped that the praiseworthy efforts of Milwaukee will thus secure a wider support. There they are expending much money; the costumes throughout are very good, and the director draws a better salary than in most of the German theatres. I hear also from Philadelphia that they have developed the German stage which was begun there in so small a way. The dramatic society there has rented a big place on Chestnut Street, and the most prosperous and influential families it is said are at the head. You know they have already built a German theatre in New York, which is said to be very well equipped. . . .

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, September 16, 1855

Since yesterday the storm has not ceased to roar. Old oaks have been overturned and our garden has experienced sad ravages. One thunderstorm followed another. The roads were flooded a foot by the rain, and the heavens are still as dense and leaden as yesterday. This moment a new storm is gathering, the third or fourth today, and it is so cold withal that we go dressed in winter clothing and gather with chattering teeth around the kitchen stove. The railway, which should have opened today, has been injured by floods in a number of places. The soil was carried away to such an extent from beneath the rails that it will perhaps take a week to make the necessary repairs. The plank road also is broken at a number of points, and we have had no mail at all today. . . .

And my hay! my hay! Two days more of rain would finish it. And I fear greatly, for we are in the midst of the equinoctial period which sets in here usually before the twentieth of September. How sorry I am that you cannot share with me directly the cares of the farmer! I already understand a great deal about farming. You will not believe it, but when a man attends so much to it he is bound to learn something. . . .

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, September 25, 1855

. . . Day before yesterday Jackson arrived here to close the sale with all due formality. I had not done anything of a practical nature upon the farm up to

this time because I wanted to see first whether everything was all right. . . .

A couple of wagons arrived here today with very prosperous-appearing German immigrants, and the railway brings us new inhabitants almost daily. That is a source of growth which will not so soon be exhausted. . . .

There stands before me on the writing-table a plate of splendid grapes which one of my neighbors raised on his farm—a noble fruitage which will indicate to you that Wisconsin is not so far behind in civilization. . . .

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, October 9, 1855

Today and tomorrow we shall be moving out. Then the threshing machine will come to the farm and I shall have to sell the wheat. (The sudden arrival of good weather has saved us from almost all damage.) Meantime the surveying goes on and I must work at it for at least two hours per day in order that no square foot of land shall remain unutilized. . . .

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, October 15, 1855

. . . Last Wednesday immediately after posting your letter I rode out to the farm. On the way, in the middle of the city, my horse stumbled and in falling crushed my left leg. In and of itself the thing was of no consequence, but it will have the result, nevertheless, of rendering it impossible for me to walk for several days. I have to make cold bandages constantly to keep

down the swelling, and have to watch the lovely weather through the window from my doleful prison. I am often in the mood of a wounded soldier who hears the drums going outside. I could not close an eye at night, partly because such contusions hurt a little, partly because the cold bandages dispel sleep until one becomes used to them. Besides, I saw myself delayed in this disagreeable manner in the completion of my business. From all of which you can assume that I have had some jolly bad days. . . .

. . . There is something remarkable about such a place as Watertown. All the wealth here is personally amassed and, as it were, on the spot. There is practically no imported capital here. All residents, perhaps with two or three exceptions, came with nothing and now you see these same people building mills, factories, railways, gas works, great stores, organizing banks, etc. And all this has been accumulated and done in less than ten years. Everything was created from nothing by sheer industry, initiative, and persistence. And you should see the bustle! Long wagon trains loaded with wheat coming into the town from all directions are snatched up at the entrances by buyers who try to anticipate one another. Then, with pockets filled, the farmers distribute themselves around among the stores. The streets are crowded with wagons, and the sidewalks with people. It is a picturesque, lively scene, full of cheerfulness. Among the rest you see the newly-arrived, the green ones, with bashful countenances, who do not yet understand what it all means and which way they will have to turn. The last few weeks have brought us a goodly number of these pleasing apparitions. And almost every day I have opportunity to give advice to

this one or that one who arrives here with the strange plans of the ignorant.

To His Wife

October 17, 1855

I am on my legs once more. You cannot imagine how glad the exercise makes me. In the last two days the injury improved so fast and decidedly that I have conceived a genuine tenderness for the stricken knee. I do not weary of seeing how much I can do. Already I get along nicely by simply supporting myself a little on a chair back. It is nearly the same case as that time in Berlin when I fell on my haunch and had to lie abed so long. But that time I suffered much more. The pain was infinitely greater and my weakness lasted longer. This time I got out of it pretty smoothly. And everybody has helped to ease my bed of pain. I held a regular little court in my room. Visitors were here uninterruptedly from early until late, and if I slept the good sympathizers were in the adjoining room. . . .

To His Wife

Watertown, October 21, 1855

Now, as I write, I belong once more to two-legged, walking mankind. But you should see how pitifully I still have to limp—I, who was always so proud of my irreproachable straight-leggedness! Still, in the last two days my crushed knee has improved so greatly that in a very short time I hope to have fully recovered from the inconvenient accident. . . .

To be thus sick with a healthy body! And then, during a succession of nights I was unable to sleep, partly because of the pain and the cold bandages, and partly because, accustomed to constant hard exercise in the open air, I was now condemned to continuous inaction. Thank God, it is over now, and I begin to rejoice in life as before! I read through entire nights Heine's miscellaneous writings, his newest *Misery,* then a good portion of Schlosser's *History of the Eighteenth Century,* etc. At last I took to sketching and drew up a complete plan of our future dwelling-house: ground plan, facade, side-elevation, and all detail drawings.[33] That gave me much pleasure, and I feel that an architect was lost in me.

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, October 28, 1855

This, I hope, is the last time I shall write to you from here. It is probable my next letter will be mailed from Philadelphia or from New York. . . .

My leg is not yet wholly restored; there is still much weakness in the knee which hinders me from walking much and far. Also the swelling has not entirely disappeared. Still the improvement proceeds pretty fast and decidedly, of itself, and in a very short time I shall doubtless be in a position to undertake the journey to the East. . . .

We are all quite enraptured by the place on the former Jackson farm where we live, and everybody who visits us envies us the beautiful site. How much more beautiful it will be when the new gardens have been laid

[33] See cut, p. 172.

out! Aside from a quantity of fruit trees, we found here a nice strawberry bed which next year will cover almost half an acre. There are also currants and gooseberries in smaller quantities, and Father will arrange for raspberries and the like. There are also multitudes of melons and other good things.

To His Wife

October 29 [1855]

The sun has risen bright and clear, and the view spread out before me presents so cheerful and sweet a picture that I am distinctly encouraged to hope we shall be very happy here. On the left the stream, shining out between tall trees; directly in front of me, at a little distance, the town with its friendly white houses; beyond and to my right, wooded hills and a luscious strip of green meadow land. . . .

To His Wife

Watertown, November 5, 1855

I am writing you once more from here today because I am not certain of being in Philadelphia early enough to post my letter there. According to my original plans I ought to have been on the way by this time, but a multitude of petty circumstances combined to delay my departure for several days. First, I still have a couple of contracts to close concerning the building next spring, and it was impossible to get the men together. Then the threshing machine did not come, and that delayed the sale of our grain. Further, the state elections came on, which occupied everybody, and I was

unable to get my notary to transcribe certain mortgages and the like. So things went, in a descending scale, down to the trifling circumstance that, having given my tailor my winter coat to turn, this tailor ripped the coat and then got sick and could not deliver it at the appointed time. You see that I am an unlucky wight, but in four or five days I trust all these things will be overcome and I shall be sailing cheerfully toward the East. . . .

I was never quite at ease so long as I knew you to be in Germany, and the little incident you tell me concerning your adventure with the Prussian policeman shows that my fears were not groundless. What pettiness on the part of the government! Is that a power which feels itself strong and wants to impress others with its strength? Not even to leave women in peace, and to distress them with things over which five years have passed! It is hardly conceivable. . . .

To His Wife

PHILADELPHIA, November 19, 1855

Today I write from Philadelphia, and feel much nearer you in consequence. . . .

My head is so full of my affairs here, on which the possibility of my early return depends, that I can think of nothing else. I meditate this way and that, about what I should do. . . . The longing for you and our child is often so powerful in me that it costs me an effort of will not to leave everything in the lurch.

To His Wife

November 21 [1855]

I had hoped so ardently soon to be done with my affairs here, that I almost took my wish for actual reality and could think of nothing except with which one of the next ships I was to take passage. And now I see this joyous prospect darkened once more. . . .

To His Wife

November 24 [1855]

Between the previous note and the present lie two days—two days in which I have had a hard struggle against my longing for you. At last I am obliged to give it up. Tomorrow I shall settle with D., then I shall arrange my remaining business so that my shoulders may be light for a time. I shall then go to New York and take passage on the *Washington* or the *Canada*. So, this is the last letter I shall write you before coming. . . .

I see your joy when you shall have reached the end of this letter, and it is the loveliest picture that I hold before my soul. I revel in it. How we shall revel in the reality![34]

To Frederick Althaus

Montreux, March 8, 1856

The letter which you sent me on my birthday and for which I heartily thank you has found us in the

[34] He arrived in London December 17, joining his wife and child at Kinkel's home. Early in February they went to Montreux, Switzerland.

enjoyment of a beautiful, happy recreation. Your letter was doubly good for me because it made clearer to me the picture of you which I took with me from London after all those sad days. We wish so often to have you here. How this marvelously serene Nature would benefit you! I hope it may be arranged in the future. I think Margarethe will have sent you news of our arrival here. We found that we had been looked after more kindly and obligingly here than we dared to expect. My brother-in-law, Henry, whom I have seen here for the first time, is an excellent person, very well trained in his field; and I may say that we have become quite intimate, little as Charlotte [Voss] may have expected that. Neither timid in his ideas nor narrow in his conduct, he seems to me to be quite a free-thinking man, who, though he may be inclined to make concessions, is also not afraid to admit the consequences. We live together very agreeably, in splendid harmony, and without ever running out of conversation.

Up to now we have had wonderful spring days, always full of sunshine; splendid weather—in the morning a pleasant breeze, at noon and in the afternoon just as warm. All this has only one disadvantage, that one finds too much pleasure in strolling around and in rowing on the lake, and thinks too little about work. I know the country around pretty well; no day passes without a little excursion, sometimes by water, sometimes by land. But with all that, I have sent to London only one article on Wisconsin, and a very hastily written one at that. I hope you will find it printed in the course of a few days. The second one I have started; it will hardly be finished any sooner however. Sometimes I wish myself some days of bad weather—and

then this wish will seem to me a little too rash. It has pleased us very much that August showed himself so thorough. But I did not expect it to be otherwise, and firmly believe that the course adopted will prove to be the best. Be so good as to write me everything about how the matter develops.

The letter from Osw. gives me less hope in regard to the *Westminster Review,* but I shall write the thing as soon as I have finished my articles on the West. If the composition then is never published, it will always have been a good study.

As to the certainty of peace, things seem to look somewhat problematical again. The insertion of the "Siècle" article in the *Moniteur* looks almost like a manifesto, and if it should be true that large Paris firms are speculating on a fall, then those are bad signs. We must prepare ourselves with stoical equanimity for whatever may come.

The victory of the Free-Soil party in the American Congress is again a little gleam of light in present politics, and since the danger of war between America and England is receding more and more into the background, one may hope for better developments over there.— Did you read that Julius Froebel has married in New York the widow of the former "revolutionary" minister of Baden, Mordes, and with her will move south? I thought it would be interesting to all of you, and so am writing to you about it.

Yesterday we made up a little rowing party to the Hotel Byron, where you formerly lived. How glorious it is there, and how much it made us think of you! Is it not a great shame that you cannot spend a few weeks here before the beginning of hot weather? My

brother-in-law goes away from here toward the end of this month, and perhaps we could live in these delightful quarters happily together. Consider seriously what you can do, and let us hear from you. I should be happy to have you here. Greet Charlotte heartily for me. Margarethe will herself write to her. With more warm heartiness than ever.

To Frederick Althaus

MONTREUX, April 12, 1856

It is so long since I have heard from you that I am obliged to assume your business is exhausting in its effects upon you, but rarely puts you in a mood to write. I could well understand it if you were not at present especially communicative. There are things which bear speaking of only when in personal conversation the impulse finds the right moment. I will not assume that, owing to the weight of your bereavement, you have arrived at something like indifference toward yourself.[35] Could I but attract you hither, where it is so beautiful! But what Charlotte writes us about your designs dashes my hope of this completely. We could put you up so nicely in our dwelling, now that my brother-in-law and his wife have departed. (We had lovely days, were most harmonious, and separated very reluctantly.) It is impossible not to gain a new joy of life amid these wondrous natural surroundings. One revels here even when not disposed to do so. It is hard to think of other things while out of doors, and when one does think he can hardly be otherwise than sanguine.

[35] Mrs. Althaus died shortly before this time. [A. S.]

That is, I believe, what you need; and why can you not be here?

I would gladly have told you more about my favorite plan, to take you along across the sea, but since Gregorovius has probably come to you and you have fixed your plans with him I can see it would be useless. How fortunate it is that precisely Gregorovius, with whose friendship many beautiful old fields of thought are associated, should be near you day after day! Write me soon whether Gregorovius agrees with your views. If time allows, I should like to be the third link in your chain.

We restless birds of passage shall probably be here till the middle of May. Then, as everybody says, it becomes so unbearably hot here that it is best to get away. We shall return via Paris to England. According to reports from America it will be impossible for me to leave my affairs throughout the entire summer without personal management. The chances are so good that I could not be answerable for letting the summer pass in idleness.

It seems to me that Margarethe's condition, in general, has improved; at least many of the more disagreeable symptoms have disappeared or have greatly moderated. It is my opinion that a pleasant residence in a healthful climate, her own permanent housekeeping, in which all comforts can be looked after, a quiet country life without excitement, supported by strict regularity in diet and moderated treatment, would prove more beneficial to her than this uncertain search after anything that might be good and the continued uncertainty of existence which leaves us restless today over what may happen tomorrow. We have discussed the matter

frequently and calmly, and are unable to arrive at any other conclusion. We cannot longer resist the conviction that Margarethe's illness cannot be cured by a half-year's water cure or an extended stay in a curative climate, as Dr. Gully first believed.

You see that I have serious questions to answer, for whose solution the short time which we still have here for consideration will hardly, in itself, contribute very much. I heartily wish, dear Frederick, you might utilize a moment set aside for writing, and then be explicit concerning yourself, as to what you think and plan to do. Be assured I shall not take it amiss if you remain silent, yet hope you will speak out if you are in the mood for it.

With cordial greetings to Charlotte.

To Gottfried Kinkel

MONTREUX, April 27, 1856

You must forgive me for not sooner thanking you for your readiness in forwarding my American correspondence. Our life here goes on so quietly and equably that there is no external inducement to write, and the reflections on world events one might make are mostly of so gloomy a nature that we might as well spare one another the infliction of them. We have lived here for seven weeks with my younger brother-in-law and his wife, and have had a delightful time. . . .

For nearly three weeks we have been alone and living an idyl. The region, which you probably know, is beautiful beyond all others, the climate precisely what we wanted; and were it not that the enjoyment of nature makes one intellectually a little dreamy and

unproductive, it would be the most satisfactory way conceivable to spend time. At first my wife was continuously ill; she is now some better, but the pain with which she is afflicted still gives us concern. . . .

I saw d'Ester yesterday. He lives nine miles from here and called here to visit me, having learned my address through a mutual acquaintance. He is quite as of yore and looks just as he did five years ago. . . .

I have also received news about Techow, which, to be sure, is already a bit old. According to it, Techow and Schütz must have had quite a hard time in Australia; while Damm, the one-time pastor from Baden, entered an educational institution as teacher and after the death of the owner married his widow, and is now in prosperous circumstances.

So much about your acquaintances in this region. It is not yet certain when we are to return to London, probably sometime during May. My business in America demands my presence so imperatively that I shall hardly be able to remain much longer. Still, nothing is settled positively about our departure from Europe. I will not deny that under existing circumstances I long to get across again. The wish to advance my undertakings there is not the only reason. Europe at this moment appears quite unpromising. There are, indeed, enough things which are tending toward a crisis, and among these the financial confusion, the overspeculation stimulated by the national loans and the *crédits mobiliers* are not the least in importance. But what kinds of crises will these be? Merely such as are socially impotent.

During the presence here of my brother-in-law we read your volume of stories, and rejoiced greatly in

"The Homeless," "The Honest Youth," "Musical Orthodoxy," and "Household War." "Margaret" did not please me so well. The beginning of the tale—the picture of the father—is splendid, but in the love story and the whole development the language seems not natural enough and the dialogue too sustained to enable it to produce a harmonious impression. You see that in my old age I am coming to study your works, and in that connection I cannot refrain from speaking of your famous "The Homeless" and to compliment your wife especially on "The Honest Youth" and "Musical Orthodoxy." That is the general opinion among us here. I will not ask you to write, for I know how busy you are. Do not feel under any compulsion about it.

With heartiest greetings to your wife and the children from both of us. . . . My wife says that what I have written about your *Tales* is so arrogant and not favorable enough. Take it not amiss; you know how it was meant.

Arrival in Montreux[36]

Before taking up the subject of my return to America I cannot withstand the impulse to speak of a matter of such a purely personal character that my children and nearest friends will pardon me if I mention to them that the reader who does not belong to the circle of friends may not find it interesting. I am moved to speak of it because it is so dear to me. It is the memory of one of the happiest moments of my life.

Margarethe, my wife, was advised by her physician to spend one or two months in Montreux on Lake Le-

[36] Written for the *Reminiscences*, but omitted from that work.



MARGARETHE MEYER SCHURZ
In 1867

man before taking the sea voyage back to the West. The time was early in February, 1856. We traveled by way of Paris and Dejon through France and were obliged to take a mail coach somewhere on the Swiss frontier. Rooms had been ordered for us at Montreux by my brother-in-law Henry Meyer, who also for reasons of health wanted to spend the spring months there with his young wife Emilie. He occupied one floor in a very simple house, called "Maison-aux-Bains" because a brook flowing back of the house formed a tiny waterfall. Our rooms were in the same house, we being the only occupants, with the Meyers, aside from the family of the owner, who lived in a high ground-floor apartment.

On a bright moonlight night about eleven o'clock we reached Montreux, and the postilion of the mail coach was kind enough to set us off, with our baggage, at our destination, Maison-aux-Bains. Since the hour of our arrival had been left somewhat indefinite, my brother-in-law was not momentarily expecting us, for the house was still and dark. So we stood all alone on the street. We had to ascend a considerable number of stone steps leading to a side of the house, in order to reach a door whence we could gain the attention of the occupants. During the last hours we had now and then caught glimpses of the lake between the trees which lined the road. But as we climbed the steps and sort of half-turned to look behind us, a scene presented itself which was beyond all description. The moon was the brightest I had ever seen. The air was mild and in gentle motion. Before our gaze the lake spread out many miles in extent. A small boat, with sails like swallows' wings, glided lazily over the bright, shimmering water streaks,

in which the moon mirrored itself. Over yonder on the opposite shore of the lake rose the dark mountain walls of Savoy; far to the left gleamed the white peak of Dent du Mide; directly before us, projected into the lake, was the celebrated castle of Chillon, its turrets showing, but the nether walls wrapped in black shadows. We held our breaths in our ecstasy, and instantly agreed not to knock at once for admittance but to enjoy the view a short time. So we sat us down on the stone steps, my dear wife at my side, the sleeping child on my lap. There we sat and sat, drinking in pure joy in full draughts. When, after a time, the one concerned for the other would ask: "Isn't it time?" the answer would come back: "No, not yet; we shall never see such beauty again." Finally, having to confess, despite our inclinations, that we could not sit there forever, we rose and knocked on the door, to be greeted in heartiest manner by our friends.

When I now look back over my long life, recalling its happiest moments, this half—or possibly whole—hour upon the stone steps at Montreux floats into my memory as one of the very happiest. Nor was the moonlight hour upon the stone step all of it. My brother-in-law, Henry, was a young man of very lively disposition, of jovial temper, and many attractive qualities; my sister-in-law, Emilie, not yet quite twenty, one of the finest and noblest of women; my wife Margarethe, at the height of her loveliness, and our child, already beginning to say the most wonderful things, the central point of interest for us all. We were very fond of one another, were young and blessed with an abounding love of life, full of hope for the future and not yet oppressed with the cares of the moment—each

one anxious to contribute to the happiness of the other. Added to all this we had the natural beauties of the environment always before our eyes, were surrounded by all the glories of spring in this blessed corner of the world where, protected by sheltering mountains from all raw winds, the loveliest tropical fruits of earth ripen. To us it was as if all these gifts were ours, for Montreux was not then the modern bathing resort it is today. So we rowed, wandered, or sat together in our comfortable Maison-aux-Bain, reading aloud from Thackeray, Dickens, or Shakespeare; or we discussed what Henry and Emilie would do in Hamburg, or what Margarethe and I were going to undertake in America, and how we must get together now and then. Yes, those were weeks of untroubled pleasure; pure, childlike, spontaneous joy such as comes to us on this earth only rarely. At last the hour of separation came. Tears flowed in streams, and when we four came together again later—which occurred at times under much altered circumstances—we never failed to warm our hearts with the recollections of those heavenly days at Montreux. He who has once enjoyed such sunbeams of happiness—he may well thank his kind fortune—and I am truly thankful.

To Henry Meyer

WATERTOWN, August 6, 1856[37]

. . . Unfortunately, to our surprise, we found that our house here was not yet ready, so that for the present

[37] Carl Schurz, with his wife and child, sailed on June 21, 1856. They spent several days after their arrival in New York and Philadelphia, and then went to Watertown, Wisconsin, where the new dwelling had meantime been erected. [A. S.]

we have had to quarter ourselves in the small old house. This involves many an inconvenience, but we shall soon be past this bad time and then we shall enjoy the greater comfort with double pleasure.

I found Watertown changed in a number of particulars. Business was very quiet in the spring, due principally to the sudden drop in the price of grain after the peace. With the coming of summer everything became more active again, and the building of new houses and business places began in such an extensive way that one needed to make his arrangements early in order to secure workmen. In addition, the Common Council passed an ordinance that all streets must be graded and all cross-walks built of brick or stone. This required the work of all hands. On top of this not less than three railway lines were begun: one from here to Madison and beyond to Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi; a second from here to Columbus, where my newly-married sister lives, and thence farther to La Crosse on the Mississippi; and a third from here to Fond du Lac and the great pineries on Lake Winnebago. One sees and hears nothing but houses under construction, which are rising with the speed of the wind; excavating on every hand, and harvesting in the neighborhood. Before winter all three railroads are to be ready for traffic as far as the nearest main points. And if you look at the map you will find that Watertown is a railroad center of importance. All these roads have come into existence because of immediate need, and therefore have good prospects. The excellent outlook for Watertown is further improved by the fact that the last legislature made this place the county seat. The immigration in the spring was small in numbers but the immigrants

brought a conspicuously large amount of cash, so that the farms round about have risen decidedly in value. . . .

To Frederick Althaus

WATERTOWN, November 15, 1856

My letter is being written piecemeal. The cause for the long interruption is a visit from a Philadelphia family who stayed with us a number of days. There is, indeed, no lack of connection with the civilization of the coast. Recently the one-time member of the Parliament, Wesendonk of Düsseldorf, visited us in company with his wife. He formerly belonged to the pro-slavery Democracy, but now works very actively and effectively for the party of freedom. He has an excellent mercantile business in Philadelphia, and is traveling in part for it and in part to prepare the way for a national convention of the Germans in the United States. The German population is to be vigorously stirred up during the next four years, and brought en masse into battle in the election of 1860. But I see I am involuntarily getting back into politics, whereas other things are probably more interesting to you.

Our house has been finished for some weeks. Also, the equipment has been completed with the exception of a load of furniture which is hourly expected from Milwaukee. Most of our things were made here and are as nice looking as they are solid. Anything pleasanter than Margarethe's and my suite cannot be conceived. These rooms are on the ground floor, to the right of the corridor. Margarethe usually sits in her light bay window, which is shaded by the veranda roof, with views of the city, the woods, and the hills directly in

front of her. My windows, the one directly opposite my writing-table and the other on my left, open upon the yard, the farm buildings, the river, and the woods behind. The rooms are fairly spacious, very high, not without a certain elegance and at the same time livable and homelike.

As to business and undertakings, aside from the information that since my arrival I have sold a whole row of lots I can hardly give you a better idea than by speaking of the improvements and the prospects of the town. For the interests of landowners are so identified with those of the city, that anything other than a common progress or common decline is hardly thinkable.

Four new lines of railway are at this time building, which will put Watertown in direct communication with the Mississippi, with Lake Superior, with the northern portion of Lake Michigan, and partly with Chicago. Three of these will be in operation within a few months.

In addition to real estate, I have gone into another line. The governor of Wisconsin gave me a commission as notary public and I have an office for this purpose. In March the office of advocate will be added, for which I have a pretty extended field here. Besides, I have become president of an insurance company newly organized here, which is just now beginning to do business.

Up to now the climate, although it has already given us a taste of winter, has not by far caused Margarethe the inconvenience which last year made our stay in England so unpleasant. All day long she is upstairs and downstairs in our fresh new house, and we begin to experience such profound satisfaction as we have not heretofore had in our home life and which I should never have had but for her taste and talent for arranging. If

I could only give you some of my way of thinking and attract you hither! If I could only have you here a half-year on a visit, perhaps you would change your mind. The more I become accustomed to the broad fairway in this country, the less can I comprehend your pleasure in the confining, monotonous conditions in London. But I shall of course have to give it up, and I do it with deepest regret. Who knows when life's courses may bring us together again? I feel more and more that my lot is cast on this side the ocean, unless changes hardly to be expected shall occur over there. And fate, or your inner urge, seems to bind you ever closer to Europe, the more I detach myself from it.

But enough of this. What is Herzen doing? I should like to write him as soon as I find time, but the difficulty is that I have heard nothing from him for so long that I probably could write little that would arouse his interest.

Do me the favor not to let me wait as long as I have made you wait. Since I can hardly hope any more to see you here personally, your letters are all the dearer, indispensable guests.

With the warmest greeting of friendship.

To Henry Meyer

WATERTOWN, November 20, 1856

In the past few weeks public matters have made more than the usual demands upon American citizens. You over there in your decrepit Europe can hardly understand any more how a great idea can stir the masses to their depths and how an enthusiastic fight for principles can displace all other interests; even, for a

certain time, materialistic ones. It is the first time in seven years that I have taken part in politics—in a time which arouses even the sleepiest and in a cause which is second to none in the world in reach and greatness.

At last a regular, intense struggle against slavery has arisen in the United States; and the party of freedom, while defeated in the first election contest, despite its youth and deficient organization, has shown so much strength and won so much territory that it can look to the future with the confidence of victory.

The campaign was one of the most stirring that America has ever seen, and the efforts put forth by both sides were tremendous. A universal struggle of opinion among a free people has about it something unbelievably imposing, and never does one see with more clarity what a comprehensive influence political freedom exercises upon the development of the masses. How gloomy is the contrast which makes itself felt here between the native-born American, to whatever rank he belongs, and the immigrant of German or Irish origin! While the first seizes upon a new truth with clearness and ease, finding at the same time the means of putting it into active operation, the second, by the mere force of inertia, lies fast anchored by stupid prejudices. It costs him incredible effort to engage in the bold venture of a new idea and to reach some independence of judgment. Still, our efforts were not unsuccessful, and Fremont received in our state alone upwards of twenty-five thousand German votes. As for myself, my brief activity brought me such widespread influence that I shall probably not keep out of official life very long.

Our home life will interest you more than politics. We have been living for a number of weeks in the new

house, and Margarethe has an extended field for her activities. . . . Briefly, our house suits us so well that we prefer not to go out, and there is nothing lacking in it but a visit from you and a piano, on which we could play with satisfaction. For the rest, the cottage is situated so beautifully, and its external appearance is so tasteful, that envious looks have already been cast upon it. . . .

To Gottfried Kinkel

WATERTOWN, December 1, 1856

I write you today out of the full pleasure of my home situation. Picture to yourself a handsome country house, upon a gentle acclivity, a gunshot distant from the town; an unhampered view over stream and town and the encircling hills before it, and looking out at the back upon an oak forest enlivened here and there by small dwellings. Within the house, to the right of the hallway, are two high and spacious rooms connected by a wide sliding door. In the bay window of the one room are a lovely young woman at work and a red-cheeked, angel-faced child at play; in the other is a person of the male species at the writing-table, surrounded with books—among them, Blackstone and Kent and their associates distinguish themselves by their thickness; on the walls guns, implements of the chase, and the like—the ensemble so cheerful and agreeable—the front room also not without elegance. Here you have my wife, Hans [Agathe], and myself as at this moment we live and have our being. Would you complete the scene, bethink you that December came in today with one of those snowstorms known only here in the West,

which bring the trains to a stand in the open fields, snow in travelers on the wild prairie, and interrupt all communication. The storm sings a many-voiced song in the notched pointed arches of our veranda, and the whirling snow permits us, from the window, a view of but a few paces. "Such a moment was it after the great action"—that I got around to write you.[38]. . .

To His Wife

NEW YORK, March 21, 1857

. . . I promised to tell you something about my journey. The weather was constantly bad, and the farther east we came the deeper was the snow. About eleven o'clock Thursday night we arrived in the neighborhood of the great suspension bridge over Niagara, and one of my wishes, to see this mighty phenomenon of nature and this triumph of human art, seemed about to be fulfilled. But the night was so pitch black that one could not see a foot before him, and I must say that the waterfall and the suspension bridge were ravishing in this illumination! I saw nothing, absolutely nothing of them. We were obliged to change at the station because the connection with the corresponding train had failed. The hotels were full, and so my portion was a soft place on the stone floor of a barroom, where however I slept splendidly for several hours. In the morning at six we went on, and I asked where the great "hanging bridge" and Niagara Falls were. The answer was, we had passed them in the night, and with this impression of the great phenomenon of nature I had to proceed in patience. About twelve o'clock at night

[38] Balance of letter printed in *Speeches*, etc., i, 24-28.

I arrived here at the Prescott House, slept until seven, and immediately fitted myself out at a clothing store, as necessity required. At breakfast a surprising homage awaited me. The landlord was so delighted about the arrival of such a distinguished guest, that he brought on a bottle of champagne in my honor in order that he might clink glasses with me. My fame is now almost seven years old, and in the seventh year it still brings me a bottle of champagne! Is not that a strong testimony against the vanity and transitoriness of human fame? The hotel is elegant, the accommodations good, and everything in the finest order. I have every reason to be content, but although I have been here hardly a day I want to go back again. . . .

I know how heavy the evenings will be for me. I shall see Miss Heron and hear Thalberg, who is still here. I have seen Löwe and Schütz and shall probably be with them once more before I leave New York. Löwe was very charming, and I shall probably take advantage of his invitation to visit him. Schütz has become old; he gave me news about Techow which permits me to hope that the latter may be induced to come to this country. I learned the address of Baron Brüning. He lives in Brooklyn and is undecided whether to go back or remain here. Perhaps I may see him. . . .

To His Wife

New York, March 24, 1857

. . . I have much to tell you about other things. I have heard Thalberg, seen Miss Heron, talked with the Baron, etc. In the Thalberg concert I heard for the first time what real piano playing is, and I will demon-

strate it to you when I come home. Miss Heron did not enrapture me so much. She is ugly and on the stage she constantly makes faces, which render her uglier still. Her voice is mediocre and does not nearly equal that of Davenport. Her acting is overdone; she does too much in all respects and is in general too excitable. She has unquestionably great talent, but will still have to undergo much training. It is folly to compare her with Rachel. She patterns after Rachel but cannot attain the plane of Davenport. She is at times a little grotesque and will have to civilize herself first. I fear, however, that she has gone too far already in the wrong direction. . . .

Now I must tell you about the Baron, who sent word to me by Dr. Löwe requesting me to call; I found him quartered in a quiet street in Brooklyn. He has received letters from his family, which of course urge him strongly to return, and so he is once more in a state of the greatest indecision about what he should do. The children are well and nice as ever. . . . He is now *thinking* of going to Russia with his family next summer, but hopes and expects that the Russian government will make this impossible by excluding him from the state federation. However, Löwe thinks that he will not get away from here.

Do not worry about me. I shall not fall a prey to the cutthroats and pickpockets. Aside from nights at the theatre I am in bed in good season and experience very little of the dangers of the new metropolis.

To Henry Meyer

WATERTOWN, September 20, 1857

. . . I am in the process of rising in the world to a certain extent, and according to all appearances I

shall from now on hold quite an important position in Wisconsin. Inasmuch as the antislavery party here has a pretty large majority, the confirmation of my nomination by the popular vote November 3 is hardly doubtful, and I shall then advance at a single leap from the position of alderman in Watertown to that of lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin. Meanwhile the honor brings its own burden. I have a great deal to do and have to carry on an almost oppressive correspondence in order to prepare for my public appearance, so that I may do honor to my new position. In the next four weeks I shall have to travel a good deal and shall return to the full quiet of home life only at the beginning of November.

For the rest, everything goes its usual pace. Business is very quiet; money matters in the whole United States are depressed. Railroad bonds and other securities are lower than almost ever before, and grain prices are likewise very much depressed. We have had an excellent crop, and the quantity makes up somewhat for the low prices. How far the financial crisis which has recently broken upon us may go is still hard to determine. While some assert it has already passed, it has in fact hardly begun. We shall have to take things as they come, with resignation. . . .

To Henry Meyer

WATERTOWN, November 25, 1857

You were right when in your last letter you conjectured I should probably be so overwhelmed with other matters as hardly to be able to get at letter writing. The campaign kept me continually on the move.

particularly since, long before the decisive day, we noted that the financial crisis was claiming the attention of everyone, so that we could easily lose our majority and the election. Since our party is composed chiefly of the most reliable element of the population—namely, the native American farmers, who follow politics with a great deal of conscientiousness but with little zeal, unless particularly exciting questions happen to be up for decision—we feared lest many, more than usually concerned about their business, should fail to go to the polls and leave us in the lurch. The strength of our opponents lies mainly in the populous cities, and consists largely of the Irish and the uneducated mass of German immigrants, and in the nature of things is easier to assemble and to handle. The result justified our concern. Only 90,000 votes were cast in the entire state, which has nearly 140,000 voters, and the bulk of the defections are on our side. Although the election took place on November 3, we do not yet have certainty about the outcome because the determining majorities were so small. All reports agree that of all candidates of our party I have the largest vote, and indeed a somewhat outstanding one. But, since my opponent was likewise one of the strongest, I hold—notwithstanding my American friends stoutly and firmly maintain that I was elected—that my election will not be certain until the official count is completed and I have in my hands the official letter of appointment. This count begins on December 15, and will perhaps, depending on the manner in which it is conducted, make necessary a decision of the supreme court, inasmuch as in such doubtful results frauds not infrequently take place. I do not intend to brag until I know the end. The office

which would fall to me is that of lieutenant-governor, the deputy of the governor. During the sessions of the law-making body he is president of the senate, the upper house of the legislature, and in case of the illness or absence of the governor he has to conduct the full administrative power of the state. The position carries with it extensive influence and, for him who knows how to fill it, is the forerunner of many other things. However the final result of the last campaign may turn out, for me it has been the source of an outstanding influence and a considerable reputation which extends beyond the boundaries of Wisconsin and which will insure me a respected position in America.

I send you herewith the stenographic report of a speech I delivered during the candidature, which has made and is still making the rounds of a large portion of the United States. It has gained much attention and was much cited. It will perhaps not be uninteresting to you, since it contains a comprehensive account of our political parties. . . .

Happy New Year to all! With heartiest greetings.

To Henry Meyer

WATERTOWN, January 15, 1858

I had intended to write you for New Year's Day, but a lot of pressing engagements prevented. My New Year's wish comes late on that account, but it is hearty. I am really glad that the mean calendar year 1857 is finally past. It was full of bad luck of every sort. Just think, in the election I was defeated by forty-eight votes—45,005 against 45,053—and that by means of an election fraud which lies practically open to the light

but could be proved and determined only by some outlay of money. This I have no desire to spend in these hard times. I therefore content myself this time with the spurs I won in the campaign, in which we as a party were defeated through an irresponsible negligence on the part of the members.

As to material circumstances, the financial crisis naturally lies heavy upon us. . . . The greatest inconvenience in the present conditions is the frightful scarcity of money. One cannot cash in anything and therefore loses out on all sides. . . . In the East money is again more plentiful and confidence has risen, and I hope we shall soon feel the effect. If things continue as at present the cabinet maker desiring to purchase a leg of mutton from the butcher will soon have to pay with a table and take a chair for change. There have been a considerable number of failures among our merchants. Among others, the brothers Werlich of Hamburg failed, a fact which on account of their excellent reputations causes general regret. . . .

To Gottfried Kinkel

MADISON, February 15, 1858

For months I have been unable to think of paying my epistolary debts to friends. You complain that your business activities in London prevent you from all correspondence having no other object than friendly sociability, and I, in a wholly different sphere of life, must heartily join in that lamentation. . . .

Since last September, when my political career began to be decided, to take shape, and to make more comprehensive demands upon me, I have been wholly

unable to enjoy home life, and as the superscription of this letter will show you I am not writing you now from my delightful home place.

You have again called me back vividly into the old world, and I must admit that of all your descriptions those concerning your family life and your activity were the most interesting to me. It is not that I have lost interest in and understanding of the political developments in Europe, but because the insight into your own individual life is the most refreshing of all. I can respond in kind. During the past months my wife has on the whole felt pretty well, and though she is somewhat ailing at times I still see a steady progress toward improvement. She has worked herself so effectively into our life here and proved herself so splendidly practical therein, that (without boasting) our house is the pleasantest to be seen far and near, and everyone of whatever nationality is at ease with us. My children thrive splendidly. . . .

Business lately has been beneath contempt. The money famine went so far that people were almost forced to go back to the primitive custom of barter. The greater part of our merchants, naturally, went into bankruptcy. Personally, I have had no serious losses to bemoan. . . . Fortunately, all necessities were so cheap here that almost nothing was required to keep the house going; for the rest, we cut our coat to suit the cloth. . . .

So much about business; now as to politics. My activity and successes in the Fremont campaign of 1856 brought me more recognition than I expected. On September 2 last year the Republican convention nominated me for the office of lieutenant-governor with a

majority approximating a unanimous vote, since which time I have come more and more into the foreground. Circumstances favored me decidedly. I got around the state widely during the campaign, and with my speeches I had the best success—even more with the English than with the German. . . .

On the whole, I believe my popularity has risen too rapidly to be enduring. I was a phenomenon to the Americans. A German who, they assert, speaks their language better than they do, and besides has the advantage over their own politicians of possessing a passable knowledge of European affairs, must naturally attract their attention. So, I am more popular among the Americans than among the Germans, for among the latter are those who envy me. You know our countrymen in America. By the way, so far I have little cause to complain. . . .

However the imminent events may shape themselves, it is certain that Buchanan's administration will mark a turning point in American politics and history. It has shown in a decisive manner the logic of events, and simplified the contest. However much the economic condition of the country claims the attention of statesmen and the people, everything gives way before the overwhelming magnitude of the slavery question, and all efforts to cover it up with other things are futile. We watch developments in Washington with more eagerness than anxiety and are ready to pitch in. Apropos, I am "first colonel" on the staff of our militia, and possibly we shall wage a bit of a war, if necessary.

To Gottfried Kinkel

WATERTOWN, February 23, 1858

I have been home since day before yesterday and see before me a week of quiet. I shall utilize this time for thinking of something besides politics. Your *Nimrod* has attracted so much attention as to have been reviewed in a number of German-American papers. The articles are in part very favorable, in part tame. That the play is not sufficiently radical and incendiary for certain New Yorkers goes without saying, and I am glad of it. To be sure, you have gloriously kept up the praiseworthy modesty of never having sent me your works, but that you do not let your *Chief Nimrod* come to me is a bit too much. *Chief Nimrod* I must have, and if you will send it to me you may salve your conscience with the knowledge that, if it does not please me, I will condemn it by letter, regardlessly.

In order to overcome your last scruple I send you herewith a speech of mine, the only one which during the last campaign was correctly reported. Upon this speech rests a large part of my reputation in this country. So, with becoming modesty I lay it at the feet of my master in the oratorical art. Excerpts from it have made the round of the American press and were well received. I need hardly say that I spoke after careful preparation. An extemporary speaker I shall never be. In debate it goes well enough; but without preparation —that is, relying on the inspiration of the moment—I shall hardly ever be able to make a great and beautiful speech. It would be of the greatest importance to me, but I believe I am lacking in the absolute command of form. In this connection I envy you; study and prac-

tice may achieve something, but they will not make the master. . . .

Farewell for today, and try now and then to find a free hour for sending me such a dear letter again. Greet your family heartily for us all, and particularly tell your dear wife how much I thank her for her lovely letter. I should have written her direct had I not known that complete community of ownership exists between you. Do not forget the *Chief Nimrod*.

To His Wife

NEW YORK, March 12, 1858

It goes without saying that I arrived here safely and stood the journey with my usual equanimity; and that I am already yearning for our quiet house in the West is certain. The noise and rush of this city make me melancholy in the long run and I shall be glad to regain my western freedom.

To Adolf Meyer

WATERTOWN, October 18, 1858

This winter I shall live with Margarethe in Milwaukee. Sometime ago, in consequence of an invitation of the Republican State Central Committee of Illinois, I spoke before a great assembly in Chicago with such success that I was asked by a number of citizens of that place to settle there as a lawyer. They went so far as formally to guarantee me a respectable income, so that I was not disinclined to consider it. When this matter became known, some of the most

prominent American merchants, bankers, and property holders in Milwaukee met for the purpose of making me the same offer for Milwaukee which had been made by Chicago, if I would remain in the state of Wisconsin. I embraced the latter proposition all the more willingly since I already have a pretty wide reputation in this state and because my pecuniary interests are concentrated here. For the future, our affairs will be so shaped that we shall live in Milwaukee in the winter, and in the summer in Watertown, an arrangement which the railway connections will make convenient for my practice.[39] Inasmuch as I have already such far-reaching connections in the whole United States and have a great number of friends in this state, I believe that I shall be able to make considerable money as a lawyer. Besides, in times of depression like the present the lawyers are the only class that prospers.

I am sending you herewith a small packet of printed matter, my latest "Works." These have made something of a sensation, and as a result of the address on "Americanism" I was named one of the regents of the State University. Are you, or is Henry, still in possession of my manuscript relating to the French Revolution? I have no copy of it and I should like the original manuscript, in order in my leisure time to make a couple of historical essays out of it, for which I could get very good pay. If the manuscript is still there, will you have the goodness to forward it at your first opportunity?

[39] Schurz's agreement to practice law in partnership with Halbert E. Paine is dated January 1, 1859.

To Frederick Althaus

WATERTOWN, November 5, 1858[40]

I recognize and feel how much cause you have to complain of me, but I assure you that for months I have had no quiet day which would have furnished the necessary leisure and comfort for writing such a letter as I should like to write you. . . .

Margarethe is become a very zealous and enthusiastic politician, reads the newspapers with much regularity, and never fails to cut out everything that relates to me. These collections are then sent off to Hamburg in order to give her brothers some notion of her husband. . . .

Do you know that we are strongly thinking of bringing you here and of preparing a comfortable berth for you? . . .

At any rate, deem the matter at least worthy of consideration. Let me know by return mail if and under what conditions I should propose you to the Board of Regents. Your position would be a comfortable, agreeable, and influential one, and we should be able to undertake and accomplish many things together. Think the matter over and write me soon, at any rate in time for me to know long enough before the meeting of the regents where I am. You ought to weigh the chances that are open to you for the future in London and what kind of career would be open to you here. Also, a thought about your offspring ought not to be left out of consideration. Margarethe is quite enthusiastically in favor of it. If it could be arranged, one of our most cherished wishes would be fulfilled.

What Charlotte wrote us of your domestic life has

[40] Portions of letter not translated, in *Speeches*, etc., i, 36-38.

given us the deepest pleasure. And the blessing which awaits you can only increase your happiness. The joy of having children you have not yet experienced, and you will find that your imagination could not give you an adequate conception of it. Our two have developed in a loveliness that surpasses description. During the summer Margarethe was ill much of the time, so that, although the doctors do not regard her illness as related in any way to climatic conditions, we have thought of a trip to Europe. Her illness is the only shadow upon our domestic happiness. My health is as usual; that is, such that my body seldom reminds me of its existence.

Now let me hear from you *soon,* especially about the matter referred to above. Cordial regards to Charlotte; also to Herzen and to our other friends.

To Gottfried Kinkel

MILWAUKEE, December 26, 1858

We have learned all about it from the newspapers.[11] We were sitting in my room with Anneke and his wife when a friend called me out and gave me a sheet which contained the entire report. No blow could have come to us so unexpectedly and none could have brought all other thoughts to such a sudden end. It is not surprising that I received no letter from you. One cannot always write, and what you would have been able to write me I knew already, knowing you. I am sure you do not expect me to force myself to write you words of consolation. I could perhaps do it if I did not understand your grief. Besides, that is not the right thing for men who have so often looked fate in the eye and

[11] Johanna Kinkel died in London on November 15, 1858. [A. S.]

who will have to do so hereafter, who knows how often. Every blow should steel us against new blows and every loss harden us against new losses. We have not lived and fought nearly enough as yet. I see you standing before me as in the flesh, surrounded by your children who have lost not merely their first but also their second home. I see you facing the future with courage. I know you have it, and that the hardest trial cannot break it. *This* confidence is unshakable in me and therefore I know that no one can console you except yourself.

Now when you are able, write me, and do so in the consciousness that you can nowhere find a more loyal or sympathetic understanding. The bonds which unite us are too strong and too genuine for you to fail of knowing this. Therefore write and tell me all that you feel you must say to someone. I wish, dear friend, I might have you here now and lead you into the surf of the life in which I am swimming. But perhaps it is better to battle in quiet with a grief which a noisy activity might outroar but cannot still.

Write as soon as you can. Let me feel as you feel, and be assured there is no heart which appreciates yours so greatly as mine.

Margarethe and I send love to your children. Remind them of us.

To His Wife[42]

BOSTON, April 19, 1859

I have just returned from a dinner with Longfellow. I am dead tired. Oh, that I might have an hour

[42] See also letters of April 13, 14, 15, 1859, in *Speeches*, etc., i, 161-163.

in our cozy room, I lying on the sofa, you beside me in the rocking-chair, the children clambering over me! I am once more surfeited with glory, but cannot keep it at a distance. I receive thirty to forty visitors between ten o'clock A.M. and three o'clock P.M., and when later I return home there are a number of additional cards.

My reception at Fanueil Hall was magnificent.[43] There were between fifteen hundred and two thousand people, the galleries occupied by ladies. I spoke like a god, and today I cannot get away from the praises of my speech. It is in all the papers; you will perhaps have seen it already. If not, let me simply say I am satisfied with it. . . .

I cannot write more, but will tell you all when I am with you again.

To His Wife

NEW YORK, April 21, 1859

I have been in New York two hours. Last night I spoke in Worcester with great success. I hesitated long whether to go home direct but at last concluded, being once more in Boston, to finish my business here.

My success in Massachusetts was decidedly brilliant. My way hither is opened. I have already made preliminary agreements respecting the proposed lectures and received the most cheerful assurances on all sides. George Sumner, brother of the celebrated Charles, Longfellow, and others will see that I have plenty of engagements. My speech was read with admiration everywhere and has won for me the whole intelligent

[43] Where he gave the address on "True Americanism." See *Speeches, etc.*, i, 48-72.

world. I was hardly able to accept one-half of the invitations with which I was overwhelmed. I was the "lion," and was glad to get away. This "lionizing" is a very strenuous business, which I am hardly up to. . . .

What a jaded, crazy letter I am writing! But such is my mood. My head is stupid and my whole being exhausted. The time in Boston was excessively strenuous, and I shall be happy when you can nurse me again. Do you know what it means to be intellectual from morning till night and be obliged to say brilliant things? That was my problem; I believe I solved it. I was sententious as an oracle. But now I should like a few days' rest and the privilege of being stupid.

To His Wife

St. Paul, Minnesota, September 20, 1859

After a long, long journey I reached here yesterday morning about ten o'clock. The train on which I left La Crosse Junction was one of the slow kind. It was half past nine at night when we reached La Crosse. The steamer left at eleven, and when I awoke in the morning I found that on account of the heavy fog we had been forced to lay by in the night about four hours. We had not made twenty-five miles by seven o'clock in the morning. From then on the voyage proceeded cheerily through the wonderfully beautiful Mississippi Valley. But we had so much trouble avoiding sandbars, which on account of the low stage of the water appear everywhere, that we were hardly able to make eight miles per hour. At noon we actually stuck fast on a sandbar and got afloat again only after four hours' work. At five o'clock in the afternoon we reached Lake

Pepin with its wildly romantic shores. We should have been there in the morning. Evening brought us a heavy storm. The rain came down in torrents, and flash after flash of lightning illumined our way among the wild, savage, lonesome islands of the river. We expected to be in St. Paul by eleven o'clock at night, so I went to bed with my clothes on. At four o'clock in the morning I awoke to find that we had again run upon a sandbar about four miles from St. Paul, within sight of the city. So we paced the deck restlessly until at last, after nine o'clock, we got free, and entered St. Paul after ten. The entire journey from La Crosse hither took about thirty-five hours.

At the landing I was received by the committee. Great preparations had been made for my reception on the twelfth—a torchlight procession, music, speeches of welcome, etc. The excitement is said to have been tremendous. Of course all of these arrangements were in vain. The whole business is to be repeated, however, when I speak here in St. Paul, which, if I go to the state fair, will be the case later on. The preparations that are being made for that occasion are being kept very quiet. I am going up the Minnesota River today to fill the appointments which remain on the old schedule.

One of the first men I saw on the street here after my arrival was Rothe,[44] in the company of Judge Larrabee. He [Rothe] had announced a meeting for last evening and had allowed himself to be advertised as "one of the most distinguished German orators." The meeting, however, did not take place, for what reasons I do not know. I saw him here in the hotel in gloomy

[44] Emil Rothe, referred to on p. 146. He was now a strong political opponent.

lonesomeness, sitting in the ladies' parlor with Mrs. Larrabee. Whether or not he will get to speak I do not know; certainly the Germans here will give him a warm reception if he should take it into his head to discuss me. Probably he will leave again without accomplishing anything. . . .

One more word about politics: while my non-nomination is universally regretted here, the matter has in no wise injured me in public opinion.[45] On the contrary, the enthusiasm with which I was received exceeded my expectation.

To His Wife

SHASKA, MINNESOTA, September 21, 1859

Today I am writing from a little tavern in a small country place in the wilderness. What wilderness is and what primitive places are and what wilderness roads are we no longer know in Wisconsin. In St. Paul I was furnished a wagon and two horses with which to make the tour this week. Day before yesterday noon I got under way. My road led past Fort Snelling, which like the old castles on the Rhine stands on a high cliff on the Mississippi, at the point where it receives the Minnesota River. The view is magical. On the left the Mississippi, about as wide as the Rhine at Bonn, confined by high, steep, occasionally wooded cliff walls; on the right the Minnesota, with its hilly, gently descending banks, not unlike the most beautiful parts of the Rhine valley. Fort Snelling itself could pass for an ancient knightly castle with its round towers and

[45] Schurz expected the Republican nomination for governor of Wisconsin in 1859, but it went to Alexander W. Randall.

bastions. The whole view awakened in me recollections of the fatherland. From there it is but one mile to Minnehaha Falls. The way led first across a flat prairie, bounded in the distance by a girdle of woods. This prairie formed the plateau on the hills which rise from the stream-bed. So you drive out on the prairie, on which the last thing you expect to find is a waterfall. Suddenly you encounter a bush-grown ravine. You hear the rushing of waters without seeing anything; you climb up and stand suddenly in view of one of the most entrancing natural spectacles. A small streamlet, no wider than our house with the veranda, falls from the height into the rocky gorge. The water falls from a bold overhanging rock roof, in the form of a wonderful curve into the green gorge. You go behind the fall, which is nearly sixty feet high, and stand as in a cave closed by a curtain of falling water. Through this curtain the lively sunlight plays and you find yourself wrapped in the rainbow colors of the rising mist. You too must see it as soon as an opportunity for another western trip offers. It is just too beautiful.

I was able to spend only half an hour at Minnehaha Falls; then over the lifeless prairie to Shakopee, where I was to make my first speech. It was here that, not more than a year and a half ago, the Sioux and Chippewa fought a bloody battle which ended with the death and scalping of many, the butchering and roasting of the Chippewa head men—a remarkable spectacle for the whites, who had already been settled here for several years.

The people had given up hope of my coming, and my arrival aroused joyful surprise. Instantly a group of farm wagons was set in motion, and the only musical

instruments in the village, two small drums and one big one, announced the coming meeting. In the evening, accordingly, I found a densely crowded hall, Germans and Americans. I spoke both German and English, with the best results, and among the German countrymen there was no end of handshaking and of assurances that now they would vote Republican. The Americans were exceedingly enthusiastic. As they said, they had never heard that kind of speaking, and I can assure you that in Shakopee my reputation is made and firmly established.

Yesterday morning the journey was resumed. We drove through the lowlands along the Minnesota River, through grass that was six to eight feet high, and crossed the stream in a very primitive ferry boat. We went to Waconia, twenty miles from Shakopee. Arrived there about two o'clock, I found to my great astonishment that the town of Waconia consisted of a tavern, a steam-mill, and two frame houses in process of construction. Moreover, we learned to our profound regret that a report had come from St. Paul stating that I had not yet arrived and so the meeting had been called off. We therefore decided to eat dinner and go on to the next appointment. In conversation with the landlord and his father, in whom I found countrymen, we fell to talking of the price of land and the like. The landlord mentioned that his brother-in-law Scheck had bought eighty acres quite near by, and so I suddenly found before me the relatives, brother-in-law and father-in-law, of our ever memorable doctor.[46] That they are somewhat dissatisfied with their fate I can readily understand. They live in the densest woods, reached only

[46] Possibly Dr. Tiedemann of Philadelphia is referred to here.

by the worst possible roads, in winter almost wholly cut off from all communication with the world.

The wife, in the rough, unfinished log house, had prepared us a very acceptable dinner, and so about three o'clock, without having accomplished anything and yet in cheerful mood, we drove off to our destination ten miles away. The weather was glorious, the woods wondrously beautiful—but the roads! Newly-made corduroy bridges of the most primitive type alternated with bottomless mud-holes, and you fairly hold your breath when you strike a piece of road on which the stumps stand so thickly that you resignedly give up trying to avoid them.

About six o'clock in the evening we were here in Shaska, a new place of three hundred inhabitants. Well, this is a real place in which to live: a German tavern, beer, clean bed-sheets, good food, etc. About two o'clock this afternoon I shall speak to the assembled people; and my thunders will reëcho through the forests of Minnesota, and the Indians will lift up their astounded heads to hear. All for the good cause! Oh, what will human beings not do and suffer for the good, good cause! It is nine o'clock in the morning; tonight I shall write more. . . .

To His Wife

SHAKOPEE, September 22, 1859, 6 A.M.

This is a great country. At four o'clock yesterday I was through with my meeting at Shaska and set out, by way of Shakopee, where I spoke two days ago, to go to Lexington, where I was to meet Grow of Pennsylvania. One mile from Shakopee my companion

asked me to stop at a brewery on the way, which we accordingly did. Suddenly we heard the "band" of Shakopee, made up of the familiar drums, and behold! the people of Shakopee were coming in nine wagons, with flying banners, to give me a festive entrance to the place. My recent speech had delighted them so that they absolutely would have more. Thunder of a cannon, a bonfire, a hall packed to bursting with people, all the beautiful ladies of Shakopee sitting on the front benches. The excitement was tremendous. I spoke as never before, and all, male and female, were highly inspired. Today for Lexington. There goes the whistle of the steamer which should take this letter. Adieu, adieu. . . .

To His Wife

St. Paul, September 27, 1859

This is what I call a campaign! This is what I call life and travel in the West! You received my last letter from Shakopee. I wrote it shortly before our departure for Lexington. We got under way about eight o'clock. At first the way led over the rolling prairie, a healthful drive in the fresh morning air. At last the road shifted into the woods, and we still had sixteen miles to our destination. I spoke in my last letter about the forest roads of Minnesota, but what we found between Belle-Plaine and Lexington surpasses the boldest creations of fancy. Such corduroy bridges, such mudholes, such impenetrable thickets of stumps I have never seen. We had to get down from the wagon almost a dozen times in order to pull the wheels, and occasionally the horses, out of the mud. We made at

times not more than two miles per hour. The time passed between laughing and cursing. Finally about three in the afternoon we reached Lexington, a town consisting of a tavern, a schoolhouse, and a store. Had we not found en route an American farmer who served us as guide, and loped steadily before our wagon at a jog trot, we should never have found the place.

In Lexington I found Congressman Grow of Pennsylvania, with whom we enjoyed a festive dinner, consisting of bacon, potatoes, beets, and an indescribable pie of equally indescribable taste. After eating we spoke in the schoolhouse to the gathering composed of men, women, and babies, the latter more than half the time at their mothers' breasts.

After we had exercised our oratorical proclivities sufficiently, and the assembly had been dismissed, we considered how we might contrive to obtain for breakfast in the morning something besides bacon. Grow, who is a capital fellow, hit upon the idea that we should essay the noble art of fishing. So, we secured tackle, procured a rowboat, and floated out at dusk upon the near-by lake. In less than an hour we had a whole pailful of fish, and looked forward proudly to our forthcoming breakfast. We slept in the loft, seven men in one room, made our morning toilet in the kitchen, dried ourselves with our pocket handkerchiefs (since the towels were scarce and the ones there had been previously used), ate our fish with extreme self-satisfaction,[47] and after separating from Grow took the road to Mankato, a town thirty-six miles from Lexington. My companions were Scheffer, nominee for state treasurer, a splendid young German, and Wilkinson, a very

[47] Compare statement in *Reminiscences*, ii, 151-152.

pleasant American who will probably go to the United States Senate.

I was astonished to find how well I was already known. Everyone who met us, even in the densest wilderness, exulted the moment he heard my name, and there was no end of handshaking. Arrived in Mankato I found a good hotel and excellent accommodations. The house where the meeting was held was full to bursting. The people came from a circuit of twelve to fifteen miles, with banners and drums, in order to hear "that tremendous Dutchman." Everything went off well—with three cheers, again three cheers, and once again three cheers! After a good sleep we found ourselves next morning on our way to Henderson, my next appointment. In the midst of the open, lonesome prairie we met a wagon with two gentlemen in it. Instinctively we stopped one another and after exchanging the usual greetings the Honorable Frank Blair of Missouri and the Honorable Carl Schurz of Wisconsin recognized each other. A great introduction scene, concluded in festive spirit by a drink from the brandy bottle of the Honorable Frank Blair! After a pleasant little visit we separated and drove off in opposite directions.

In Henderson, a place of one thousand to fifteen hundred inhabitants, deep in the forest, we held our meeting during a terrific storm which sent down its lightning flashes right and left beside us. But the people were enthusiastic, and even the ladies would not be kept away by the down-pouring rain. The thunder of heaven punctuated my periods. I received there letters from the state central committee, who requested my presence in Stillwater and St. Anthony Monday and Tuesday. Accordingly, we left Henderson Sun-

day morning to reach if possible the same day the sixty-miles-distant St. Paul. But it was not possible. Our fagged-out horses needed rest so badly that we had to stop at a country tavern seventeen miles from St. Paul. Yesterday afternoon at one o'clock we were as far as Stillwater. I spoke in a big warehouse to a numerous gathering. Last night—serenades with torches, etc. This morning at five o'clock we left Stillwater, and I am now writing you in the brief interval between my arrival here and my departure for St. Anthony, where there is to be a colossal mass meeting today. The newspapers announce that the populations of five or six townships are to meet me halfway and arrange for me a triumphal entry into St. Anthony, with music, thunder of cannon, etc. . . . From St. Anthony I shall go to St. Cloud, and next Saturday I shall be back here again, where a great torchlight procession and a demonstration as magnificent as possible are to be arranged for me. The Germans here are very enthusiastic. . . .

Adieu for today. The music corps is here, and the carriage waits before the door. . . .

To His Wife

St. Paul, Minnesota, October 3, 1859

"Still in St. Paul?" you will ask. Yes, still here—and I shall stay the entire week in Minnesota. Day before yesterday I was escorted to the German theatre by a great torchlight procession, and yesterday morning I was already on the steamboat when a deputation of Americans and Germans brought me back, almost forcibly, so that I might speak in several other places where I was vociferously called for. So, I had to stay. . . .

We have had glorious times. Last Tuesday I was escorted to the meeting in St. Anthony by a procession of wagons and mounted men which was a mile long. In our meeting were between four and five thousand persons, while the Democratic meeting, held at the same time—and addressed by Rothe and Larrabee—counted hardly four hundred. In the evening the discussion between Rothe and me actually occurred. I believe I wrote you in my previous letter how the matter came about. As I appeared in St. Anthony wholly contrary to Rothe's expectations, we had various letters to exchange before Rothe was prepared to stand for a discussion. Finally his Democratic friends declared that they would not permit him to speak any more if he declined to accept my challenge. So he did it, and you will see the result from the accompanying clipping from the *Minnesotan.*

The affair of last Saturday was brilliant, but there has not yet been an issue of a newspaper with a description of it. Next Monday I shall make my concluding speech in the vicinity of La Crosse, and then by the very earliest train I shall go home. I am positively homesick, and I left the boat yesterday with a bleeding heart. . . . Kiss the children and greet my parents.

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, November 5, 1859

You must have been sad when I failed to come last night. But what will you say if I do not come today? I reached here last night about twelve, in a "propeller" from Sheboygan. I found everybody here eager to see me. Things are so confused here that, as they tell

me, I alone shall be able to help. In the expectation of my arrival, they arranged for a meeting tonight and are disposed to compel me to stay. I shall work at my Schiller speech tomorrow, and should I not complete it I must get sick on the day set for it. But I hope to have everything ready at the appointed hour. . . .

Now for my experiences: Monday night I spoke in Fond du Lac, with the happiest results. During the night I went to Plymouth, twenty-eight miles, and next morning to Sheboygan, where I met Harvey again, and from there to Manitowoc. There I was received with music and cannon, and found Hobart,[48] who could be induced only with great difficulty to take up the debate with me. . . . Then to Sheboygan, where before a very large assembly I had the second debate with Hobart. A greater triumph I almost never experienced. In my hour-and-a-half speech, made in the best humor, I left of him absolutely nothing, and the Democrats themselves testified that I treated their candidate quite too roughly. A clergyman declared he had heard many discussions, but he had never seen a man so flayed, roasted, and carved up. The cheering was loud.

The following morning at ten I spoke to a German gathering in Sheboygan and then took a special train to Plymouth, where I spoke at two. In the evening I returned to Sheboygan in order to take the steamer to Milwaukee. But the steamer was delayed, and I had to wait till yesterday afternoon for an opportunity. That was the cause of my delay. Now I am here, and the thought that I cannot get away oppresses me with Alpine weight. But, having done so much, I must still make this sacrifice. Nothing else will do. Do write me

[48] Harrison C. Hobart, Democratic candidate for governor.

so that I may have your letter Monday noon. I can hardly wait as it is.

To His Wife

NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE, January 7, 1860

I have just reached here on my return from Concord. Tuesday evening I gave my lecture in Springfield; Wednesday evening I made the speech about Douglas which will probably appear tomorrow in the Springfield *Republican.* Last night I lectured in Concord and this evening will do the same in Nashua. Tomorrow morning I return to Boston. I had a cold and was hoarse on leaving New York, but at this moment I am once more as well as usual. I have considered the matter and deem it best to return home at the beginning of February, and place my Indiana and Illinois lectures all at the beginning of March.

. . . It is cold here in New Hampshire; the cold has indeed been greater than we had it in Wisconsin in the winter of 1856-1857. The snow lies two to three feet deep and sleighing is splendid.

To His Wife

BOSTON, January 12, 1860

. . . Next Sunday I shall speak in Music Hall. By dint of hard, persistent labor I have completed my address on "America in Public Opinion Abroad," and I believe it is going to please. I have labored unceasingly and am somewhat tired. Last night I lectured in Roxbury. The committee insisted on hearing again the lecture on France. This evening I shall be in Bos-

ton. I have a letter from Albany which makes it possible that I shall lecture there at the beginning of next week, but the matter is still uncertain. I have nothing thus far from New York, Hartford, and New Haven. Not to have them would be a nasty loss. . . .

It is therefore uncertain when I shall come to New York. . . .

My Douglas speech appeared in the Springfield *Republican* today.[49] I am sending you a copy. I trust other papers will copy it.

Next Saturday I am to take dinner at the Parker House, probably with a small, select company. . . .

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, February 23, 1860

. . . I must tell you also how things stand politically. The Assembly at Madison has in it a majority of greenhorns who do not know how to do anything, but require a great deal of time to do it. They have already sat for six weeks and so far have accomplished nothing at all. At last a couple of young talents have come forward among them, and I hope the rest of the session, which will probably be drawn out to April 1 (at least so it seems to me) will be somewhat more fruitful. People are generally very well satisfied with Harvey and Howe, but Randall's popularity has declined greatly. Many of his former adherents now look upon him with distinct mistrust, and I fear there are some things in his administration, particularly in the land surveys, etc., which are not quite as they should

[49] Speech on Douglas and popular sovereignty, delivered at Springfield, Massachusetts, January 4, 1860. In *Speeches*, etc., i, 79ff.

be. Besides, he takes a most equivocal attitude on the states' rights question. He is both with us and against us, and on the whole I believe these questions of principle are to him indifferent. The people notice this, and the dissatisfaction spreads more and more. The question of who shall be chief justice is being sharply discussed, and the opposition to the former judge, A. D. Smith, who received La Crosse bonds, is taking effect. On the one hand he has gained many friends by his services, and on the other hand those who are opposed to the bonds are also his opponents in a very determined way. I belong to this latter group and shall oppose his nomination to the utmost. "Relentless war on corruption" is my platform, and I shall nail the party to it with iron rivets. The convention will be held on the twenty-ninth. I hear I have been elected delegate in Watertown. According to what I hear, there is no question about my being sent to Chicago from the "state at large."

My Douglas speech has naturally been spread around here in uncounted copies, and has had an extraordinary effect. Pamphlet editions, I am told, are appearing in various places. Lincoln writes that he has become jealous of me. The greenhorns in the legislature at Madison gaze at me big-eyed. . . .

When we opened the session of the Board of Regents, Barnard had not yet returned from Connecticut. One of his children died and the others are sick. We could accomplish nothing, so after hearing several committee reports we adjourned. The following night Barnard arrived, and we are to have another session next week. The prospect of the election of Dr. Fuchs as professor is good. . . .

You now know all that I can tell you about politics. One thing more: the Democrats yesterday elected delegates to the Charleston convention—Barstow, Jackson Hadley, and the whole clique of corruptionists. "There it is again.". . .

You ask if, you being absent, the house impressed me as unfriendly and lonesome. My dearest, it is just the one place where I can least do without you. I do not want to be there when you are absent. Last Monday, in going to Madison via Watertown, passing through the town after dark and noting behind the scattered gas-lights the location of the house—where you were not—I became downright sad at heart. I have a strong attachment for the house. Looking back upon the year that is past, how many happy days have we enjoyed in the house! What changes of plans and of moods have we not experienced there! How much love and loyal care have dwelt in that house! That is what makes the place so dear to me, but it is likewise the reason why I do not want to be there without you. Wherever the future may place us, near or far, high or low, that house will continue to occupy a tender place in our memories; and when we shall contemplate the old, beautiful days, and our children in the most charming period of their development, the scene will be in the precious old red room and upon the veranda. . . .

To His Wife

February 27, 1860

. . . Tomorrow morning I must go back to Madison, where another meeting of the Board of Regents is to take place. Wednesday is the state convention,

which will select delegates for Chicago. I see by the papers that various assemblies in the state have passed resolutions demanding that I be elected delegate for the state at large. The nomination for chief justice will occur at the same time. I have thought out a speech in opposition to the corruptionists, which if I find it necessary to deliver, will ring in their ears. You will be satisfied with me in that respect. I hear that the A. D. Smith faction is pretty strong. But I shall not depart from the principles which guide me in my political life, even if I have to fight the whole Republican party. Be assured you shall never be compelled to blush for your husband. I am going to convince the Republicans that my declaration of war on corruption was meant seriously and that, in this fight, no quarter will be given. The Americans are not accustomed to that, but if they want to have the Germans who are under my leadership they will have to become accustomed to it. . . .

To His Wife

INDIANAPOLIS, March 14, 1860

. . . I can remove your worries about the Booth matter.[50] Fortunately or unfortunately, the business has come to an unexpectedly sudden end. The application for a writ of habeas corpus was defeated by a division of opinion in the Supreme Court which, under the circumstances, was perhaps best. A final argument therefore becomes unnecessary. In this manner a direct issue was avoided and the principle is saved, since

[50] Sherman Booth, implicated in the rescue of Glover, a runaway slave.

the majority of the Supreme Court adhere to their former position. But other complications have entered which will make necessary my early presence in Wisconsin.

In the convention I secured the nomination, by a great majority, of a man [A. Scott Sloan] for the chief justiceship—almost single-handed, through my personal influence. Now Judge Dixon, with whom the Republican party was dissatisfied, has come out as an independent candidate and A. D. Smith threatens to do the same. Doubtful rumors have been spread abroad about the views of the nominee; they are ungrounded, but there they are. There is a danger that through much splitting up of the vote Dixon may be elected, unless I unite the states' rights factions and hold them together for one candidate. I can do this, without making a public speech, through my mere presence. The election is at hand and the business presses. I have now filled my appointments in Indiana. I found here a letter from Governor Chase, who invited me to Columbus for Saturday evening, and a dispatch from Cincinnati with an invitation for next Monday; at the same time various dispatches from Milwaukee, urging me to come back as quickly as possible. I have telegraphed to Columbus and Cincinnati and shall perhaps go there. . . .

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, March 25, 1860

I arrived here at precisely the right time. My Mr. Paine[51] was nominated, and we must see that he is

[51] Halbert E. Paine; nominated for city attorney. Republicans gained 2,000 votes, says the *Sentinel* under the caption "All Honor to the Germans," who were influenced by Carl Schurz and the *Atlas*.

elected. The election occurs on April 2 and the matter is of so much general importance that we must not shun some work. The Republican ticket for the city, in general and in particular, is so unimpeachable and strong that it seems very possible that we shall make Milwaukee Republican this time. That would be the most brilliant result of all this spring's campaigns. Milwaukee, the citadel of the Democracy, Republican! That would give Douglas the coup de grace! Is that not worth "sweat of the noble"? Will you be angry if I give to this great and good cause some days of my labor? Where so much depends on me and my manipulation, you would not wish me to let the thing fail through negligence, would you? You can appreciate the responsibility that goes with my leadership, a responsibility which, to be sure, is not signed and sealed but is morally not less binding on that account. And would you not be proud if, on the morning of April 3, I should bring you news of a Republican victory in Milwaukee and you could say: "I have a share in this great outcome, too; I bought it with my sacrifice"? That is the way wives, even those in the humblest sphere, can make their contribution toward the victory of great principles—a contribution all the higher and more worthy of respect in that they do not have the stimulating excitement of active fighting. I know you live on too high a plane to forget, in the commonplace desires of life, the responsibilities of your position. Whatever you may think or say in a moment of vexation or dissatisfaction, I have always recognized in you the uncommon, the foundation for greatness, and have ever believed in it. And in this belief I have perhaps exacted of you sacrifices which were hard, but these exactions

were directed to an unusual personality, inured to the stormiest labors of life. . . .

To His Wife

NEW YORK, July 1, 1860

I have just come back from a session of the committee which has lasted the entire day. We worked from morning until evening and have honestly earned our rest. Our main problem is finished, the necessary organization has been effected, and only the financial arrangements remain to be looked after. . . .

Tomorrow I must go to Hartford to see the chancellor.[52] His wife wrote me that he was too ill to look me up in New York, but desired greatly to confer with me in Hartford. So I must go tomorrow. Tomorrow night I shall be back here in order to meet the finance committee Thursday morning. Then I go to Philadelphia to see on Friday the chairman of the Pennsylvania State Central Committee and make arrangements with him for the campaign in that state. Friday night I expect to leave there and possibly go only as far as Pittsburg.

From Thieme and several Americans I have the most pressing telegraphic requests to speak en route in Cleveland, where I shall probably arrive Monday noon and address a gathering in the evening. I expect to leave that place in the night. . . .

The way my ratification speech takes is truly remarkable. The people here are still quite enraptured

[52] Henry Barnard, chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, of which institution Mr. Schurz was a regent. See letter of Mrs. Barnard dated June 29, 1860. MS in Library of Congress. Photostat copy in Library of State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

over it. Governor Morgan said he had read it aloud at least twenty times, so that his wife makes fun of him. Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley have both printed it in pamphlet form. . . .

The question came up in committee as to what would follow upon the election of Lincoln. That I was to go upon a European mission was treated as if it were a matter of course.

So much about news. Now another matter: Douglas is here, and yesterday a demonstration was given him which proved very lean. . . .

It is evening and the day's work is completed; I am at home for the night, and now the hours come in which I can once more think of you much and undisturbed. The period of rest is wholly devoted to you and the children, and my fancy roams about in the well-trodden paths. . . .

To His Wife

PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1860

. . . As you see, I have luckily escaped all the dangers which threaten the stranger in the great city of New York, the city where one can so easily lose himself and where there are so many bad men. Also, I have survived the Fourth of July unshot, unburned, unstabbed, and unslain, and have arrived happily in the secure haven of the doctor's home [Dr. Henry Tiedemann]. You will doubtless receive me like the sheep that was half lost and was found again. On the Fourth of July I left New York at eight o'clock in the morning, just as the troops were gathering and Governor Morgan

was buttoning on his epaulettes in order to appear in the parade with the greatest brilliancy.

I went to Hartford, one hundred and ten miles, to look up Chancellor Barnard, found him better, as I thought, but still not fit for work, remained three hours with him, and returned in the evening to New York, where I arrived about nine o'clock. New York presented an interesting sight. It seemed as if the chimneys were hurling rockets and the paving stones exploding with loud detonations. The city was like an erupting volcano in whose crater a battle was being fought. You may well suppose that I got home in the speediest manner and listened patiently to the hellish business from within the safe room, resting on my sofa in Jacobi's parlor.[53] Yesterday morning I left New York and came on here at four o'clock in the afternoon. . . .

Today I am engaged in arranging my campaign for eastern Pennsylvania, and Curtin has been advised by telegraph to meet me at a point on the Pennsylvania Central Railway in order to make the arrangements for western Pennsylvania. . . .

To His Wife

QUINCY, ILLINOIS, July 17, 1860

Just arrived. A deputation met me twenty-two miles from here, at the depot—the Governor, a multitude of people, music, cannon, etc. I had to make a short speech in reply to a speech of welcome. I am now at last left alone. It is scandalously warm, but still endurable. At the evening meeting the Wide-Awakes

[53] Dr. Abraham Jacobi.

and accessories. I have already found letters which suggest extra appointments. These will, of course, be promptly refused. Of one thing you can be assured: I shall undertake nothing that I cannot carry out. As soon as I feel that the work is too heavy and is threatening my health I shall instantly stop. Rely upon that.

To His Wife

PEORIA, ILLINOIS, July 19, 1860

Today I am writing you surrounded by a multitude of people who almost smother me with their friendliness. The affair in Quincy was glorious: torchlight procession, music, serenades, etc. I was almost cheered, drummed and trumpeted to deafness. Yesterday I begged to be left alone and actually did have a quiet morning. But when I got ready to leave in the afternoon, the music and the crowd were again on hand and I was literally drummed and trumpeted out of town. That is terrible. It is warm here but endurable. Today I spoke in the afternoon and shall have the evening to myself. Things look well here. Success seems almost certain. Accordingly it is easy to work. I must close; the people around me are becoming restless and are bombarding me with questions of all sorts.

To His Wife

PEORIA, ILLINOIS, July 20, 1860

I am just at the point of leaving. A few hurried words. The demonstration yesterday was magnificent. The Germans are coming over in masses. The jubilation is almost oppressive. I am very well, although it

is extremely warm. I am utilizing every possible moment for rest and was never in better voice. I believe I am growing stout. Everything would be well if it were not for the serenades which get one out of bed at night. I have determined not to make another serenade speech, and to that decision I shall remain loyal.

To His Wife

HAVANA, ILLINOIS, July 21, 1860

Yesterday I left Peoria so hurriedly that I had no time to post my letter. I went to Pekin and sent it from there. Since then I have spoken three times, twice in Pekin and once here in Havana. At that I am well and cheerful as a fish in water. The weather is warm, but we have a breeze which helps. I am not in the least fatigued. . . .

To His Wife

BEARDSTOWN [ILLINOIS], July 23, 1860

Evening before last I went by train to Bath, slept there, and yesterday came here across country. The dust was frightful but the weather quite cool and pleasant. I arrived here last night and was quartered in the home of a German doctor who has been here for thirty years, and figures as one of the most active members of the party. I am uncommonly well and comfortable. Just now the farmers from the regions round about are coming in with music and banners; they are defiling past the house with hurrahs. It is the same old racket. I shall speak at two o'clock, and at five

drive to Meredosia, sixteen miles from here, to get the Springfield train. Tomorrow I shall be with Lincoln—in "Abraham's bosom." So far my activity has been accompanied with uncommon success. The Germans almost everywhere after my speeches have come over to our side in large numbers. . . .

I am terribly overrun with callers. I am stealing the minutes for this letter. Adieu for today. I hear music again; the discouraging Bum! Bum! and in a few moments I shall have to be in harness once more.

To His Wife

BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS, July 29, 1860

I wanted to write yesterday, but you have no idea of the turmoil in which I live. I have scarcely a minute to myself. With the greatest difficulty I have written two-thirds of my St. Louis speech, and hope that tomorrow, Sunday, I may be able to do the balance. But I shall have to lock myself in. It will be the greatest speech of my life, and I know you will not be angry if my letters are somewhat briefer and my speech on that account somewhat better. So I am using every free moment for work.

Yesterday I went to see Hecker. He is just the same as ever. . . .

Today a great demonstration takes place here; the whole town is already bedecked with banners and wreaths. Hecker will be here and will speak along with me. The enthusiasm has everywhere risen to fever heat. My success was at all points brilliant. The Germans are coming over by hundreds and thousands. If it goes everywhere as in Egypt, where in 1856 there were

hardly any Republican votes, then Lincoln's election is unavoidable. . . .

Oh, dear! The cannon are thundering again, the drums rattle, the marshals are galloping past my window. The thirty-four maidens in white are also on hand. Here is the deputation to fetch me.

To His Wife

St. Louis, July 31, 1860

Last night I came on to this place. Tonight I speak German, tomorrow English. Oh, my! I am working like a horse. My speech is not yet finished. I am just laboring over the fireworks in my peroration, but there I stick and perspire. So far as it is completed I believe it to be my masterpiece. If I could only get the right peroration! I should like to write you a great deal but cannot do it. I sit as if on revolving wheels; the time for delivering the speech draws near, and closing thoughts worthy of the speech fail to come. I know that all of a sudden they will be here. . . . Everything goes wonderfully; the victory will unquestionably be ours. . . .

To His Wife

Terre Haute, August 15, 1860

I have been under a severe strain these days, but my successes have been splendid. Day before yesterday I came to Lafayette, where they had made great preparation for my reception, and that without distinction of party. At the station I was handed a bouquet by one of the leaders of the German Democrats which bore this

card: "To the patriot Carl Schurz from the German Democrats of Lafayette." That was nice, wasn't it? It shows that men are not everywhere bad. Then followed a series of welcoming speeches, bouquets from the "Ladies of Lafayette," a very crowded meeting, and lastly, a complimentary supper with torchlight procession and serenade. Well, I just escaped with my life, but I dare say I have made a great many Republicans.

Yesterday I spoke here with equally good success. But I will not tire you with descriptions. Today is a free day which I shall conscientiously devote to rest. As soon as the mail is gone I shall refresh myself by continuing to work on my Douglas speech. . . .

To His Wife

TERRE HAUTE, August 16, 1860

My train leaves for Vincennes in half an hour and I have just time to write to you. Yesterday I had a quiet day and enjoyed the rest profoundly. How beautifully I slept, how gloriously I dreamed, and I wrote only so much as I cared to write. My Douglas speech is coming along; if I had two free days it would be finished. It is going to be a fine specimen, in which people are going to take pride. Terre Haute is the first place where I have been treated with genuine consideration. Last night the Wide-Awakes organized to give me a special torchlight procession and make me speak. I sent word that I would rather be left in quiet, and the people were sensible enough to do it. So yesterday I lived a godly life. I bowled almost an hour with my German brothers. I am quite as good at it as I used to be. You see, I am as cheerful as a fish in water and

go at the work again with genuine enthusiasm. We have made tremendous gains here. A considerable number of German Democrats yesterday announced their change of party. . . .

To His Wife

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
September 10, 1860

At last the bad men have left me for a moment and I can tell you my experiences. I would have written yesterday but feared to cause you unnecessary anxiety. You will have received my letter from Detroit. Saturday morning I thought to go to Cleveland by steamboat and then take the evening train to Pittsburg—which would have been the most agreeable journey for me. We left Detroit about nine o'clock in the morning and after luncheon I lay down to catch up on the sleep I had lost during the night in the hotel, where I was nearly eaten up by mosquitoes. The water was a bit unquiet when I lay down, and the wind was blowing pretty strong. But being a born seaman I went to sleep peacefully, and on waking up after several hours and going out to see how far it still was to Cleveland I learned to my great astonishment that we had put about and were steering for Detroit again. The captain had found the storm so terrific that he did not dare to proceed farther into the lake. So he prudently turned back. You can imagine how vexed I was. Had we reached Detroit at the right time I believe that, in my vexation, I should have taken the Milwaukee train in order to be there at the Seward meeting and to take you with me. But it was too late. I therefore had to remain on the boat,

where much out of sorts I went to sleep. Next morning the captain approached very respectfully, hat in hand, and requested a few words with me in private. He said he had just learned who I was, and excused himself copiously for not knowing at once. He then returned my passage money, saying he considered it an honor to have me on board; he would never accept pay for such an honor. "Well!" thought I. He then prepared for me his own cabin—a charming, elegant room,—called the stewards together, and gave orders that whatever this gentleman might wish must instantly be done. So I was lord on the vessel and enjoyed it pretty well. My anger subsided and I worked the whole day on my speech, which I already have largely by heart.

But toward evening word was passed around that I was on board and then, pasha-like, I had a reception in my cabin. We set out about seven o'clock, and this morning I awoke, after a splendid night's sleep, in Cleveland. The other passengers had long since left the boat, but the captain had given orders that I was not to be disturbed. A fine breakfast awaited me, a steward was detailed to carry my baggage, and I went to the railway after the captain had once more assured me he would count it the greatest pleasure to entertain me on his boat again. Fame is worth something, isn't it? Fortunately I missed no appointment. At night I spoke here, and my other engagements are along the railway line. So far all is well.

Douglas will speak in New York on the twelfth, and my thunderbolt will just strike him. That is great. . . .

To His Wife

NEW YORK, September 14, 1860

Today I write you from the headquarters of the national committee. I would have written yesterday but I was busy with my speech the whole day. In the morning I dictated it to the *Tribune* stenographer and in the afternoon committed as much of it as was necessary. Shall I say that I had some stage fright? I was somewhat nervous all day, wholly absorbed in the thought of the approaching evening, and would not have been able to write to you in that frame of mind. But in the evening when I saw the immense hall filled with thousands—so filled that no one was able to move—and when at my entrance during another speech I was greeted with resounding applause, then was "Richard himself again" and I felt once more the old self-confidence.

I had hardly taken my place when a letter was handed me. It was yours, and I took it as a good omen. At last my part on the program was reached; I was received with endless cheering, and during my speech was so frequently interrupted by applause that the hand-clapping consumed nearly as much time as the speaking. I have never spoken so brilliantly as last night. The tremendous audience seemed as if electrified, and as I closed there was a veritable charge toward the rostrum. Thre was no end of handshaking. I believe it was the greatest, most sparkling success I have yet had. I spoke more than two hours and was told that they had never seen a speaker hold so great an audience for so long a time.

To His Wife

PHILADELPHIA, September 17, 1860

. . . You will have heard about my brilliant success in New York, partly through my letter and partly through the newspapers I sent you. Saturday I spoke in Easton [Pa.] to a splendid audience and Sunday morning Göpp drove me to Bethlehem, whence I could take the train to Philadelphia. I had several hours in Bethlehem during which I visited the places where we were so happy together: the Yerkes' house, where another now lives—but the little tree in the garden where our little Hans [Agathe] first made out to stand on her tender little legs, is still there. Then I went to the old cemetery where we had dreamed away many hours, and sat down on the old bench by the old graves and thought of the olden time. Then, to the new cemetery, where is the lovely esplanade along the overhanging cliff. Here I used to carry Hans up and down the steep path where I practiced pistol shooting; there on the bench we read *Bleak House* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. The period lies behind me like a remote youthful memory. At that time the man in me was dawning, but only in desire and uncertain presentiment. I sat down on one of the familiar benches and read over the proof-sheets of the pamphlet edition of my New York speech. What a change! I may say that in those days I neither thought nor said anything about myself which has not materialized. I have kept the faith which in my inner being I pledged to the world.

Yet I often yearn to relive those Bethlehem days. Be patient. This strife also will come to an end and we shall have peaceful years, years such as we once had of

quiet, innocent pleasure. Why should not the mature, action-strengthened man enjoy these things just as much? I am now in the fullness of my power which, undiminished, unwasted, blossoms and brings forth fruit. The period of action is come. Let me act, and peace will come to us as a reward for the fulfillment of duty. . . .

To His Wife

CHAMBERSBURGH [PENNSYLVANIA]
September 21, 1860

. . . I have had hard days. Naturally, at every place there is a tempestuous demand that in addition to my German speech I should give an English one—which I of course always decline to do. But I have the same struggle to go through with every day.

The gathering in Philadelphia was a distinguished one and I spoke in my best vein. The gathering in Reading contained nearly six thousand, and they say that through my speech several hundred votes were gained. The demonstration in Lancaster was magnificent—thirty thousand people—tremendous enthusiasm. Today I go to Carlisle. . . .

Yesterday I received a telegram from Indiana which begged me, in God's name, to devote to that state every day up to the state election on October 9. . . .

Now is the crisis of the campaign. The Democrats are putting forth their final efforts in the state elections of Indiana and Pennsylvania, and it is necessary that we put forth all our power. The situation is good. The victory is sure if everyone does his duty. . . .

To His Wife

PHILADELPHIA, September 24, 1860

. . . I have appointments in Indiana for the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth. We have come to the crisis of the campaign. I have scored triumph after triumph and achieved almost superhuman results. Yet a few days' labor, a brief effort in Pennsylvania and Indiana, then a successful state election on October 9 in both of these states—and the battle will be decided. Being so near the goal it would be sinful for me to spare any effort. I am standing in the very thick of the fight. The blows I delivered in several places were glorious. Every day I speak more effectively and my power grows with the heat of the struggle. The old Pennsylvania Dutch, who only half understand me, run after me like children. The Democrats are beside themselves, and wherever I have spoken they telegraph like mad in all directions for German speakers to neutralize my efforts. But it is all in vain. The Democratic newspapers have berated me wildly, with the result that even German Democrats become angry and everybody is eager to hear me. So all my meetings are crowded and I drive everything before me. I have become as much the subject of newspaper discussion as if I were myself a presidential candidate. My printed speeches are being distributed all over the country by hundreds of thousands and are being called for more and more. I feel better than ever in this turmoil. It seems as if victory could not fail us and, by Jove, I have done my share towards it. . . . You have been anxious about my success in New York; you might have imagined that the rapturous inspiration of the moment would have carried

me through. On October 18 I shall speak to the Germans there and will work out a speech for the occasion. On this I am going to do my best and exceed everything I have so far done in German. You distress yourself over the insults of the *Weltbürger*.[54] Let the little curs bark. Were you here you would feel that they are quite too far beneath me. Now adieu for today. I am sorry that you are not here, sorrier still that our reunion has to be delayed. But this is the last fight; I almost feel as if I could say: "This is my fight; when it is finished there will be rest.". . .

To His Wife

INDIANAPOLIS, October 2, 1860

. . . I am so tired of this work, with all its noise and show, that I should like to throw up everything and go home. But when I reflect that on the decisive day we might fail by just a few votes, and that with a little more effort I might have added what was necessary; that in the end I should have to confront myself with the dire question: Why did you not do this thing more since you might have done it?—how terrible that would be not to me alone but also to you! Is it not true? And when I consider the efforts I am making I find that they tire me very much less than others. I am often very tired, but a night's sleep brings me out again as bright as a lark. Everybody else around me was exhausted—Curtin, Corwin, Blair, etc. Their voices sounded like cracked kettles, and mine still showed the old metal unchanged. My lungs feel sound and light as ever. Indeed, they seem to have acquired new power. Nor

[54] A Democratic German newspaper in Watertown.

does my throat suffer. I was hoarse only once. That was in Reading after I had spoken to a gathering of old Pennsylvania farmers. It was a mass meeting of from five to six thousand. But it [the hoarseness] left me the following day and since then I have felt no inconvenience. . . . You see there is no call for anxiety about me. My triumph in New York was colossal, was it not? The rejoicing over it is tremendous; the speech is spreading all over the country like a prairie fire.

A few days ago the New York *Tribune* printed some correspondence about a conversation someone had with Lincoln. The talk touched upon the party campaigners and their achievements. And Lincoln, so it was said, "named Carl Schurz as foremost of all." You see now that Old Abe remembers me. The article in the *Freie Presse,* of which you write, is by one of my most enthusiastic admirers, Dr. Hering, as the opening indicates. . . .

My dearest, a few days more and I shall be with you, strong and well as ever and with a light heart; for I shall bring with me the consciousness of having done my full duty. Whatever may happen, that will remain —and it is worth while. My last appointment here is next Monday, and on Tuesday evening I shall be with you. Just a little more patience, a little more cheer, and then "Hail to thee in victor's crown!"

To His Wife

LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA, October 4, 1860

With each day which brings my departure nearer my heart grows lighter, and I count the hours with conscientious care. Last night I spoke here to a great

gathering; tomorrow night I shall speak four miles from here. . . . In any event I shall be with you Tuesday evening. Hallelujah! Thereafter we shall travel together. . . .

Oh, how glad I am that this business will soon be over, and how I shall leap like a hart if the work bring its blessing! Yesterday I wrote to Rublee about my appointments in Wisconsin. You write that people are angry because I have as yet done nothing in my own state. They have no right to be angry. Our first care must be to win for Lincoln the doubtful states. That accomplished, we can, if we must, lose a Congressman. . . . I must be used where I can expect to make many votes, which means at points where I can assemble the largest number of Germans.

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, October 25, 1860

I am writing you in great haste. The train is about to leave for Oshkosh. I, of course, arrived here in good condition. My reception was the grandest affair that has ever taken place in the state. I was lodged in one of the finest parlors of the Newhall House, spoke in the afternoon, and in the evening at eight the torchlight procession marched by me at the Newhall House, which was illuminated from top to bottom. There were about three thousand, the Milwaukee Wide-Awakes at the head with a new banner which had upon one side, painted in oil, my picture and on the other side a sentence out of my ratification speech. Then came the citizens of all classes—Mitchell, Crocker, Tweedy, and all the first people of the city, carrying torches and marching in the

procession. My picture and selected sentences from my speeches frequently appeared on transparencies. In marching by the Newhall House the whole tremendous column, which was more than a mile and a half long, fired off rockets and shouted hurrahs. The affair ended at half past eleven. It was the greatest demonstration Milwaukee had ever seen and far surpassed the Douglas procession.

So much about glory. . . . The Wide-Awakes have suddenly organized in Watertown also. Uncle is one of them. [Illegible]. . . They are one hundred and eighty strong, among them over forty Germans. They propose to give me a brilliant reception on Wednesday of next week. Day is suddenly breaking in Watertown. Douglas made Republican votes here everywhere. The prospects everywhere are splendid.

How did you get to Philadelphia? Write me fully about everything. . . .

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, October 29, 1860

. . . The work I have to do here is sheer sport in comparison with that in Pennsylvania and Indiana. They are making it as convenient for me as possible, and I have cancelled all appointments which are inconvenient. . . .

In Watertown, where the Wide-Awakes now number nearly two hundred, they have invited all Wide-Awake companies for the purpose of giving me a great reception. At the first Wide-Awake demonstration there they had a fight. The Wide-Awakes were attacked near Rieber's Saloon by the Rothe band, where-

upon they formed for a regular attack, raided the saloon, and caught Rothe, who begged for his life, was then pardoned and dismissed. Various others received serious blows. By this incident the Wide-Awakes have won great respect, and since then nothing more has been heard about any kind of disturbance. But it is said that even the Democrats—that is, the decent ones—were so angered by the conduct of their fellows that many of them have come over to the Republican party. . . .

To His Wife

November 3, 1860

Will you believe that, since last Monday, I have literally not been able to find a minute for writing a line to you? It really is true. Monday I drove to Port Washington, where I spoke in the evening. . . . Tuesday I spoke in Milwaukee County in the afternoon and in Watertown at night. Rain fell in torrents and the mud was knee-deep, but the entire depot was filled with Wide-Awakes and the spectacle was tremendous. Coles Hall was jammed full, and the whole town appeared as though transformed. It looked as if the Republicans were in the ascendant. A couple of days before I spoke, Senator Gill, Democratic state senator and president of the Douglas clubs, who only two weeks ago introduced Douglas to the audience in Watertown as the "greatest living statesman," came out for Lincoln and went over to the Republican party. He spoke at my meeting amid great cheering. . . .

Yesterday morning I returned from Watertown and spoke here in the county. The carriage now stands before the door to take me on a new expedition. Thus

has every minute of my time been claimed and I hardly know what I am about. The speaking is the least of it. It is as if, in the hour preceding the battle, the general staff rides along the front directing a few encouraging words to the troops. The chief thing is the driving. It demands more time than strength. I am perfectly well and strong. . . .

Two more working days and the contest will be over. Hosanna! I shall then be able to think once more; be able to reflect that I do not belong solely to the great cause. I shall instantly set my lecture engagements in order and, as soon as possible, hurry to you. . . . Pardon this foolish letter, I write in extreme haste. Potter stands beside me, whip in hand—not for me, but for our carriage horses. The trumpet sounds; again to the field of battle.

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, November 7, 1860

The election is over, the battle is fought, the victory is won. I remained in the city in order to work at the polls to the last minute. The day preceding the election I spoke in various places and did my best. The campaign was lively. Both sides took every precaution. When the voting was concluded we gathered in the Chamber of Commerce at Spring Street bridge to receive the telegraphic reports. The hall was crowded. As the dispatches arrived the excitement mounted; and when Lincoln's majority appeared ever to be growing, the cheering was tremendous. Finally came New York, the actual battle ground of the campaign. Early dispatches spoke of a majority of 40,000 in the city against

us. The stillness of dread among the Republicans! Then the telegrams came, stroke after stroke, and the formidable count melted away, first to 35,000, then 28,000, and finally 25,000. Everyone breathed freely once more. Then, like a veritable hailstorm, the Republicans reported majorities from the western portion of the state. The crowd went wild with shouts and cheering; hats were flying to the ceiling, against the walls, and to the floor as if they were worth nothing at all. Finally at about two o'clock the telegraph announced: "According to reports received, New York is good for a majority of 50,000." The cannon was now dragged out and we woke up the Democrats, they having withdrawn from the streets pretty early in the evening. And when the first boom of the cannon announced that the great work was finished, the great victory won, nothing was lacking save that in this auspicious moment I should have had you with me. The victory belongs to you also, and I have not been able to separate my enjoyment of it from the thought of you. Now, now the time of trial is over. Love, peace, family, happiness! The future threatens no further separation. I shall proceed at once to get my lectures ready, and as soon as this work is finished I shall take the train. A half-dozen letters are still out which will bring certainty regarding the dates of my engagements. When these come nothing will delay me further. This afternoon I go to Watertown to remain till next week Tuesday or Wednesday. I am much wearied and require several days' "vegetable-sleep."

I shall write promptly from Watertown. I am happy in the thought of the future. We are to be one

again, and unless I am greatly deceived we shall bring back a part of the old idyllic life.

To His Wife

WATERTOWN, November 10, 1860

. . . This week I shall spend one or two days in Milwaukee to attend the jubilation meeting, where I shall have to make a speech,[55] and to hold a conference about the senatorial election with Doolittle, Potter, and Judge Howe. It seems to be taken for granted that my voice will be pretty conclusive in determining who is to be Senator, and I am determined that Governor Randall shall not be.

The South appears actually to want to kick over the traces, and it will require all the discretion the Republican party possesses to guide the ship of state safely through the storm. I shall speak of this point at the ratification meeting and I expect in my speech to lay down several leading principles. I have sketched out the speech during my days of quiet here and will send it to you as soon as it is printed. I believe there is no actual danger. A calm and firm attitude on the part of the Republican party will probably suffice to lay the storm, and in the extreme case a mere demonstration of military preparation in the North will do the rest. So, be not disquieted. We must give the Southerners time to abate their passions. If we give the disunionists in the South rope enough to hang themselves, they will perform that necessary and praiseworthy task with their own hands. . . .

[55] The speech was printed in the *Sentinel* (daily) of November 20, 1860. It contains views on secession which are similar to those expressed by Lincoln in the first inaugural.

To His Wife

AUBURN [NEW YORK], December 5, 1860

I have just arrived from Moravia [N. Y.], where I lectured yesterday. There is a passably deep snow and I made the journey in a sled. But there is still a difficult problem to solve. It is noon; the committee insists that this evening I shall give the lecture on "American Civilization," and I still have a fourth of it to write. Shall I be able to complete it? I have six hours left, meal time taken out. I have a fine room, an attractive writing-table, and am in good spirits. Therefore, to work; nothing is impossible to the brave! For this reason you must not be angry if today I write you only a couple of crazy lines. My head is full and there is not a minute to lose. . . .

To His Wife[56]

BOSTON, December 11, 1860

I finally have a minute in which to write you. It is late; I come directly from my lecture; the day's work is finished and I can write you without interruption. Yesterday I received your letter in Albany and would have answered at once had there been time. When I had finished my lecture on "American Civilization" (I gave it in Auburn and the success was remarkable), I read in the newspaper that a revolutionist gathering in Boston was broken up by a band of Democrats and Bell-Everetts. The thought came to me that a lecture on freedom of speech would be very timely. Saturday I

[56] Letter originally written in French. This translation was made from the German.

began the work and today, five minutes before the lecture, it was finished. The gathering (Tremont Temple was quite full) received me with much applause and the thing went wonderfully. Do you not see now why I had no time to write you? I work continuously, pausing only to sleep and eat. . . . My engagements increase daily. I have enough to keep me going from the twelfth to the thirty-first of December, and from the first to the fourth of January. . . . (What shall I do —give up my engagements and the money I could earn and come to New York and Philadelphia, or assemble riches for wife and child as becomes a good husband and father?) I believe it would be better to postpone the celebration of Christmas until after our return home. It is very sad to be separated at such a time, but under the circumstances it is our duty to submit to necessity. . . .

To His Wife

BOSTON, December 12, 1860

. . . This morning I received two letters from Washington, one from Potter and one from Kreissman. Both say I can have any position, but that the Sardinian mission is generally regarded as suitable and that I shall very certainly receive an offer of it.

My lecture of last night is in the papers. God be thanked, I have now put behind me the most disagreeable intellectual labor; I have only letters to write; however, a pile of these lies before me. . . .

To His Wife

BOSTON, December 20, 1860

. . . I have received letters from Washington which indicate that the compromise is very improbable. Wade's speech defines the position of the great majority of Republicans there, and this position admits of no humiliating compromise. Doolittle writes me that this speech expresses the spirit which reigns universally among our friends there, and nothing could be more satisfactory. It seems, therefore, that this cup is destined to pass us by. . . .

My lectures and the journeys I have to make require almost my entire time and keep me moving constantly. But it pays, and for that reason the effort does not bother me. I have altogether twenty appointments in New England, and I was obliged to decline several invitations because I could not find the time to fill them. When I get through here I have seven or eight in the state of New York. . . .

These will keep me there probably until the fourteenth or fifteenth of January. I am sorry not to be with you Christmas Eve, but how can it be helped? The consciousness of working for you will have to be my Christmas cheer this time.

To His Wife

BOSTON, December 24, 1860

It is Christmas Eve and I sit here lonesome and alone with my thoughts. . . .

Yesterday and today I rested and tomorrow I shall get to work again. I can tell you with great pleasure

that the danger of the degradation of the Republican party is less than ever. Lincoln himself stands firm as an oak, and his determination is imparted to the timorous members of the party. The letters I receive from Washington (and my correspondence with my friends there is very lively) have in recent days been full of the most encouraging reports. The spirit of our people seems to rise in the same degree in which the embarrassment of our opponents increases. So far as my opportunities have permitted, I have fired my charges into the situation vigorously from a distance, and almost daily I send over my views and suggestions about what ought to be done. It seems as if matters in Congress would go well. One thing, however, has become practically certain: there will be a struggle between the North and the South whose duration will depend upon the determination with which it is conducted; that is to say, the more vigorously the North attacks, the shorter will be the crisis. It is a time for men of decision and resource, and I should not be surprised if your husband would be called into service again. . . .

I shall hardly carry the sword again, but it is very possible that I may be active about organization and such like in connection with the preparations for this decisive struggle. As soon as matters are ripe for it, I will send to the various Republican governors a plan of organization which I sketched out during the last few days.

We are living at a great time and we should not be smaller than the requirements which the time makes on us. If things do not deceive me, the end of the political slave power draws near. The Republican party needs only to understand its might in order to carry through

with one single stroke a reform which will be among the most notable of our day. Why cannot I be in Congress at this time? I could say things there which would make our fearsome brethren shake their heads. And by the way, I am not so far removed from Congress as people think. I am just now engaged in working out a speech which is to be delivered by a Representative in Congress. Is that not lovely? If I cannot be there in person, my speeches nevertheless make themselves heard there. I have already noticed traces of the letters I have sent thither.

To His Wife

BOSTON, December 27, 1860

. . . The reports from Washington are excellent as respects the firmness of our men. Lincoln has sent letters which have given a new spirit to even the most timorous. "Old Abe" so far is splendid, and it would not surprise me if his administration were to determine the future development of the Republic. The Secessionists are proceeding further and further down their mad path, and it almost seems as if plans were being developed in the South which must soon lead to a direct conflict.

The Secessionists are trying to draw Virginia and Maryland into the movement. Should that be accomplished, their next step will be to seize Washington, which is chinked in between Virginia and Maryland. Since this would take place during Buchanan's administration, or on the fourth of March, should the plan be carried into effect military measures will have to be taken not only to carry out the policy of the next ad-

ministration but also, in advance, to secure for Lincoln the privilege of entering upon his office. This whole complication, in my opinion, can be avoided only if the northern states arm as quickly as possible and show their determination to maintain the government by force of arms and at every cost. Such preparations and a practical proof of such a determination appear to me the only things through which the southern desperadoes can be frightened away from their object. These people rely upon their theory that the Northerners have no desire to fight. Therein they are mistaken. As our representatives in Washington become bolder the fighting spirit among the people rises. In whatever manner the war may break out I am convinced that it will not last long. The helpless situation of the South will quickly be apparent, and contingent slave uprisings, which are not outside the range of possibility, would all the more bring the business to a swift close. This morning I saw Senator Wilson, who was in complete agreement with my views. I am writing today to Lincoln to lay before him the basic ideas of a plan for arming the free states.

You see what kind of things occupies my innermost mind, and I must say that often, when I am giving a lecture, I am thinking of things quite other than those of the immediate lecture. This makes the lecture business quite distasteful to me. But what is the use? Money has to be forthcoming and so I must stay at my post. For the life of me, I should love to spend a few days in Washington, but it cannot be done. On the other hand, I am also restless about getting home, but my conscience forbids me to give up any appointment. I do not yet have the list of my engagements in the state of New

York; they will probably keep me every day up to the fifteenth of January. . . . The owners of the *Atlantic Monthly* recently asked me to see them. I went and they asked me to write for that publication at five to eight dollars per page. That will be a nice thing when I settle down quietly once more. . . . They advise me, for the time being, not to publish my volume of speeches because there is at present no sale for books. . . .

To His Wife[57]

TOLEDO, January 29, 1861

The dangers of the railway, the unpleasantnesses of a night journey, have been overcome and I am installed in a fine room of a well conducted hotel. An excellent breakfast is on the table before me and my only regret is that I have to eat it alone. However, I hope that I may not be discovered by my friends before two or three o'clock this afternoon. The only persons who have recognized me thus far are, first, the landlord; second, the darkey who brought my breakfast and who claims to have read my Douglas speech; and third, the barber who saw me pass his shop and who was charmed to see me here. The aforesaid darkey proffered me his protection, and when I told him I would be glad to be left undisturbed during the early part of the day, he gave me the most patronizing assurance that he would see to it. I should comport myself wholly at my own discretion. Everyone who might be inclined to disturb me would have to see him! Accordingly, I sit down to write with a feeling of the utmost security.

[57] See note 56.

In a newspaper of this day which my darkey brought me I read that Lincoln had declared in private conversation he would rather die than purchase the presidency at the cost of the surrender of a single plank of the Chicago platform; because every concession on the part of the Republican party in this respect would tend to the ruin of the government, the beginnings of anarchy such as prevails in Mexico, and would imply a retreat of the conquerors before the conquered. Of such cowardice he would not be guilty.

If the report is true, and I do not doubt it, our victory is assured and the great struggle between slavery and freedom is finally decided. Glory to him! (Long live Lincoln!) We live in a wonderful time. It is not merely an age of the adventurer and upstart whom cleverness and favoring circumstances have raised up; it is likewise the age of conscience-ruled men who dominate affairs by the force of honesty and shatter all opposing obstacles. I often regret that I was too young in 1848 to take a leading or even official part in affairs. But now I thank fate that I am precisely at the right age at a time when in Europe Garibaldi comes forth as knight errant, fighting for an ideal; Garibaldi, man of unshakable faith and determined will—a man who has achieved greatness against forces that measured their development by centuries. And if now, in America, the rise of a tyrannical party and the lawless attempts of an antisocial element break down under the honest will-power of a simple man [Lincoln], is it not a proper ambition to want to be worthy of such a time? Is it not worth sacrificing peace and comfort to perform the duties which such a situation lays upon one? To be compelled to live in a petty age and expend one's ener-

gies upon trifling matters is but a sad fate. But if, living in a great age, in the midst of mighty problems, one yet disregards the exalted objects because of petty aims and desires, would he not be a thousand times more pitiful creature? Whatever comes to you and me, we shall at least live upon the heights of the time, shall we not?

I understand your plaint. I too regret very often that the necessity is so grim. But I know that your soul, like my own, responds to the call of high duty and that the heroism of your nature will lift you above all lower duties when the higher duty calls.

I trust you much more than you trust yourself. Forgive me for writing merely of serious matters today. The news of this morning gripped me powerfully. I had to speak of it.

To His Wife[58]

SANDUSKY, January 31, 1861

. . . You see, I am traveling in comfort and do not get too tired. All the same, it is no pleasure to repeat a thousand times things which have been said about France or about American civilization, particularly at a time when the whole world is excited and great decisions for the future are preparing; and when a main issue may perhaps depend upon the occurrences of a single hour. It is hard for a fiery soul and an active mind to be condemned to think of earning money when he might be acting publicly in the general interest. Still, we have to yield to necessity.

In my last letter I spoke of the firmness and trustworthiness of Lincoln. Today I shall tell you some-

[58] See note 56.

thing which will not please you. You recall that Cassius M. Clay requested me to write a letter to Lincoln in furtherance of his ambition for a cabinet post. The reason he gave me for it was the absolute need in that body of a firm and energetic man to save the Republican interests from the disturbance of the equilibrium through compromise. This morning I read in the *Tribune* a speech of Cassius M. Clay delivered in Washington a few days ago. Therein he advised the Republican party to make concessions to the South, etc.! My astonishment was boundless. But the speech was there and we can no longer have the slightest doubt about his backsliding. What say you to that? It will not be long until I shall be able to believe in no one but myself!

To His Wife

HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN, February 4, 1861

This morning I left Oberlin and reached here between three and four o'clock. . . .

I spent Sunday in the family of a pious doctor where they cook no midday meal on the Sabbath. Think what a situation that placed me in! At breakfast no meat, at midday none, and at evening none. I will gladly be pious, but I am not wild about traveling on an empty stomach. But your poor husband has survived even this, and he ate this noon in a Toledo hotel, where they gave him meat once more. Hence, it is going better again.

What do you think of Seward, my child? Have you read or heard about his last speech? The mighty is fallen. He bows before the slave power. He has trodden the way of compromise and concession, and I do not

see where he can take his stand on this back track. This star also paled! That is hard. We believed in him so firmly and were so affectionately attached to him. This is the time that tries men's souls, and many probably will be found wanting. Lincoln still stands like a stone wall. Every report from Springfield confirms my faith in him. A great majority of the Senate are with him, and between eighty and eighty-four members of the House. This week and the next will decide. Some great reputations will go down in this whirlpool and possibly some new names will write themselves in history. Between us, it would not surprise me if Lincoln should recall his invitation to Seward to head the cabinet. It would be a sharp, perhaps a dangerous, stroke but a just one; for Seward, whatever he may think privately, has no right on his own responsibility to compromise the President's future policies against his will. What has now become of our Chicago convention Seward enthusiasm? Where are the lovely oratorical bouquets with which we covered his defeat?

Governor Chase stands firm and true upon his old principles. I wrote him yesterday and urged him strongly not to decline the proffered place in the cabinet. He will be our staff and support there. I think it not impossible that this week or next some sort of compromise may be brought forward in Congress. Still, I have not abandoned the hope that things may take a more favorable turn. The South will not be easy to satisfy, and it is not unlikely that the shamelessness of our adversaries [the Democrats] may influence our enemies. It is well at times to have out-and-out enemies, particularly when one belongs to a party which is temporarily smitten with cowardice. The brutal aggres-

sion of the one side sets bounds for the cowardice of the other.

I shall see Lincoln next Saturday and will disclose to him, in the fullest manner, my views relative to the public interests. I do not believe that his own views will be withheld from me.

Do you know that I came near making a side trip to Washington this week? Today assembles the conference called by the state of Virginia. At first the northern states were inclined not to send delegates, but finally thought better of it. Last Friday I telegraphed Governor Randall to have the state of Wisconsin do the same and to send me among others. It was probably found to be too late to send delegates, and so the matter failed to materialize. It is also possible that Randall quietly pocketed my dispatch. I regret it, because I believe I could have said and done various things in the conference to blow up the "compromise" air-castle. I gave Governor Chase my ideas on the subject in a letter. Enough about the world history which is transpiring in our day.

. . . Last night I spent in the tiresome parlor of the tiresome doctor's family, and you know how stupid such a Sunday evening can be for me. So, in thought, I played with the children, heard you read them stories out of Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, and longed with all my heart to be with you. Well, the two weeks will soon be over; then the lectures will cease.

To His Wife

DETROIT, Thursday, February 7, 1861

I am still in uncertainty. Yesterday I learned through the newspapers that the Wisconsin legislature

would still send commissioners to the peace conference in Washington and that my name was among them. Whether or not the resolution on the subject actually passed the Assembly I have not been able to find out. At noon today I telegraphed to Randall and Harvey,[59] but no reply has come as yet. I am looking for it momentarily. If I find the resolution passed, I shall leave Detroit by the next train and be in Washington early day after tomorrow. Otherwise, I shall keep my lecture appointments and be at Jackson, Michigan, tomorrow evening and at Springfield on Saturday.

Should I go to Washington, I believe I shall be able to accomplish at this time what there is to be done, so as not to be obliged to go again on the fourth of March. I would stay till the close of the peace conference, returning home from there.

Whatever the probable results of the conference, I do not believe that anything lasting can come of it. Should an agreement be reached on the slavery question, another question would instantly arise which for the moment is of surpassing importance, namely: Shall the laws be enforced in the seceded states and the Union by all means preserved? This question the northern states will answer in the affirmative, the southern in the negative, and since this is a definitely practical question it will lead to a new and final break however the abstract question of slavery may be adjusted. I therefore look for no decisive result from the conference. Anyway it will have no influence upon the cotton states, and in the end the War of Secession will have to be waged. You may ask: Why then go to the peace con-

[59] Governor Alexander W. Randall and Secretary of State Louis Powell Harvey.

ference? It shows the South our desire to meet its complaints. It enables us to cultivate good relationships with the border slave states—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, etc.,—to quietly discuss the causes of dispute, tell them the truth, prolong the debate and, what on our side is of critical importance, *gain time*. Let Lincoln once be inaugurated and things will look different. Talk will end and action begin. The peace conference will probably prevent uprisings in Maryland and Virginia, and the fourth of March will be here before we know it. Above all, it is necessary, the northern states having decided to send delegates, that they should be represented as strongly as possible.

Here is the answer from Madison. The matter is not yet decided. "The subject is before the legislature, not acted on," telegraphs my "friend," the governor. Good; I shall probably still have time to go to Springfield. . . .

I am living along as one is bound to live on a lecture tour, wearied a great deal by visitors, forced to answer the same questions and receive the same compliments a thousand times. Otherwise I am quite well and cheerful. At Ann Arbor yesterday I had a great company in the evening, and a serenade. You see, I can stand everything.

To His Wife

SPRINGFIELD [ILLINOIS]
February 9, 1861

. . . Because I had suggested the presentation of Virginia's invitation to the legislature, together with a recommendation, I telegraphed to Randall to inquire

what had become of that matter. Now what is the secret of the bad use he has made of it? In the end it will recoil upon him, not upon me. I found here a letter from Madison in which I am requested to clear the thing up. I shall give the clarification at once, when it will appear in its true light, and be terminated. Who would trouble himself about such pettinesses?

. . . But I do not understand how the people in Madison could have made so much fuss about it. I see by the papers that the conference delegates have been appointed. They will probably not accept because they will not have time. And if I receive an offer from the legislature I will [not] accept. The peace conference will doubtless soon be over.

I had a conversation with Lincoln before my lecture and he said he would visit me at my room tomorrow, when we would discuss everything. He is a whole man, firm as a stone wall and clear as crystal. He told me that Seward made all his speeches without consulting him. He himself will not hear of concessions and compromises, and says so openly to everyone who asks.

To His Wife

Burlington, Iowa, February 13, 1861

I reached the right bank of the Mississippi today after a strenuous and eventful journey. I left Springfield Monday night. . . .

I expected to make Peoria in the night and Monmouth in the morning. Toward midnight, about half an hour before we reached the junction where I should have taken the train to Peoria, our train broke down, the coaches left the rails, and we were stalled. No one was

hurt, and the accident was unpleasant simply in that it compelled us to lay over the night in an open field. It was nearly five o'clock in the morning when an engine summoned by telegraph brought us to the junction house of Chenoa, where I slept on the floor one hour. Then, at eight o'clock, we went to Peoria by freight train and at evening to Galesburg. But I was unable to reach the place of my appointment and therefore lost this lecture. I have now slept off all of these fatiguing incidents and am as fresh as ever. . . .

To His Wife

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, February 15, 1861

Tonight my third lecture, and then three days more and I shall be with you all again! . . . This, by the way, has been the hardest tour I have ever made; a continual succession of small accidents and disappointments! I wrote you day before yesterday from Burlington. Yesterday morning at ten o'clock I was to give at Monmouth the deferred lecture which could not be given Tuesday evening on account of the railway mishap. In order to do it I had to leave Burlington about half past five in the morning to cross the Mississippi and connect on the other bank with the train which would carry me eastward. I rose in time to be greeted by a raging snowstorm which made travel difficult and unpleasant. I took my seat in the omnibus in the expectation that, as on the previous day, I should ride comfortably over the ice of the Mississippi. But on reaching the bank the driver said he could not risk driving the heavy vehicle over the ice before daylight, particularly since on account of the snow he could not see the holes. So there

was no choice but, with the other passengers, to make my way on foot across the Father of Waters. There were about twenty of us. A man with a lantern took the lead and we fell into the march. A raging storm drove the snow directly into our faces. Water stood about three inches deep on the ice, and since our leader could not see five feet ahead of him, it was almost impossible for him to keep his course. So we wandered some three-quarters of an hour on the Mississippi before reaching the opposite shore. In a sorrowful state we arrived at the station, and you ought to have seen the group which pressed around the stoves, emptied the water out of their boots, and dried their socks. But even that has been endured. I gave two lectures that day and now feel as if nothing had happened. Yet I do feel that I have earned my rest, and I will have it. . . .

The latest reports from Washington show me more and more clearly that I was right in urging the sending of a delegation. The conference will probably pass the resolution of Guthrie of Kentucky, and that could have been voted down had all radical states been represented. The governor of Michigan, who at first was strongly opposed to the sending of delegates, yesterday sent a message to the legislature recommending a vote on the subject. The triflers at Madison, it appears, will do nothing. I trust Lincoln will arrive in Washington before the Republicans shall have eaten dust.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1861

I have tried for two days to write to you, but this is a frightful life. Not a moment's quiet. Last night

Otterburg arrived and handed me your dear letter. I thank you.

Yesterday I received congratulations from all sides upon my appointment as minister to Sardinia. The news was even telegraphed to the newspapers, but I have had no official information. Yet I do know that evening before last Lincoln said to Horace Greeley and Senator Grimes that he considered the appointment a very fitting one and that he was strongly disposed to make it. The only necessary preliminary would be a consultation with Seward. He also told others that he would give me what I desired. I learn that the Vermont Senators are, with great urgency, presenting a candidate for the same place, but I do not believe that can change the result. Old Abe, speaking to Senator Grimes, called me the greatest man in America and said my wishes alone would command him without other support.

Do not blame me for writing so briefly. I have to call upon a dozen persons this morning and I am already surrounded on all sides. The matter will perhaps be settled today.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1861

It is already Wednesday and still I cannot leave here. The opposition to me continues, as it appears, but the powerful defense of the New York *Tribune* has aided much. Lincoln desires that I shall go to Sardinia and has definitely promised me a mission of the first class. There has been a rumor that Brazil would be offered me. It is certain that those who want Sardinia

for another are pressing for this solution. So far I have given my friends to understand that I should not accept it. If Lincoln brings the matter up I shall insist upon Sardinia, without however definitely refusing the other mission. The salary is $12,000 and Rio de Janeiro is said to be very beautiful. Still, I am sure that Lincoln designs me for Sardinia. He will at least not dispose of that mission without first consulting me.

Night before last I fell in with the Sardinian minister at the Postmaster General's. He declared himself greatly pleased to have a man of my stamp in Turin. He had written his government four months ago that I would go there.

This morning your letter arrived. It was an oasis in a desert, like a fresh drink on a hot, dusty summer day. You have no inkling of the way things are here—with all of these greedy men, who think only of themselves; this running and chasing of interests, this great hunt in which the hunters shoot at one another. I am on my feet the whole day, running from one department to another looking after the interests of friends. Not a moment's respite do I get except at night, when I lay me down to rest and fall asleep with thoughts of you and our little ones.

I cannot yet tell when I shall get away from here. You will understand that I now have to fight this thing through. I hope for complete success, for I know that Lincoln will be true to me. So I must not neglect anything. My mind is distraught and my whole being is as if parched, especially when I am over-tired and cannot obtain rest. I know what you are suffering in these days, and the thought doubles the weight that oppresses me.

Adieu, my child. I am again surrounded by a company who are pressing upon me from all sides and monopolizing me. How glad I shall be to be with you once more! But I cannot desert this battle ground until everything is settled.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, March 28, 1861

This is a day of triumph. Last night after twelve I was awakened with the news that Cassius M. Clay would accept the Russian mission; that the dispatch had reached the President about eleven and that he had expressed his pleasure. This morning I went to the White House, was promptly admitted to his presence, and Lincoln held up to me a paper on which I read: "I nominate Carl Schurz of Wisconsin to be Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Spain. Abraham Lincoln." Warm handclasps, etc. So Seward's influence has been defeated, and I am master of the battle field. There is rejoicing wherever the report has gone. My nomination is now before the Senate and I hope that even in the moment of writing the confirmation may be effected. I spoke to the President about the appointment of Paine as secretary,[60] and the idea seemed to be satisfactory to him. I shall probably achieve this matter tomorrow morning.

A succession of calls will have to be made tomorrow, among them one upon the Spanish minister, and then at three o'clock I depart for New York to make the necessary financial arrangements for our voyage. Monday morning I shall set out from New York, traveling

[60] Halbert E. Paine. He was not appointed.

day and night. Now, my wifey, everything is all right. Get ready for the voyage as soon as possible. Seward desires that the ministers depart soon.

This outcome is better than the Turin mission would have been. It is a victory. Next to Mexico, Spain is the most important diplomatic post—and it is mine.

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, April 17, 1861

It has been decided not to hold a mass meeting until the regular levy of troops takes place. Yesterday all military characters from this place were summoned to Madison by the governor—in order to make more definite plans for the levy and organization. They are expected back about five o'clock, and probably then the enlistment rolls for volunteers will be opened at once. It is hoped this may begin tonight. I shall wait for it and return home tomorrow. The war spirit is universal —all the world wants to march—and I cannot. I almost regret being a foreign minister. If I were only one of the multitude who can follow their impulses! Excuse me, wifey. I cannot get rid of these reflections, silly as they probably are. Paine is trying to secure an officer's commission in one of the Wisconsin regiments, and has asked me to remain here until the men return from Madison in order to aid him. He has not yet mentioned the matter to his wife, nor will he until the commission is secured. Then, he anticipates a scene at his house, but thereafter he will not be able to withdraw.

Last Monday the excitement here was so great that a movement to destroy the printing establishments of the *News* and the *Seebote* was only barely averted. The

News has already become distinctly tame and the *Seebote* will hardly escape its doom unless it changes its course betimes. . . .

Adieu until tomorrow night. My spirit is depressed. But I believe I have to follow the fate that calls me to Europe. Let us by all means be ready to depart on Monday.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1861

A regular mail leaves today, at last, and I have the hope that my letter will reach you. Saturday I gave a gentleman a hastily written note; perhaps you have seen it and been reassured respecting my safety and health. Last night Otterburg arrived bringing me direct news of you. So Henry has arrived and is with you! Please give him my heartiest greeting.

Washington is, without doubt, the quietest city in the United States. Nowhere, I believe, is there so little excitement. We have about 13,000 men here and every day brings new regiments. The city is quite secure and people sleep more quietly and longer than elsewhere. It is as if we were here separated by a screen from the universal excitement. . . .

I have just seen the President and received from him the final decision about my three months' leave. Seward was there also—*and I have "leave."* Hurrah!

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1861

Probably you have received by the post my letter from Annapolis and two from here. I have "three

months' leave of absence" and the commission to organize a cavalry corps. All goes well here. Soon things are going to happen. I am well and expect to leave here tomorrow unless I am not wholly through with my business.

I am writing these hasty lines in the bureau of the Secretary of War. Schimmelfennig, who is to go to Philadelphia and New York, is waiting for them.

With best greetings, particularly to our dear Henry.

To His Parents

NEW YORK, June 2, 1861

As you have doubtless learned from the papers, my military activities have suddenly come to an end. I was about to go with my brigade to Fortress Monroe when dispatches from Spain made necessary my immediate departure. This change in the situation is exceedingly vexatious, but the necessity of my speedy appearance at Madrid is so pressing that it really leaves me no choice. And so I must leave this country at the very time when I would liefest stay here. Thus it goes when one is no longer his own master; I have to put up with it. We sail next Wednesday on the *Persia,* the best ship sailing between New York and Liverpool, and hope to be in Madrid in twenty days. I had strongly hoped that I might see you all before my departure, but the compulsion of circumstances makes even that impossible. . . .

It would please me if the repairs to be made on the house could be made promptly. It is probable that my brother-in-law Henry, who intends to remain in America a while, will visit you some day.

Now I bid you good-bye, not for many years, and perhaps for only a short time; for it is possible that circumstances may require me, during my mission, to visit the home government from time to time. Do not worry about us; we go in an unquiet time to enter upon a quiet life, and it is my greatest happiness at least to be able to shield you from all cares. Be assured I shall ever think of you with undiminished affection.

Give my greetings to all relatives and friends.

To Adolf Meyer

MADRID, August 13, 1861

I thank you sincerely for your friendly letter. I had hoped to be with you for several weeks in Hamburg and to come to know you intimately, but untoward circumstances deny me this wish, so long entertained. Still, I rejoice that Margarethe at least has seen you once more and can be with you for a time. I am convinced her sojourn in Reinbek will do her good. The really unendurable summer heat of Madrid might have prostrated her. . . .

It is hardly possible I shall be able to come to Hamburg to fetch her, much as I wish to do so. The conditions in the United States make it my duty to remain at my post, or at least not to leave it for long. What you tell me of Hamburg prices and means of transportation makes it desirable to secure in Paris the things required for our house here, and I expect to arrange to meet Margarethe in Paris as soon as I can leave here. The repairs I ordered for our charming country house here are finished, and the *Quinta* would now be ready to receive its guests were it only possible for me to get

these guests together. Still, the "service" (as we would say in Prussia) and the African heat do not yet permit this. In a few weeks it will be possible.

The business connected with the letter has cleared up in the most satisfactory manner. After receipt of the opened envelope I directed a note to the head of the Hamburg post office asking for an explanation of the accident. Of the postal regulations I, of course, had no conception. The general post office sent me a huge envelope full of detailed statements concerning the facts of the case, which tallied closely with what you say, and I on my part directed a letter to the general post office declaring myself wholly satisfied. The "worshipful" general post office and the equally "worshipful" American ministry therefore parted in the most friendly manner.

The report of the miserable affair at Manassas, as you can easily believe, affects me most unpleasantly. It might have had the most unthinkable results had the Secessionists been in position to follow up their advantage. At best it will have the effect of prolonging the war, without however changing the final outcome. There will be no further talk of compromise, and finally there will be an end of slavery.

You may imagine that at this time my thoughts are in Washington much more than in Madrid. I would give much for a day in the President's cabinet. Perhaps things will shape themselves for the best. It almost seems as if we should never have quiet enjoyment again.

At the close of your letter you promise me "more in the next." I beg you to keep your word. Shall I per-

haps meet you in Paris also? It would be delightful if we could spend a few days there together.

To His Parents

MADRID, August 19, 1861

I have been waiting for a letter from you from day to day and from week to week; but in vain. We wrote you on shipboard shortly before our arrival and mailed the letter from London. Margarethe wrote you again from Hamburg, and I would have written you promptly from here had I not seemed to recall that in accordance with an understanding made in Watertown I was to wait for a letter from you first. Probably our mutual silence is due to the same cause.

Margarethe has doubtless told you why we separated in Paris. The experiences I have had since make it impossible for me to regret the step, unpleasant as it has been. But let me narrate. I arrived here on July 13 and after a previous meeting with the minister of foreign affairs was presented on the fourteenth at ten o'clock P.M. to the Queen. The presentation of the letters of credence was effected with the usual mumble-jumble. I made an address to the Queen in English, of which she understood not a single word, and she answered in Spanish, of which I understood nothing, and we were extremely satisfied with each other. Something else happened at this audience which would not have been thought possible in this stiffly ceremonious Spain. Lacking a uniform, I appeared within the sacred precincts of the royal palace in a black frock coat, a proceeding so frightful that Madrid could not get over it for a number of days. Several days ago, however, I

received from Paris my embroidered coat, and I believe the European equilibrium is again restored. I lived in a hotel about a week, paying six dollars per day for two small rooms and very middling board. Then I rented a country house directly in front of the Alcola gate. The house has a fine suite of large rooms and stands in a garden comprising about fourteen acres. It is the property of Queen Christine, who lived there several years ago with her husband, the count of Riangarez, the former guardsman Muñoz. In the year 1854, on the occasion of the revolution, the people of Madrid took certain liberties with the property of the despised Christine, and the last traces of these I am compelled to efface at this time. It is too bad that in Madrid furnished apartments are not to be had, so I am forced to buy the furniture I need, and since everything of the kind is horribly dear in Madrid I shall have to make my purchases in Paris and import them here.

I can perhaps give you an idea of prices here by saying that a man requires about three times as much to live on as he does in New York, without living half as well. My residence was secured on uncommonly good terms. I pay $1,000 per year for house and legation offices, and am not held for the care of the garden. Nearly all my predecessors had to pay $2,000 to $2,500 for rent alone. For this advantageous arrangement I have to thank Perry, my secretary of legation, whom I have found to be an excellent man.

It is extremely difficult to run a household here. It is assumed that the wife of a minister shall concern herself about nothing that goes on in the managerial department, and the Spanish domestics are so habituated to stealing that one is not sure of the buttons on his coat.

Unless careful supervision is exercised, you may expect that half the household money, and at times more, will find its way into the pockets of the help. This business has developed to such a system that you cannot keep domestics if they are not permitted to steal. Luckily, I have the best support in Perry, who has lived many years in Spain and whose wife is a Spanish lady. Strangers who have no acquaintances here and are obliged to submit to circumstances undergo the most unheard-of plundering. Margarethe expects to bring several members of our personnel from Hamburg.

It was a rare good fortune that I found the country house with large garden. The environs of Madrid are so dreary and treeless that the houses are more attractive than the landscape. The Manzanares, that celebrated stream that waters the capital, has just water enough in summer to dampen the soiled clothes of Madrid, so that the stream itself is hidden by shirts and drawers. The city has about 300,000 inhabitants. Several streets and walks are lovely, but in general this capital, pronounced by the Spaniards one of the most splendid in the whole world, does not exceed in magnificence a German princely capital of the second or third rank. The people are at least a hundred years behind the rest of the western Europeans in civilization. There are, to be sure, highly educated people here, but on the whole the ignorance of the lower and middle classes is unbelievable. Even in the higher circles you stumble upon a kind of superstition at which among us young children would laugh. It is said that the Spaniards have made great progress in the last ten years, and I think that is true, but still it is certain they have much more progress to make if they are to overtake the rest

of Europe. I have seen a bullfight at which the people, which means all classes of society, were radiant in the glory of their enthusiasm. This indicates in general their plane of culture.

So much is said, written, and sung about "lovely Spain." It is a fable, unless all beauty is concentrated in the southern part of the country. On my way hither I took the route from Paris via Marseilles and Alicante. Alicante is a harbor on the Mediterranean pretty well toward the south. The road from there to Madrid leads through one of the dreariest stretches of country that I have ever seen—wild, rough mountain chains without tree or shrub, or wide, bare plains with at best but scant vegetation. The forests were destroyed in earlier times. The part of Spain occupied by the Moors was once carefully cultivated and well populated. Blooming fields and fruitful gardens covered the plains. As the Christians advanced, everything was destroyed. The monks preached that trees were a dangerous luxury promotive of sensuousness, and a belief spread among the peasantry that a rich forest growth made the land unhealthful. So the most fruitful regions were transformed into desert steppes. Only in the most southern part, particularly in the district of Granada, where the Moors remained longest, does the old-time art of cultivation partially persist. There are still some forests in that district, particularly in Estremadura, where the cork-oaks cover broad plains and far-stretching ridges. The population still retains the striking Moorish type. It is impossible not to detect the African blood in the physiognomy and the whole character of the people. That is responsible for the chief difference between the Spanish people, particularly those in the south, and the

remaining Romanic stocks. The Basque province throughout is occupied by a distinct aboriginal race and is not considered in the above statement. It is thus not wholly wrong to say that Africa begins at the Pyrenees. It will take effort to make these people like the other races of Europe. Up to now, the interior of the country has not been much traveled and for that reason remains little known to outsiders. The opening of new lines of communication, especially railways, will prove a veritable lever of progress and civilization.

Of social life in Madrid I have as yet seen little because everybody is away during the summer. I must say that I am not particularly curious. The diplomats, by reason of their stations and their duties, come in contact with the upper aristocracy, the dukes and counts and whatever they may call themselves. Splendid titles are here as abundant as blackberries, but usually there is little to them. If the diplomats did not have social life among themselves, things would be somewhat gloomy for us. I cannot deny that I wish myself back home again. I would ten times rather labor hard there than sit idle here. I cannot endure people who abase themselves as they do here, and I am ashamed when all manner of honors and reverences are hurled at me. Nowhere can I feel right save in a land where the people stand erect in their own boots. It will still be a couple of weeks before I can go for Margarethe. Tomorrow I go to La Granja, a summer residence of the Queen, to stay probably two or three weeks. So far I have had enough to do. The uncertain state of our politics calls for work which otherwise would be unnecessary. You must fight better in America so that we in Europe need not be ashamed. Ten times rather would I fight along

with the rest in America than explain our defeats in Europe. It is a hateful business.

Now, leave me not without news of you. I have hoped and hoped to receive an answer to our first letter, but in vain. Write me in detail about your life, your plans and your needs, and do not forget that I think of you with faithful love. Write me without reserve what your needs are and I will take care of them. Also let me hear about Tony and Anna.

[Direction about the address.] Care of Department of State, Washington, D. C. Letters will then cost only one or two stamps.

To Frederick Althaus

MADRID, October 11, 1861

You will be surprised when I tell you that since my arrival in Spain I have not written a single line about the country, the people, and conditions. As often as I formed the resolution to do so something always came up which had to be done instantly. So, undoubtedly, I have already lost the recollection of a great deal which I shall not be able to recover. However, I should have been able to note very little that is agreeable. Spain, in all respects, fails to come up to my expectations. A desert land and an uncultivated people. In politics every kind of corruption, which usually adheres to a constitutional system devoid of constitutional freedom. Among the upper classes a kind of culture which distinguishes itself by its vices as well as its superficiality; in the lower classes much inherent brutal strength but unexampled ignorance; the crassest, blackest ignorance.

This picture may seem somewhat distorted, but it is

on the whole true. I do not understand how this country gained its reputation for beauty. Rough, desert mountains only rarely wooded, wild and inhospitable; treeless, waterless plains: that constitutes the landscape. There are, of course, exceptions, but only a few. I spent September in San Ildefonso, one of the summer residences of the Queen, in the Sierra Guadarrama. The mountain formations are here and there grotesque, most of the ranges completely bare, some of them covered with pine groves, very sparingly provided with streams, and from the highest peaks you look far away upon nothing but the yellowish earth color of desert plains. Thus far I have seen no respectable trees in Spain except the elms at the Escurial which Philip II received from England. All the rest, with the exception of the pines, are dwarfish, crooked stuff. It is said there are beautiful oak forests in Estremadura. So much I know, that Mancha and Castile are the most desert countries I remember to have seen.

Thus far I have sought out company only to a very slight extent. The conclusions I have drawn are all derived from what I have seen and what has been told me. The diplomatic circle, into which I am most thrown for the present, is made up of a group of stiff aristocrats inflated by the sense of their authority.

Perhaps, however, I may not be in the mood to appreciate the good which offers. My thoughts are over there on the other side of the ocean, and in the same measure in which the situation there has become more dubious I have regretted a hundred times my desire to assume a diplomatic post. What I write about American affairs is for you alone, and you will of course regard it as confidential.

Unquestionably we now have a good and large army, and probably also a capable and energetic leader at its head. Likewise the fleet is in good condition, and it is probable that our superiority at sea will bring great distress to the South. But it will cost many a victory; many forceful blows will have to be delivered in order to make good the damage sustained in the unfortunate Manassas affair. Had we gained a brilliant success then, the rebellion would have been nipped in the bud. The South would have given up its belief in the possibility of success. A great number of people there simply waited to be drawn to one or the other side by the outcome of this battle. That class of people has been lost to us. The rebellion has consolidated itself. The people have become habituated to the idea of being separated from the Union, and it is probable that the war will assume the character which the Carlist war in Spain had.

There is but one means of effecting a decided change of trend; namely, to proclaim the freedom of all slaves. That, to be sure, is an operation which may have terrible consequences; it is a genuine Caesarian operation—but I see no other way in which the situation can be relieved. We must choke the sources of the secession movement in order to master the movement itself.

Application of such means demands more spirit and decision than the government possesses. You have noticed the anxiety with which Fremont's proclamation was qualified. That is the way to allow great popular movements to disappear in the sand. Were I in America, I should make an attempt on my own hook to win official favor for this radical cure. Possibly necessity will compel the adoption of a measure which they have

not the spirit to seize upon—but I fear it will then be too late. You see I am not particularly sanguine in regard to the future. When one looks at things from a distance he is sometimes in better position to discover controlling issues than when, near by, he is exposed to the deceptive influence of seemingly favorable details.

I hope soon to be in position to free myself so far from my work here as to be able to hunt up my family. Possibly we shall see each other on this occasion. But do not let that prevent you from writing me.

Above all, my regards to Charlotte. Also Herzen, when you see him.

To Frederick Althaus

MADRID, December 9, 1861

Had I been able to find leisure for letter writing I would long since have informed you that after the Bull Run affair, and again about five weeks ago, I requested the government to accept my resignation or, as an alternative, to give me an indefinite leave of absence. My first letter was answered with new instructions for my activities here; my second was, however, so worded that it was necessary to agree to one or the other alternative. I expect the answer at the beginning of next week. The reason for this step is my conviction that over there they have no understanding of the true situation of affairs and blindly run themselves into the most irresponsible courses. It almost seems as if no one there knew the truth—or no one who has the courage to speak it. The one case is almost as bad as the other. Since I worked so prominently for the election of Lincoln I feel, concerning the manner in which the business there is con-

ducted, a personal responsibility which I cannot justify in the quiet enjoyment of a diplomatic position. It is, however, probable that the leave of absence will be granted me. I hope to receive the answer next week and shall depart immediately. Since the Prussian minister here assured me that my journey through Prussia will encounter no difficulties, I expect to go direct to Hamburg.

Whether under these circumstances I can come to London depends on whether, after the answer of our government to England's demand [in the Trent affair], it will still be possible for me to go to America by way of England. If not, I shall take the Hamburg packet boat to New York. Still, I hope that Adams' departure may not be hastened and that I can still visit you in London. What the future may bring me is accordingly uncertain. Certain it is the state of the country demands the greatest exertions and the utmost sacrifice of every good citizen, and I should be the last to withhold anything. I have suffered a great deal lately through this perpetual worry. I shall feel better when I swim in the middle of the stream. The beautiful dreams of quiet happiness must for the present be given up.

I wish much to be able to spend a day with you. Oh, it is not a comfortable thing to bind one's individual fate to the fate of a people!

To Adolf Meyer

On Board the *Bavaria,* January 14, 1862

. . . In another hour we shall see the cliffs of Dover and shall be in Southampton tomorrow morning about

six o'clock. Thus far the weather has been as quiet as in midsummer. The waves of the North Sea were no higher than those of the Alster. . . .

Thus the voyage up to now has been as pleasant as could be, considering we have just taken our departure from a place we were loath to leave and from friends with whose company we could never be satiated. The captain prophesies good weather for the entire voyage, and we shall gladly believe him until bad weather comes. Margarethe sometimes inquires about pirate ships, but the wretched fellows keep refusing to come; it seems you cannot depend on anybody any more. The children play and shout as if they were at home here. . . . So our situation is at present quite endurable. . . .

When, like ourselves, one swims upon the great waves of life, which are not always peaceful, it is a beautiful thing to know people somewhere to whom one is attached, not by the bonds of a common interest or a common struggle, but by the more disinterested bonds of blood and of feeling. That is a haven which always remains open if the others are blockaded. . . .

To His Parents

New York, February 2, 1862

The telegraph has probably notified you that we are here, safe and sound. Our sea voyage was particularly unpleasant. We saw the sea in its most threatening aspect and the storm in its most dreadful rage. The ship lost four boats, the bulwarks were crushed in, sails ripped to tatters, the yards torn down and broken, sailors forced overboard, and the ship made to look like a wreck. We stood it well and everything is all right now.

We are here, well and cheerful as ever. I have leave for three months and shall make good use of it. Today I go to Washington, where we shall remain at least two or three weeks. I believe I have come at precisely the right time. You shall hear from me soon. Then we will visit you in Watertown and I hope we shall find you happy. In a few days I shall be able to write you more at length. I am full of work. You will excuse my brevity today.

To His Parents

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1862

Had I not expected that we should have been in Watertown before this time I would have written you long ago. But my business here is deferred from day to day, so that I still do not know where I stand. The political outlook is now such as to justify the best hopes, but it will still cost heavy fighting to bring the revolution to an end that shall secure to the country lasting peace and solid progress.

As for myself, I do not at this moment know in what direction to turn my steps. A few days ago I had a conversation with the President, from which it appeared to me that he desired my presence in the country in view of the political struggles which must come. I gave him to understand that I was prepared for this, whereupon he remarked that I must then take up a position here corresponding to my previous position over there. That could be only a position in the army, for there are no more civil offices open. We have as yet come to no decision in these matters. In a few days

however a decision must come, since my leave will soon expire.

The military situation is such that if the operations were carried out energetically and the hot season did not supervene, a definite decision might be reached soon. But since they let the rebel army escape through Manassas, and summer, which will set barriers to operations, is at the door, the matter may still be expected to drag along. . . .

I am so overrun here the entire day that I hardly have time to write at all. All Germans having anything to do with the government come to see me, so my room has become a kind of headquarters where there is coming and going as in a dovecote. . . .

To His Mother

PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1862

I am very thankful to S. for not giving you the first newspaper report of my illness. You would have worried unnecessarily. I was actually quite sick for a couple of weeks so that I had to keep to my bed for about eight days. But the disease was not typhus fever. I suffered from a very severe and continuous headache and such great exhaustion that I could hardly stir. Now I have had some perfectly quiet days here in Philadelphia and am again quite well. In a few days I shall be as strong as ever.

We hope to be relieved of our uncertainty within a short time. The President has not yet accepted my resignation nor declared himself concerning my future. Still, I shall hear something definite in two or three days. This condition of uncertainty about the immediate fu-

ture is decidedly unpleasant, but one must become accustomed to slowness of decision in our government.

I well know, dear Mama, that you could not rejoice in the thought of seeing me in the army instead of in a foreign country; but when a man has fought as I have, for a good cause to which he is bound with all the force of conviction, it is hard to desert it just at the moment a final decision is pending. It is hard to sit inactive and lazy abroad when the result of years of labor, nay, the fate of the republic to which one has dedicated himself, hangs by a thread. I confidently believe that it will not be necessary to secure much more help in a military way. We know now that we are strong enough to overthrow the rebels, and while I do not believe that despite all of our victories the matter will end in a few weeks, it does seem certain that two principal battles will end the major operations, unless a great reverse happens to us. But then will begin the most serious of all undertakings; namely, so to dispose the results of victory as to insure to the country a great, free, and peaceful future. And in this business I shall be in no sense superfluous. In order fully to solve the problem that will fall to me in this connection I must have secured a footing in the army. The spirit of the army will be of the greatest importance in the solution of the great questions, and unfortunately (so far as the principal leaders are concerned) it has not thus far been what it ought to be.

When you examine the entire situation of affairs the thought will come to you of itself that the cause is worthy of a sacrifice. It is true I should often think more of the question of personal advantage, but you must pardon me if I cannot always do so. When one

has done all he can for a good and great cause, the consciousness of fulfilling one's duty in great measure is also not without value. If the President shall now refuse to accept my resignation, I shall have done my part and we will go back, but in no case without seeing you all again.

So, dearest Mama, write me quite fully how you are; and whatever wishes you may have I shall be happy to fulfill them. We are now all well. The children have both had the measles but are now well again. Margarethe is on the whole also well.

To His Parents

Mount Jackson, Headquarters of the Mountain Army
June 12, 1862

We arrived here today on our retreat through Harrisonburg [Virginia] and I utilize the first free moment to write to you. Margarethe has probably informed you that I left for the army on June 2 with my general staff officers. Since the way by Harper's Ferry was cut off we went via Pittsburg to Wheeling. On account of the swollen streams which had carried away the railroad bridges, we lay in the mountains two days, came finally on the sixth to Cumberland, on the seventh to Winchester, where we found Banks and Sigel; the same night rode on cavalry horses lent me by Banks to Strasburg and arrived at Harrisonburg after a two days' ride. On the morning of the tenth, two days after the encounter at Cross Keys, for which we were too late, we started to go to Fremont's headquarters when on the way thither we were notified of the retreat of the

army. The same afternoon the army reached Harrisonburg. The weather was bad, the roads were filled with mud, and the men presented a pitiable appearance. The army had suffered much: continued rapid marches; extremely inadequate provisions, at times absolutely nothing to eat; shoes worn out, a large proportion of the men barefooted; the horses through want of regular feeding worn down and decrepit; the cavalry for the most part beneath contempt. The men generally fought well at Cross Keys, but the army had come so absolutely in need of better provisioning, reorganization, and rest, and in addition Jackson was so superior on account of reinforcements, that Fremont decided to withdraw to the strong position on Mount Jackson. We reached New Market yesterday and arrived here today. We are comfortably quartered and will enjoy some days of undisturbed rest. As soon as the reorganization of the army shall have been achieved I shall have a regular command, probably of two brigades. I have very able and agreeable staff officers with me: one Major Hoffman, formerly Prussian engineer officer, who later served in the English-German legion during the Crimean War, and then at the Cape of Good Hope, then with Garibaldi in his Sicilian-Neapolitan campaign, and finally in the Piedmont army; one Captain Spraul, former Badish Infantry officer, who also served in the English-German legion and with Garibaldi; and Fritz Tiedemann and Willy Westendarp.

We are all well and cheerful. Of myself I can say that for years I have not been as healthy as now. The country here is so wondrously beautiful, the mountains so picturesque, and the valleys so luxuriant and fruitful, that in peaceful times I could not live anywhere more

gladly than here. But the way this glorious land suffers is indescribable. Both armies have traversed it four times; and four times has the march left behind it the evidences of its devastation. But what a temper in the population! Every drop of blood is secessionistic. Although I had already so clearly seen the difficulties in the way of ending the war and reëstablishing the Union, despite our victories, that for the country's sake I gave up my diplomatic position in Europe, yet these difficulties presented themselves with redoubled magnitude when I had gained on the ground a view of the actual situation of things. The women here in the South are as if possessed, and that is one of the worst symptoms.

Now let me beg you, dearest parents, have no worries about me. I shall conduct myself with prudence; I know my position, and I have luck. What I have done was done out of pure desire and feeling of duty. This is a hard time, but it also will pass. I shall do you honor, and you shall not have cause to regret what I have done. If you need anything, write me. My address is: General C. Schurz, Headquarters of General Fremont's Army.

Adieu for today. I will write as often as possible. Keep well and happy. Hearty greetings to the entire family. With the old affection.

Mrs. Schurz to Her Parents-in-law

NEAR PHILADELPHIA, July 15, 1862

My last letter I sent you the evening before my departure to see Carl; since then I have experienced and endured much, and now that I have again come to rest I am moved to write you at once.

Carl was near Middletown in Virginia, very neatly quartered in a farm cottage, and he wanted to see me there. Since he only telegraphed, "Come immediately," I was greatly frightened and was soon ready to depart. The doctor's wife [Mrs. Tiedemann] and I started Monday evening at eleven o'clock, were in Baltimore at four o'clock in the morning, and at two the next day in Martinsburg (via Harper's Ferry). We were met at the train in Martinsburg by Fritz [Tiedemann], with an ambulance. The bridge at Harper's Ferry had only just been restored. We saw the ruins of the wrecked and burned houses, burned-up locomotives, etc. Withal, the region around Harper's Ferry is so romantic that it reminded me of Switzerland. What pain it gives one, this peace of nature and at the same time this destruction caused by man! In the ambulance we drove comfortably and without worry to Winchester, which was twenty-two miles away. We started off cheerfully, for the impending meeting affected us powerfully.

In Winchester, where the secessionists treated our leaders so abominably, we passed the night. One has no conception of the foulness in the hotels if one has not been there. You see only old men or boys, since the others are all in the southern army. The harvest looks fine, but they have no people to do the work, and the wheat has already become quite brown and will doubtless mostly rot.

We drove from Winchester Wednesday morning about eighteen miles, and then had only twelve miles more to Middletown. On the entire route we met only our own provision wagons and saw the horses of our troops feeding in the high wheat fields. Several old farmers stopped us and begged Fritz with quavering

voices to forbid the men to burn the fences and destroy the fields. I felt sorry, but Fritz has no pity for rebels.

Dead horses lay on both sides of the road, poisoning the air; fences were no longer to be seen; men, old as the hills, were in the fields putting forth their utmost efforts. Here and there we saw a farmer on horseback who gazed at us with uncanny looks and often caused me the worst fright. But hurrah! Here we were! In Middletown, before a nice house, Carl stood in front of Sigel's headquarters; that blessed childlike countenance as he espied us! Oh, he has an innocent child's countenance when he truly rejoices. Willy was also on his high horse and hopes soon to be appointed engineer officer.

We greeted Sigel, who remembered me well, having seen me in London; and then rode to Carl's lodging, which is but a mile from Sigel's. Carl stands very well with Sigel, and for Sigel's appointment we have Carl alone to thank. He and the assembled officers would have resigned if Rufus King had been appointed. This he telegraphed to the President, whereupon Sigel was named. Carl and his staff live together in his cottage, and the bureau was also there. You know Major Hoffman is chief of staff, Fritz and Spraul adjutants, Wermerskirch quartermaster, and Willy engineer. Spraul and Hoffman are able leaders, from Garibaldi's staff, and Fritz has become a spirited, energetic young man. I am enclosing for Father the picture of Joe and Fritz. We spent six beautiful days with Carl. One day we ate with him at Sigel's headquarters at noon, and on the Fourth of July Sigel ate with us. We hung wreaths everywhere. We helped about the cooking, and Carl and the whole staff felt themselves very fortunate. Carl looks very well and feels quite contented.

His troops were encamped around his dwelling, and the encampment in the woods with all of the old overgrown huts looked extremely poetical. I often walked with Carl through the camp, and when he offered a "Good morning, men," a hearty "Good morning, General" resounded from all sides. He is already very popular with his men. He immediately took care to secure new clothing and new provisions, for the poor fellows often marched twenty miles on a single cracker. Now things are different, and that brings great contentment.

We had not even suspected that we should have to go, when suddenly the order to march came. Oh, how gladly Carl would have taken me along and how gladly I should have gone, but Sigel considered it unadvisable, so we had to pack up hastily and return. Oh, if only the parting had not been necessary! Monday evening at nine o'clock we started—Mrs. Tiedemann, Mrs. Lyons, whose husband is on Sigel's staff, and I. Everything happened so suddenly and Carl was so unhappy about it that I hardly know how I was able to leave him. We three women, alone with a young hostler, drove through the night over that dangerous road where nine bushwhackers had been captured that very day. In Martinsburg General Sigel, who was on his way to Washington, joined us. He was astounded that Carl had allowed us to travel in that manner and said we ought to rejoice that we got through so fortunately.

So now we are back again on this lonesome farm, and the heat, as I know it must be on the march, causes me much worry. I fear and now certainly believe that the army is destined for Richmond, for McClellan has shown his incapacity. We may daily expect reports

telling us that Pope's army is probably already near Richmond—and the climate and the water are both so bad there! I wait with actual impatience for Carl's letter and will give you the news immediately on receiving it. I pray you write at once.

To His Parents

WASHINGTON, January 7, 1863

At last a short respite in the bosom of my family has been vouchsafed to me. I came here from the camp on New Year's Eve. I had to spend Christmas Eve in my little tent in the pine forest near Stafford [Va.]. That is not exactly an amusing place, particularly at a time which it is most delightful to pass in the home. But enough of complaining. I have now enjoyed eight days' furlough and must be content with that.

First of all, much happiness in the new year! We all need it, and hence this wish is no empty form. For you, dear Mother, I wish above everything that your health may soon be restored. I wish for you both, dear parents, that your children and grandchildren may soon be gathered around you. When that may be I know not, but it will perhaps come sooner than we expect. Fortune has been favorable so far and I am accustomed to count somewhat on its favor. We shall doubtless meet soon again. Do not worry. And I am certain, too, that Edmund and I shall come through this war with honor. We are no cowards, and fortune will not desert the brave.

I would have written earlier and oftener had not the business of my command kept me steadily in action. Even when the army is in camp there is work to do

every minute, and if one will have his affairs in good order he must concern himself about every detail. Accordingly, I get at letter-writing only rarely; even here in Washington it is not often that I have quiet for fifteen minutes consecutively.

It is very doubtful when the Army of the Potomac will resume operations. It has long since recovered from the battle of Fredericksburg. Indeed the army has never been in better condition. But we encounter here a multitude of terrain difficulties which are absent from the western theatre of war, and the impossibility of provisioning so great an army from this completely denuded country has hindered almost every movement. Of course the thing must go, and if the ability of one general proves inadequate he will simply have to give place to another.

I must say my hopes have become lively again. The government, having burned the bridges behind it by the Emancipation Proclamation, comes daily to a clearer realization of the necessities which control us. In the bravery of the army I have more confidence than ever, and I am sure we shall have great success once the government shall have restored harmony in the organization.

As soon as I return to my command I may be able to tell you something more definite about the possibility of bringing Edmund[61] over into our army corps.

Once again, heartiest New Year's wishes. Do not be aggrieved if I write but rarely, and do not think, on that account, that you are the less in my thought. With hearty greetings to the entire family.

[61] Edmund Jüssen, Carl Schurz's cousin and the husband of his youngest sister, Antonie.

To His Parents

CAMP NEAR STAFFORD COURT HOUSE
March 26, 1863

I returned today from a short furlough granted on account of illness (I had the jaundice). Margarethe visited me here just as I began to feel sick. I then went with her, spending several days in Washington and some ten days in Philadelphia. I am now fully restored and can again fulfill my duties in the army.

I am now actually major general, and during the absence of General Sigel, who has an indefinite leave, I shall have command of the Eleventh Army Corps. In case Sigel should not return, which is quite probable, I hope to have definite charge of the corps. They are exceptional troops, and I believe I shall be able to do something notable with them. The next campaign will probably be a very lively one. The army is in good condition and once more in the best of morale. General Hooker, who has shown much energy and activity, possesses the confidence of the troops in high measure. He has what all commanders of this army who preceded him lacked, the first element of military success—self-confidence. So we look forward with hopefulness to whatever may come. At present the roads are in such condition that it is impossible for us to move. They will doubtless continue so for a couple of weeks. Then, however, I trust you will hear a good report of us—and particularly of me.

Your first letter, dear father, I received just as I became ill. . . . Margarethe and the children are well. They live in Philadelphia and have very pleasant rooms. You can imagine that the parting was exceedingly hard,

for the near approach of a new campaign makes it improbable that we shall see one another again soon. Possibly Margarethe will make a journey to you this summer, and I wish it sincerely. . . .

The political situation seems to me to have improved greatly. In general there is more confidence, and determination to bring the war to an end. Also, the finances of the government are distinctly better than formerly.

Keep well, dear parents, and write to me often even if, because of my many activities, I cannot answer as frequently as I should like. I hope to do you honor. Remain well, and think with love upon. . . .

To His Parents

BETHLEHEM [PENNSYLVANIA]
September 10, 1863

I have finally succeeded in securing a couple of weeks' furlough and have been able to spend several days with Margarethe and the children. You can imagine that we have been very happy together. I had an attack of camp fever, and the rest in quiet Bethlehem does me good. . . . Of course I am still tall and thin as formerly, but I am looking well and they say I have become distinctly broader. This much is certain, that the strenuous exertions of war have so far had no unfavorable influence upon my health. On the contrary, I feel healthiest when we knock about most. I would gladly have used my furlough for paying you a visit in the West, but the time was so short that I should have had hardly a day for rest. And since I should have had to take the whole family the journey

would have been more expensive that I could bear at this moment. So I have had to defer it until winter, when it can probably be done better. . . . My furlough will be out on the seventeenth, when I must go back to my command. Matters have finally come to a point where we can have well-grounded hopes for an early conclusion of the war. Our army, strengthened by the draft, must finally give the coup de grace to the rebellion—but let us not set our hopes too high.

With the old love and with hearty greeting.

To Theodore Petrasch

CAMP AT CATLETT STATION, VIRGINIA
September 24, 1863

Nothing could have been a more joyful surprise than your letter. I recognized the handwriting again instantly. I should have discovered it among hundreds. Far separated in space and time, we may have dropped out of each other's life and sight; but the recollections of the cherished days of youth, when we clung together like brothers, nothing can destroy in me. I still see you as I used to see you in our *Gymnasium* years in Cologne. We were at an age when a couple of years' difference means much. I was younger than you, bashful by nature, with the budding consciousness of strength which I did not yet rightly trust. You had already ripened to a certain manliness which to me had something imposing about it. You spoke out with boldness what I often thought but hardly dared to express. I often wondered how you could become thus attached to me, and did not understand it. When I now recall how far ahead of me you were at that time I still do not un-

derstand it. I leaned upon you with enthusiastic friendship; you drew me out of the narrow sphere which my circumstances and training built about me and gave me a glimpse into life. You taught me first to overcome my anxious bashfulness. I have to thank you for every encouraging word, because you were the first to awake in me the consciousness that I did not belong to the commonplace. Then, when I had just gained courage to stand on my own feet and the ability to be something to you, the vortex of life seized us both and drew us asunder. And only now do I receive a word from you and you from me.

I cannot recall without emotion that time of enthusiasm which kept the heart so warm and so receptive to the beautiful and the great. Men may laugh at ideals, because they often contrast so strongly with reality. Enthusiasm is, nevertheless, the finest thing in man; so long as it lives Youth does not die.

You have told me about your history, and I rejoice to see what was attainable to you in your sphere of life over there. To that which you know about me I can add but little. I ended my refugee life in London in the year 1852 because I found its instability unendurable and longed for a productive activity. I lived here in America for several years in quiet retirement in the happiest family circle. I wish you knew my wife. She is much better than I, and we have two precious children. I studied, observed, and learned much.

Finally, in the year 1856, as the movement against slavery spread tremendously, I found myself drawn into public life. I knew that I could accomplish something worth while. America is the country for striving talent, and the foreigner who studies conditions here

fundamentally and knows how to appreciate them can open for himself an even greater career than the native-born. My success surprised even me. I saw my boldest expectations exceeded. I suddenly found that I had become a celebrity in America. I threw myself unreservedly into the antislavery movement and therein showed the Americans something new. The broad German conception of life which opened to them wider horizons; the peculiar speech of the foreigner which, although modeled upon the best patterns of English literature, still indulged in a multitude of unfamiliar variations; the power of true conviction which is not found too often in its purity, all of these things had a rare attraction for Americans; and so I won, perhaps more quickly than anyone here in this country, a continental reputation; a reputation which in many particulars exceeded my deserts. My activities were very extended and had a large and direct influence upon the political development of the country. I have been told that I made Lincoln president. That is, of course, not true, but that people say so indicates that I contributed something toward raising the breeze which carried Lincoln into the presidential chair and thereby shook slavery in its foundations. I devoted my whole strength to it and became exceedingly wearied with the herculean labor.

As happens in moments of exhaustion, I sought rest. For that reason I went as minister to Spain, but I soon found that rest at a time like this was for me the most irritating exertion. The rebellion which is to decide the future of this country quickly reached enormous proportions. The noise of the struggle penetrated even to my hermitage in Madrid. It became uncanny to me

in my quiet. The enforced apathy of insipid diplomatic life was terribly oppressive to my temperament and my conscience. Then the news of the first great disaster to our army, the battle of Bull Run, came like a thunder-clap. I immediately begged the President to recall me. I belonged to the party that had brought on the crisis; I could not avoid the chances of the struggle. Finally, in December, 1861, I received a leave of absence, returned hither at once, laid down my ministership, made another effort to induce the government to adopt the policy of emancipation, thus smoothing the way among the people, and then entered the army. In the course of the summer campaign of 1862 I was advanced to the position of major general, the highest rank one can attain in the army of the United States. I shall doubtless continue in service to the end of the war. Then I will return to my old activities with the satisfaction not only of having labored definitely for the future of this country, but also of having loyally shared its fate.

In the political phases of the new developments which this revolution must produce, I shall undoubtedly have an important part and my voice will be heard. This is the bright external side of my life. I have labored much, struggled much, endured much, and also suffered much—so much that I needed strong convictions to keep me upright. How often in moments of irritation have I wished I could be one of those who, in humble occupation, can eat their bread in peace with their loved ones! The petty jealousy of the German who would rather subordinate himself to natives than to a fellow countryman who overtops him; the ambitions of the native who begrudges the foreigner his in-

fluence and his distinction; the poisonous slanders of the political opponent to whom not even personal honor is sacred, all of this has caused me many bitter hours. I might have worked myself up to that sovereign contempt of men which is said to make a man great, but that is against my nature. I would rather remain insignificant. I love people in spite of themselves and possess that invincible confidence which, deceived a thousand times, is also a thousand times revived. This is perhaps artless but I cannot do otherwise, and that keeps me young and cheerful and hopeful.

The main thing is this: that in a calling such as mine a man should not permit himself to be ruled by a false ambition. The ambition to *do* something can be boundless, but it must free itself from the ambition to *be* something. I am glad to have gained official positions which, according to the usual interpretation, are brilliant. I have learned to recognize their worthlessness, for they have never contributed to my inner satisfaction. I believe that I could now, without regret, cast from me a crown if I had it. Such things are only means to an end and as such are perhaps sometimes of consequence. I have happily come to the point where externalities no longer have any temptation for me. I believe I am able to say that in practice I have become a better Republican even than in theory.

To Theodore Petrasch

CAMP NEAR BRIDGEPORT, ALABAMA
October 3, 1863

My letter has remained untouched for several days because I was suddenly interrupted by a marching

order. We had to be ready in twelve hours and then two army corps made a twelve-hundred-mile journey by rail. Rosecrans lost the battle of Chickamauga and we came to his aid. Now the enemy cavalry has appeared in our rear and threatens our lines of communication. That will delay my letter some days longer.

I suspect that some things in our military practices must be inexplicable to you European soldiers. Our armies can nowhere live off the country, and the distances we are obliged to traverse are tremendous. The distance between the Army of the Cumberland and its nearest depot is one hundred and eighty miles—a stretch which, long as it is, has to be protected in the most careful manner at every single point; for the burning of a railway bridge might threaten the existence of the army. Such circumstances change the whole manner of conducting a war. Only think that since the outbreak of the war, namely, since the summer of 1861, our armies have seen no cantonment. The soldiers have been obliged to bivouac summer and winter without the slightest relief. That, of course, costs an enormous number of men, the armies melt away with the greatest rapidity, and it requires the highest tenacity on the part of the government and the people to sustain the conflict from year to year. There is perhaps no people on earth who would not have been appalled by the enormity of the misfortunes overtaking us and the greatness of the sacrifices which had to be made. What a tremendous problem and what a mighty cause! I am happy to live in this country at this time. In comparison with the splendid goal, what are our little sufferings and our individual sacrifices! Slavery is being driven out of its last citadel; the insulted dignity of

human nature has been avenged. The people of the new world are taking an immeasurable step forward in its cleansing and ennobling. And out of this republic we shall make an empire in relation to which, speaking Carl Moorishly, Rome was a pre-school affair. In this nation, the sum, the amalgam of all civilized nations, there is a Titanic strength which will draw humanity forward like a giant locomotive. Old Europe is going to feel its power.

But let me return to ourselves once more. In reading over what I wrote to you in Virginia I am almost frightened at the amount I wrote about myself. But it seemed to me I had to open my heart again in the old confidential way. So you are really thinking of coming over here to us? How delightful it would be; and my first impulse was to write you, "Come at any cost." But we have reached an age at which we cannot allow ourselves to be carried away by pleasant wishes. We must consider what you would have to give up and what you might hope to find.

I believe it would be possible for me to secure for you immediately an officer's commission in the volunteer army. But the army here is not what it is over there. Some day the war will end; the army will disappear and everybody will return to civil life. The so-called regular army will of course remain, but it is a small and exclusive institution. It is hard for the foreigner to find a place in it, and it would be foolish to build a plan of life on this slight possibility. I do not know indeed whether it would suit you here, for everything here is different from Europe; and however happy I should be to see you here, what if I should see you unhappy?



AGATHE SCHURZ
Age 23



AGATHE SCHURZ
Age 13

But could not things be arranged so you could come here without losing your position over there? To give up for an uncertainty a position which you have built up through the years with so much effort and pains—I would perhaps advise you to do it if I were not so warmly and sincerely your friend. I would, of course, offer you whatever I possess in the way of influence, but what does that amount to? Some day the government will change, and who knows whether I shall have friends in the new administration?

When you write me again, will you tell me what has become of the friends who were with us in Cologne and in Bonn? I am sending you my picture. We must see ourselves bodily in order to revivify all recollections. I am enclosing herewith the only one I could find here; one of my adjutants had it. Farewell, and let me hear from you soon. My wife, who has read many of your old letters of our delightful period—for I have preserved them—has become fond of you through them and greets you heartily.

To His Daughter Agathe

CAMP IN LOOKOUT VALLEY, TENNESSEE
November 9, 1863

This evening it is so delightfully warm and pleasant in my tent; my fire burns brightly, and out yonder in the camp I hear the retiring signal. Now I will answer your dear letter.

I am very glad indeed that you wrote to me, and the news which you give is exceedingly agreeable. It is nice that you are once more going to school, and if you will be industrious I do not doubt that you will soon

overtake the big girls in your acquirements. I have an idea that you are somewhat behind in your arithmetic, and you should apply yourself particularly in that subject. Arithmetic must be practiced, and when you have made some progress therein you will pursue it with genuine pleasure. Geography will be particularly easy for you. You have already seen many more strange lands than most children of your age and you will be able to find on the map many widely separated places in which you have already been. You always enjoyed world history, and that pleases me greatly. It is the most educative and the pleasantest of all studies. I desire also that you pursue your piano playing industriously and that you learn to draw. That is an activity which is equally pleasant and useful, and a source of satisfaction throughout life. You have observed how much pleasure Mama and I get out of music, and I have often regretted that I did not learn drawing properly. But now my youth is past. I am almost too old to learn new things, and besides I have too many other things to do.

I am sure, dear Hans, that you will do everything to give your mother and me pleasure and cause to be satisfied with you. We love you with all our hearts, and you of course love your parents in the same way. It is a great happiness to have good children, and this happiness you will surely bestow upon us. Your good mother suffers a great deal on account of my absence, and you must make it as easy as possible for her to bear her loneliness and her anxiety about me. Perhaps you do not yet understand how much you can help towards that end.

I am engaged in a war for a very great and holy cause, whose decision will have tremendous results for the future of the human race. For that reason I am bringing to it great sacrifice and often endure want and weariness and danger. In all of this, the consciousness of having in you a good child is a very great consolation. I think of you often, every day, with much love and much confidence, and I know you do everything to make me proud of you.

You must not think however, my good Hans, that things are going badly with us here. My little tent is a genuine picture of comfort; it is as warm here as in a stone house. Also, I have received a present of a feather bed, so that I sleep as soft as a prince. We have plenty of provisions, and though there is no great variety of food there is also no deficiency. It is sometimes a good thing to be obliged to give up things which one generally considers necessary, for that gives us a satisfaction which is a source of content for life.

Actually, we soldiers live much better than the natives of the country. You have no conception of the poverty which prevails here. The people live in log houses in which the chinks between the logs are entirely open so that light and air pass through. Naturally our tents are much tighter and better. Women and men are dressed in the most poverty-stricken way and live almost exclusively on corn bread and pork. Nearly all females smoke and chew tobacco. And then they are so ignorant that the knowledge of reading and writing is a great rarity among them. The difference between this population and that which we see in the North is tremendous. But there is a quite natural cause for it. In this country, the state of Tennessee, which

you can easily find on the map, slavery prevails. There are here a few rich people who own many negroes. These negroes do all the work for them and the rich gentlemen therefore gain the idea that they themselves were not born to work but rather to govern and rule. They did not want to rule merely their negroes but also, particularly, the poor white people who did not have enough money to buy slaves and for that reason were forced to work themselves. In order to rule them better the rich people sought to keep the poor ignorant, and so it came about that there are very few schools here and most people have enjoyed no instruction whatever. Since they know nothing of the many discoveries and appliances which have been made during the past century they remain poor and miserable.

For these people and their children the present war is a genuine blessing, for it shakes them out of their sleepiness and brings them in touch with keener and more active people. They become aware how miserable their condition is; their indolent habits are interfered with; they are compelled to help themselves and are thereby forced to turn their thoughts toward new things. They hear how very different life is in other sections of the country, and later, when in the train of this war other people come to settle here, they will be influenced by the industry around them; for the country itself is beautiful and fruitful, and an industrious people could live happily and amass much wealth. That will certainly happen after the war, for the northern men who came down here with the army already see what beautiful regions there are in the South and what splendid opportunities can be found here for human activity. So you see how good can come out of evil. The war is

certainly in itself a very great misfortune and brings frightful distress to large numbers. But some of its results will be highly beneficial to mankind.

Now, my dear Agathe, I must say adieu for today. Love me much; be good to our little Pussy [Marianna], who, as you know, has not yet attained the age of discretion and must be gently dealt with; be dutiful toward Mama; and write me soon again. You will give me great joy thereby.

To Theodore Petrasch

CAMP NEAR CHATTANOOGA
December 17, 1863

To the joyful surprise which your first letter gave me you have now added a second. Just now I returned from our Knoxville expedition, alighted from my horse, and found your dear letter of November 29 in my tent. It must have been here for several days. We marched almost three weeks without any communication with the main army in order to maneuver the enemy out of east Tennessee, which was effectually done. During this entire time we knew nothing of the world, and the world knew nothing of us. We received neither letters nor newspapers, nor could send any. Now at last we can gaze beyond our outposts.

I received your first letter during October in Bridgeport, Alabama. I answered it immediately and quite fully, but the journey of my letter to its destination was doubtless very slow. Perhaps it was forwarded to you from Europe.

Weary and exhausted as I am, I can today only acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Dorchester

and bid you and your wife a most hearty welcome. I shall be unable tonight to open up new prospects to you or give any advice; for I have thus far not had time to reflect and—pardon me—I must also get some sleep first. So you must be satisfied with these few lines. Tomorrow or next day I will write more. That you can count on me in every respect goes without saying. My wife is in New York with our children and I know she would be infinitely glad to see you. She knows you from my accounts of you and your letters—the old ones, that is, which I still have. You can learn her address at the mercantile house of Sinclair and Rose in New York. I would gladly take a couple of weeks' furlough if I could, but I fear that under existing circumstances it would be impossible.

You may expect another letter from me in a few days, in which I will answer your questions fully, so far as it can be done from here. By that time I shall perhaps have some plan to suggest. For the present accept hearty, most hearty, greetings.

To Theodore Petrasch

LOOKOUT VALLEY, TENNESSEE
December 23, 1863

Finally I have achieved so much quiet that I can undertake to answer your queries with a certain amount of reflection. The problem is not as easy as it seems.

To secure for you an officer's commission would not be so difficult, but I should not like to see you in the army under the rank of major. Advancement to the captaincy comes quickly; also sometimes from major upwards; but whoever is the youngest of the ten cap-

tains in the regiment must arm himself with patience, and could I today offer you a captain's position I would advise you not to take it but rather to wait patiently until there shall be a vacancy in a staff officer's post. The latter will probably happen in the near future on my own staff.

Now I am going to give you something to consider in connection with this business. The army as it now exists is not a permanent institution, and a position in it is only temporary. As soon as the war is over we are going home. Since we want to act with prudent forethought I suggest you consider the following: The time you might spend in the army is wasted in so far as it could have been turned toward seeking out a proper and definite life position. On the other hand, your entrance into the army would give you time and opportunity to make yourself sufficiently confident in the use of our language. Besides, it would guarantee your living financially up to the end of the war.

Were I with you, or could I spend a couple of weeks in New York or Boston, I could speak more responsibly. But since my entrance into the army I have been confined to the life of the camp and the campaign, and have become unfamiliar with civil activities, their chances and opportunities. . . .

I wish above all you could find it possible to go to New York and visit my wife. She would at once gain entrée for you into an extensive circle of excellent, and in some cases influential, friends; and I know it would give her the most genuine and great pleasure. Your wife, who probably still feels somewhat strange here in this country, would have in her a hearty friend and find much encouragement and good cheer in her friends'

company. I believe that to remove from Boston to New York would under existing circumstances be the best thing you could do. Boston, although it is my favorite American city, is for the unknown newcomer a somewhat exclusive place. There are splendid people there, but one has to know America in order rightly to find himself there.

I wish heartily I might secure a furlough of some weeks and assist you personally, but just at present I cannot get away. The Eleventh Army Corps, to which I belong, has shriveled up so much through a succession of battles and hard campaigns—at Bull Run my losses amounted to twenty-six per cent, at Chancellorsville twenty-three per cent, at Gettysburg nearly sixty per cent—that we are now to be strengthened and reorganized; since I am second in command in the corps and have to assume a personal interest in it, I cannot leave, at least not until the reorganization has been completed. I regret this all the more because we shall probably lie still for several weeks and camp life in this uninhabited region, despairingly desolate, is monotonous and boresome. Besides, the condition of the Army of the Cumberland is one nowise to be envied. We have indeed gained one of the most brilliant victories of the war, a victory which you would find unbelievable could you have seen the position out of which we drove the enemy. But after this victory we are unable to move. Our lines of communication are so long and our transport so inadequate that we have hardly been able to supply provisions for our troops. The country within a radius of twenty to thirty miles is totally desolated and affords absolutely nothing more. We were forced to send back our field artillery to the railway stations on the other

side of the Tennessee because we could no longer feed the horses. . . .

Now let me hear from you as soon as possible. The letter to the governor of Massachusetts I have cast in such form that it alone should secure you the acquaintanceship of his and my friends. My heartiest greeting to your wife.

To His Parents

LOOKOUT VALLEY, TENNESSEE
January 24, 1864

Your dear letter of December 15 was received and I thank you heartily for it. It was the best gift you could have sent me. I wrote to you toward the end of December and sent the letter by a soldier going on furlough, who was to have posted it in Louisville—for our postal arrangements are of the most miserable kind. Have you not received it?

Then I must repeat my New Year's wishes. I have no more eager wish than to be able once more to live peacefully with you and my little family on the quiet farm—and I hope indeed that this may come about in the not distant future. Let us hope we shall all find one another in good health. However great may be the allurement of the wild military life, one never thinks of his own dear ones without deep longing. I have a photograph of the farm with portraits of all members of the family, also yours and Tony's. You will remember the picture. It now stands upon the mantle in my log house directly before my eyes when I sit by the fire, and you can imagine what thoughts and recollections it awakens in me. Well, this wish also will be fulfilled.

It seems to me that the war is rapidly nearing its end. While our resources are fresh and unexhausted, the enemy shows a lack of the most necessary things, particularly men and horses. It is quite certain that in the army which opposes us conscription does not suffice to fill the gaps made by desertions. These have begun on a vast scale. Transports are brought in daily. Such armies are not of a character to offer a long and stubborn resistance. The rebel army in Virginia must be affected by the same spirit, and I think it is not impossible that the whole cause may break down suddenly and unexpectedly, like the Hungarian Revolution in Vilagos. Meanwhile we are preparing for a vigorous spring campaign which shall carry us into the actual heart of the Confederacy. This is the most vulnerable point, and the decisive stroke will unquestionably be dealt in the West.

In the last campaign we had to perform pretty severe labor; not so much with our weapons as with our legs. We suffered little in actual fighting, but our march to Knoxville and back was all the sharper for it. Now we are lying in comfortable winter quarters. The weather around New Year's was excessively cold for several days; but now we are enjoying the most delightful spring temperature. In the afternoons it is so warm that one would find it pleasant to wear summer clothes. I have been perfectly well all the time, and the more madly things go the better I feel. The thing that suits me least, physically, is the quiet camp life. The thing I have to complain about most is bad luck with my horses. My best campaigner died suddenly; another is in such condition that I shall never be able to use it again; a third is lame; and the fourth, a splendid Eng-

lish stallion, is just now recovering from a long railway journey of last August. Well, one must learn to endure such things. . . .

Farewell for today. Whether or not I shall soon have a furlough and visit you I do not know. I expect in any event to take part in the approaching presidential campaign, and then we shall certainly see one another again. I long for you a great deal and I am certain I shall see you again. Do not lose heart. Think of me with the old love as I think of you. Greet the entire family with heartiest greeting.

To His Parents

LOOKOUT VALLEY, TENNESSEE
February 20, 1864

. . . In the business about which the clipping from the *Illinois Staatszeitung* treats, the case is this: Hooker, who is a very equivocal gentleman, seems to have intended to make my position under his command as unpleasant as possible. So, in order to deal me a blow, he put a remark in his report concerning the night battle of Wauhatchie which intimated that I executed too late an order he had given me to send forward a brigade to the support of Geary. As soon as the report, about which I knew absolutely nothing, became public I demanded of General Thomas an investigation into its truth by a court of inquiry. That took place, and I proved before the court through a mass of witnesses that General Hooker in his own proper person held up the brigade which was to have come to the support of Geary and brought it to another position; while he sent me an order to take and hold, with another brigade of

which I was leader, a hill occupied by the enemy. The latter order, as he himself testified, I fulfilled well, while he made impossible the carrying out of the first through personally holding back my brigades. Since this matter was clearly proved the court naturally decided that Hooker's statement was groundless, and Hooker fell into the pit that he had dug for me. The decision is now in the hands of General Thomas for confirmation and will then be published. When Hooker comes to read my defense before the court of inquiry he will be convinced that it is dangerous to play with sharp instruments.

I have news from Margarethe that she has been sick. I plan to go on furlough as soon as General Thomas returns—in whose stead I am now in command of the corps. It is very doubtful if I shall be able to remain away long enough to come West. I shall certainly be active in the presidential contest and then spend a certain amount of time in the West. So our meeting, if it cannot take place just yet, will not be deferred very long.

Keep well and in good spirits, so it may be a joyful meeting for us all.

To Theodore Petrasch

New York, February 29, 1864

I arrived here yesterday on my furlough. I received your letter a few days before my departure from the army. I did not answer it earlier because I hoped to be able to get away at any moment and be able to see you. I should be very glad to look you up in Boston if it were possible. But my time is sharply limited. I

shall be able to be with my family only a few days and then shall probably have to go to Washington once more before I return to the army. You must set aside one or two days to visit me. Do it as soon as possible. I am counting upon it.

I live at the Prescott House, corner of Broadway and Spring Street. Answer at once and decide soon.

To His Parents

NASHVILLE, April 24, 1864

I write you today from Nashville, where I am waiting for orders. When the Eleventh Corps was combined with the Twelfth and placed under Hooker's leadership it was self-evident that I would have to be transferred. Accordingly I left my command last week and reported to General Sherman. He has telegraphed to Washington to learn what command I should have and we expect an answer any moment. It is possible that I may receive a district on the Mississippi, but I think a transference to the East, perhaps in Sigel's department, is rather more probable. I must confess that it is pretty much a matter of indifference to me where I go. You can imagine that the separation from my old division, which I commanded almost two years, was very painful to me. But my relations with Hooker had become so impossible, particularly after the well-known court of inquiry, in which I attacked Hooker pretty keenly, that no choice remained. And, everything considered, I am quite content with the change. Whatever my command may be, in the matter of its size I can hardly fail to be placed better than I was. As soon as I

receive further orders I will let you know. I shall hardly have to wait longer than two or three days.

I spent the month of March with my wife and the children in New York. I would gladly have come to you with the family, but it is time that something regular should be done about the children's schooling. . . . My visit to you accordingly has had to be deferred until summer, but then I shall certainly come. It is probable that I shall do something in connection with the political agitation of the presidential campaign, and in respect to this I can make my preparations best at the farm. I long to see you again, after so extended and stormy a separation, and I hope that our meeting will be a happy one to all.

You must write me fully as soon as you know where a letter can find me. I shall also do my best. Adieu for today.

To His Parents

NASHVILLE, July 5, 1864

Your letter of the seventeenth of May has been received. It arrived shortly before the first of July. I would have answered several days ago had I not been waiting every moment for certainty in regard to various matters about which I wanted to give you information. . . .

As you see, I am still here. I would have been glad to spend the time of waiting elsewhere, but through General Sherman's orders I am detained here. He promised me a command when I reported to him in April, but wrote later that as my instruction camp here had to be broken up I should simply be patient; he

would remember me as soon as a command was open. So, day after day passes without any particular change in my situation. I am living with my officers in a nice house outside of the city and we do our own housekeeping as formerly. Inasmuch as I can have plenty of books here it is not particularly difficult for me to busy myself with studying and writing. A daily pleasure ride keeps me in exercise so that my health is pretty good. Should I receive advice from Sherman that I cannot expect a command at the front for some time, I will do what I can to secure permission to spend the balance of my waiting time at home.

That the Democrats in Watertown believe I have resigned and come out for Fremont, and that in their rejoicing they go so far as to want to feast me, is wholly delightful. Do nothing to destroy their illusion.

The result of the political campaign will undoubtedly depend much upon the results of our military operations; and as respects these, they will probably come more slowly than, in view of our first successes, many were led to believe. Let us hope for the best.

The evening hour is here and this letter must go. I beg you to write me often; also you, dear Mama, if you have a desire to do so and find it not too tiring. I long for you greatly and I hope our meeting is not far off. Greet all relatives and friends.

I am sending you herewith a picture of myself. It is pretty good.

To Theodore Petrasch

BETHLEHEM, September 7, 1864

At last I have received your letter, but how and when! I was not in New York where you directed your

letter; it was forwarded to this place, where I have enjoyed several weeks with my family. When it came I had just gone away to visit a friend near Philadelphia. After a short rest in Bethlehem the letter was forwarded again, but when it arrived I was gone. Now at last the unlucky wanderer lies before me and looks at me reproachfully.

Of course it is now too late to find something for your sister to do; she must already have been with you for some time. I am terribly sorry not to have known in time about her expected arrival. For, although I was not in New York myself, I might have been serviceable to her through friends. I hope everything came out fortunately. I write today only to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, to tell you why it was impossible to fulfill your wish in regard to your sister, and to wish you happiness from my heart—from my whole heart—in the arrival of your little daughter. Your letter contains so much I should like to answer, that I cannot undertake it tonight and must put you off with promises for a few days. I have worked this entire day and feel somewhat stupid. I have to play with the children a little to freshen up. But you shall soon receive a fitting, a human, letter.

My wife and the children, all of whom think of you with the warmest friendship, desire to greet you—and this in the most heartfelt manner. And I not less—that goes without saying.

To Theodore Petrasch

BETHLEHEM, October 12, 1864

You have reason for dissatisfaction with me. Letters such as these and from a friend such as you are

deserved an answer long ago. And so I have been somewhat conscience-stricken on account of the delay. But at bottom I feel that I am not so greatly at fault. In the last five weeks I was overwhelmed with the most pressing business; my wife and my children complain that my presence is only a half-way affair, and since they finally had to be content I know you will not be less just. You know how it is with letter-writing if one does not want to put a friend off with a few words and still has no leisure to express himself properly. Now at last I have found a little resting place and it belongs to you.

The account of your family happiness has enabled us, my wife and me, to relive old times again and to enjoy the present doubly. I understand your happiness fully because I know it personally from experience and meet it daily at my own family hearth. Therefore, we rejoice doubly with you. I speak always of us, for your letters belong to my entire family. I have of course learned to see and to prize the family haven in another light—as an always sure and peaceful haven in time of storm. There is nothing in heaven or on earth that exceeds the feeling of peace and of loving understanding in the midst of the home circle. I see in your letter a suggestion of the question how one can desert such a haven for the struggle of the elements. Like many a seafarer I have often asked myself this question—but one does it. That is life—fate, I had almost said, if it did not sound too superstitious. One must not spurn the demands which life makes. We owe to those who have them not, that we use the abilities we possess. If the fulfillment of this duty demands sacrifices, we must make them. That is a matter of inner responsibility

which can be felt better than described. I had hoped to be able to visit you in the course of the fall, and your letters have sharpened that desire.

What you say to me about the letter I wrote to you in Europe is all shouted into the wind. Do not try to talk me out of the feeling about the nature and effect of our relationships in the beautiful days of our youth. I myself know best what you were to me then and how everything hung together, and I cannot permit the recollection of it to be weakened. I know too that at bottom it is the same with you. It was a precious time of budding and blooming.

Now I shall have to schoolmaster you a bit. I cannot share your opinion about what I ought to do or not do in the present crisis. You certainly would not have judged in this manner had you participated in the great battle which lies behind us. Perhaps you were surprised when I came out publicly for the present administration. I believe, however, that a few words on my view of things will make the matter clear to you. Every crisis in human affairs has its main question to which all side issues must unconditionally subordinate themselves. We are engaged in a war in which the existence of the nation—and that means everything—is involved. A party has arisen in the country which threatens to throw away all the results of the war, and this at a moment when by a firm adherence to the present policy the outcome can hardly be doubtful. The government has unquestionably committed great errors; the individuals who direct the affairs of the country are doubtless not ideal statesmen, although not nearly so undistinguished as people would like to represent them; but all this is incidental. The main thing is that the

policy of the government moves in the right direction—that is to say, the slaveholder will be overthrown and slavery abolished. Whether it [the government] moves in that direction prudently or imprudently, slowly or rapidly, is a matter of indifference as against the question of whether a policy should be adopted which would move in another, an opposite and destructive, direction.

Under such conditions my choice was easily made; it was not doubtful for a moment. If Fremont and McClellan had been my bosom friends and the members of the present government my mortal enemies, I would have come out for the latter without hesitation. The counter arguments of a personal character which you advance, such as base criticism, etc., could not enter into the scale. If we want to accomplish something important we must not let petty things disturb us. I have long been beyond such things. People may say of me what they please. I do not expect thanks, nor even recognition. After all the only genuine compensation one has is in himself. The satisfaction which I desire I have every day, today just as much as formerly. It consists in this, that the ideas put forward in my own way are repeated by a multitude of other people in their way, and thus spread. Whether or not my patent right is respected is a matter quite indifferent to me. The real purpose of the propaganda of ideas is better attained if the origin of the ideas is forgotten. I have seen and experienced many things of this sort which give me the profoundest satisfaction. The signs of the time at this moment are exceedingly favorable. The reëlection of the President is almost beyond question—it could be prevented only if a tremendous reverse should occur upon the theatre of war, and this is not to be expected.

The outcome of the election will mean the end of the war, and we shall be past the worst.

I am sending you one of my speeches issued by the Congressional Committee, in which you, if you will take the pains to read it, will find my views about the present state and the real object of this whole struggle more clearly expounded than I could give them to you in a short letter.

On two other points I should like to clear your mind. Your opinion of the President is too deprecatory. He is indeed a man without higher education and his manners harmonize little with the European conception of the dignity of a ruler. He is an overgrown nature-child and does not understand artifices of speech and attitude. But he is a man of profound feeling, just and firm principles, and incorruptible integrity. One can always rely upon his motives, and the characteristic gift of this people, a sound common sense, is developed in him to a marvelous degree. If you should sometime find opportunity to read his official papers and his political letters you would find this demonstrated in a manner which would surprise you. I know the man from personal observation as well as anyone and better than most. I am quite familiar with the motives of his policies. I have seen him fight his way heroically through many a terrible battle and work his way with true-hearted strength through many a desperate situation. I have often criticized him severely and subsequently have not infrequently found that he was right. I also understand his weaknesses; they are the weaknesses of a good man. That he has made great mistakes in the endless complications of his office connot be denied but can easily be explained. Other men in the same situation would

perhaps not have made the same mistakes, but they would have made others. Lincoln's personality, however, has in this crisis a quite peculiar significance. Free from the aspirations of genius, he will never become dangerous to a free commonwealth. He is the people personified; that is the secret of his popularity. His government is the most representative that has ever existed in world history. I will make a prophecy which may perhaps sound strange at this moment. In fifty years, perhaps much sooner, Lincoln's name will stand written upon the honor roll of the American Republic next to that of Washington, and there it will remain for all time. The children of those who now disparage him will bless him.

Another point about which I want to clear your mind is this: You believe that this government has treated me with great want of consideration. The matter stands thus: I had a particularly profound difference with my commander, General Hooker, who is a man devoid of sound principles but a good soldier; who in addition has a talent for setting his achievements before the world in the most favorable light. Because of an injustice he attempted toward me I demanded an investigation, from which I got off very well and he very badly. The natural result, however, was that for my own security I had to give up my command under him. Unfortunately, just at that time the reorganization of the western army was completed and the campaign ready to begin, so that Sherman was not able to fulfill his promise to give me a new command immediately. I decided then, voluntarily, during my wait in Nashville, to take over a training camp in order not to be idle. The government had absolutely nothing to do

with it. When I finally requested permission to report myself in Washington, a command was immediately placed at my disposal which was much more important than my former command. There were two reasons which induced me to decline it temporarily: First, the health of my wife made it desirable that I should spend some time with my family; second, the political situation was such that I would be able to accomplish more here than elsewhere. Accordingly I am where I am with my own consent.

It is not strange that these matters should have been otherwise represented in this or that German paper. One must pay no attention to these things. It never occurs to me openly to deny such statements. Besides, if I really had had grounds to complain, that would not have altered my course. In times like the present we are concerned with weightier matters than the interests or sensibilities of individuals. He who cannot rise above them must shrivel to the point of "selling his cheese." I feel so exalted by the great and hopeful change things have assumed that I should be able to make much greater sacrifices than those which fate has required of me. This is a great people and the present is this great people's time of greatest trial. We are in the melting pot; the metal flows beautifully while the dross hardens. We shall have a mighty future. But let me not enter upon this chapter. I know that you do not yet value America according to its true worth. You have not yet worked your way through the hard, thorny crust, and what I could say to you must be discovered itself in order to be correctly understood. Here one sees humanity as it is, with all its apparent faults and all its hidden virtues. One must not allow the former to

frighten him away from the effort to understand the latter. Then only will one find oneself.

You can imagine that I have enjoyed this reunion with my family even though many a day was clouded by the illness of my wife. . . .

What you write me about your external affairs is not so good as I could have wished for you. Write me about two points: first, how you are getting along with the English language; and second, how long your present position is to continue. I will then send you a letter to Senator Sumner, who will gladly oblige me and who can use his influence during his frequent visits to Washington.

Adieu for today. It is late; I have worked the entire day, and my wife asks me, begs me, urges me, orders me, to go to bed. We both send our hearty greeting to you and all your loved ones. Your sister will doubtless remember your long, lanky friend.

To Theodore Petrasch

BETHLEHEM, November 9, 1864

At last I am by myself again. Your letter had to wait upon me here while I was engaged in a journey to Illinois and Wisconsin, during which I saw my aged parents again and found them in the best of health. Since, as is well known, it is good to rest after labors are ended, the unwonted luxury of rest tastes exceedingly good to me. To be sure, it will not last long.

First now, your personal affairs. The news contained in your letter respecting an insurance agency pleased me greatly because it shows me that you are getting around among people. To give you wholly re-

liable advice in regard to the acceptance of the agency would be difficult for me because I do not know the Insurance Society of Maine; still, I know from what I have learned, that such undertakings almost all go well. The one to which I belong enjoys, as I recently saw in Milwaukee, a very great prosperity. The chances, accordingly, are that the business will go. Of course you must secure data which will confirm this to a certain extent. One thing should be considered: The German element, to which your activities would be limited, is not very numerous in Massachusetts and it would therefore be very desirable if your territory could be enlarged to include the other New England states, particularly Connecticut, where there are more Germans. If reasonably favorable arrangements in this respect can be made, I surely believe the position will be quite a profitable one. The letter of recommendation from Mr. Wilson I send you herewith enclosed. I do not remember his uncle at all, but it is of course possible that we met at some time in the Mutual Insurance office in Milwaukee. As to the other letters of recommendation, they are of course all at your service. The question is merely this: Have you perhaps in view certain definite persons to whom I could give you letters of recommendation, or should I not rather give you a general letter of introduction which would serve you with all men with whom I am acquainted? In using the latter—and such an one would probably be of most service to you—you would merely have to be careful to determine in each individual case whether a given person is one whom a recommendation from me would impress; for you will find that the political party spirit plays into all possible situations. Since you are not in a hurry for these recom-

mendations, you can doubtless let me know which sort of letter would be most agreeable to you. One warning permit me to repeat. Lose no opportunity to advance your mastery of the English language.

The tones of your beautiful home life which all of your letters waft to me make me very happy for you. My family horizon is not quite so clear. My wife has suffered a good deal in recent weeks and I fear there will be no permanent improvement until what is usually called a family increase shall have brought our anxieties and cares to a fortunate termination. I hope to be able to give you better news in some four or five weeks. The assurances which our doctor gives me are such as bode no evil. Both of my children are prospering splendidly.

You doubtless wonder why I have as yet said no word about the presidential election. Only last night, toward three o'clock, when we saw the streets lighted by torches and heard loud hurrahing, my wife scolded me for not being sufficiently eager to get up and learn what victory was being celebrated. I was so certain that the American nation would not abandon itself, that the election victory surprised me no more than the rising sun in the east. Since you have read my Philadelphia speech you know my views on the subject. I would gladly have sent you a copy of my Brooklyn speech but I have no more. I am thinking of utilizing my present leisure to prepare for the press an edition of the best speeches I have made in the last six years. Now farewell. I must be brief today, for my three weeks of wholly neglected correspondence lies mountain-high before me. With heartiest greetings from us all to you all.

To Theodore Petrasch

BETHLEHEM, December 31, 1864

In haste I must announce to you that yesterday afternoon my wife was delivered of a very precious offspring of the female sex.[62] Everything went well; my wife is as well as can be expected under the circumstances. We had a very bad time in advance. My wife was ill much of the time and could hardly walk during the last few weeks. Naturally I was bound to the house, and filled up my lonely leisure by assembling the best of my speeches and preparing them for publication in a volume which will appear in three or four weeks. The new arrival gives us just as much joy as if it were the first child. The entire family floats in happiness.

Why have you not written me for so long? I have been uneasy about it. Write me soon. I am anxious to hear from you. Greet your dear wife and your sister heartily from us and accept our best wishes for the new year.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, February 1, 1865

I cannot get away yet. Grant has been in North Carolina. We hope for his return. You can imagine I am perishing with impatience and weariness. Yesterday morning I had a long conversation with Lincoln and Stanton. Both were very friendly, particularly the former, as cordial as ever; but as was to be expected, I was given hopes that Grant would come and decide the matter. . . . Yesterday I was in Congress when the

[62] Emma Savannah, who died in 1867.

amendment to the Constitution was passed which abolishes slavery. The scene that followed the announcement of the result of the vote was worthy of the great event. The galleries were crowded and even the floor of the House was filled with spectators. All arose as at a word of command. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men threw their hats into the air, they embraced, they shook hands, and ten minutes passed before the hurrahing and the enthusiastic racket ceased. The House immediately adjourned and the news of the event spread through the city. Meanwhile cannon were brought out to greet with their thunder this great step on freedom's path. It is worth while to live in these days. I must confess to you that in the moment when the enthusiasm broke forth in the House I did not join in the shouting. I believe I should have been unable to speak. In such moments one feels that he has his reward for laboring in the interest of great ideas even though in other respects one has ever so much to quarrel about with his fate. . . .

To His Wife

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, WASHINGTON
February 24, 1865

I arrived here safely last night and reported to General Hancock, who received me with great cordiality. We immediately entered on a long conversation about our business concerns, in which it was disclosed that matters relating to the Veteran Corps were less favorable than had been expected a short time ago. The War Department has not yet done away with certain embarrassing regulations; and although the recruits are com-

ing in in growing numbers, the business is still going so slowly that the completion of the Army Corps before the opening of the spring campaign is improbable and indeed impossible, unless uncommonly effective measures are taken leading to unexpected results. As things now stand, it is probable, unless such a favorable change takes place, that Hancock will give up the new organization in a few weeks and request permission to go back to the command of the Second Corps. I shall, nevertheless, make a journey to the West to see what can be done there. If the recruiting is effective beyond expectation, well and good; if not, then according to General Grant's promise I shall receive another command. . . .

Today came the news of the capture of Wilmington, which, as you may suppose, caused great jubilation. All signs indicate that the rebellion is hurrying to its close, and even the most skeptical and pessimistic are now forced to this decision.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, February 27, 1865

. . . However the thing may go, whether or not the corps shall be completed, I have Grant's promise of a command and he will not disappoint me. Meantime I am doing my duty working for the corps as best I can. Yesterday I wrote to Grant and we shall by and by get the thing settled. . . . According to present prospects I shall get away tomorrow. Please be so good as to put all my campaign things in order so that I may find them packed ready to take along.

To His Wife

INDIANAPOLIS, March 4, 1865

My business affairs naturally take up my entire time. The original plan of organization was so completely broken down that we have nearly all the work to do over and have to struggle against many difficulties. But when the matter is taken hold of with a measure of wisdom, it goes. I have already had pretty good success in my operations. My recruiting officers have just arrived and I must hasten to close.

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, March 14, 1865

I arrived here yesterday afternoon and to my great distress found that the recruiting officer whom I most especially needed to see, who had come here in response to the dispatch which had been sent from Washington and was afterward countermanded, had gone away. I telegraphed him again last Friday from Springfield but do not know whether the dispatch reached him. Yesterday we had a heavy snowstorm which disorganized the telegraph lines so that I am without the means of prompt communication; so yesterday and today I have been running around doing what I could, and have decided to go to Madison tonight in order to see if my man can be found there. If I do not find him there and if I cannot reach him by telegraph (the rascal lives in Mineral Point) I do not know what I shall do. . . . I cannot wait, for my appointments in Michigan are due. What to do? I think I shall place myself under the guidance of the higher powers. If I find things in any

degree satisfactory at Madison I shall go forward in God's name. . . .

To Theodore Petrasch

BETHLEHEM, March 22, 1865

Rightly considered, you are a very bad fellow to let me wait so long for word from you! It was as if the earth had swallowed you up, and I have often discussed with my wife the question if it would not be best to write to the police authorities of Boston to find out what had become of you. On whatever theory we tried to explain your silence, no hypothesis fitted the case and finally we had to content ourselves with the thought that letters must have been lost in a peculiar way. You see what you have done. Now mark this: A half-dozen letters, each of six lines, within a single month would satisfy me better than one stately, voluminous epistle every six months; although I also know how to appreciate the latter—that is, the epistle. Now, let me beg of you, no further testing of our patience. I had to read you a little lecture. Your conscience will do the rest.

Greatly as the receipt of your letter pleased me, I would not have answered so promptly except for a special circumstance. Your letter just happened to find me here. I am attached to Hancock's Veteran Corps and was in the West three weeks to set the machinery of recruiting in motion again. I returned last night, and day after tomorrow shall have to go back to Washington, where I shall probably remain a short time. If the chances of the early completion of the Veteran Corps are favorable I shall remain with it; if not, I shall go to the army in a short time to take another command.

This, at least, is my arrangement with General Grant. So, if your business calls you to Baltimore, a side trip to Bethlehem will be futile. Rather, you will probably be able to find me in Washington at the Metropolitan Hotel if you do not postpone your journey too long. If you are going to Baltimore to get clients for the insurance company, it would be a good thing to extend your operations to Washington even though I were not there. I will not tell you today how greatly it would please me to see you again, since your long silence deserves to be answered with conformable silence about such things.

My family is well; the youngest is a heavenly creature, and whatever famous things you may say about your own child I feel quite in the right when I give myself the illusion that there can be no more ravishing creature in the world than my war child. That will be understood, and my wife agrees with me on this point. Of course you are not prohibited from having the same opinion of your own offspring.

In your letter you say many nice things about the excellence of my wife, but you must not nurse the illusion that with such a wise "captatio benevolentiae" you can always disarm a righteous wrath. Had my wife been more indifferent to you, she would also have thought more leniently about your long silence. You have much to make good and we hope you will take the matter to heart. We forgive such sins somewhat more easily because we also cannot say, with a good conscience, "We thank thee, O Lord, that we are not as that man."

I had reached this point when a letter from Grant arrived which makes it probable that I shall have to go

to Sherman's army soon after my arrival in Washington. I have, therefore, deferred my departure from here until next Monday. Meantime, I shall make ready my field luggage. Let us rejoice that the war is now hurrying with giant strides to its end—an end which will stand as one of the greatest events of world history. Then, looking back over the great achievement of the war years, we shall enjoy life with greater comfort.

Greet your family heartily for us. We rejoice in your happiness. . . . Letters will reach me care of the War Department, Washington.

To Henry Meyer

BETHLEHEM, March 25, 1865

At last I come to answer your dear letter in quiet. It had but just arrived when I was called to Washington and given charge of the volunteer Veteran Corps then in progress of organization. Since the corps was only at its beginnings I was obliged to visit the various recruiting stations in the western states to give the cause more vitality. I have just returned and have stolen a few days to spend with my family. On the twenty-eighth—that is, in three days—I go back to Washington. Since this corps, which is to be made up of selected men, assembles slowly while the army otherwise fills up rapidly, it is probable that I shall return to my old command under Sherman. At least a letter from General Grant presents this choice to me.

You have no doubt followed with interest the course of events upon this continent. We have never before enjoyed so uninterrupted a series of brilliant successes. The glorious campaign of Sherman in Georgia and in

the Carolinas; the capture of the seaports Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington; the destruction of the great railway communications of the South have, so to speak, sapped the veins of the Confederacy. What I told you in earlier letters about the complete draining of that region in men and material has all come true. I believe the total strength of the rebels at this moment does not exceed 150,000 effectives, of which, in the most favorable situation, at most 120,000—probably not more than 100,000—could be concentrated. Against this number we have under Grant in front of Richmond and Petersburg some 100,000; under Sherman directly, including the cavalry, 75,000; under Scofield, who is merely in communication with Sherman, 40,000; under Sheridan, 25,000. All these are working together upon the great eastern field of operations. In addition we have under Thomas in Tennessee and Georgia at least 50,000, and under Canby on the Mississippi some 40,000 men. Besides, there are garrisons which lie distributed at various points. These are all old troops. The levy of this year, which is going ahead satisfactorily everywhere, will have given us before the first of May at least 250,000 fresh troops, which are already for the most part designated to the armies in the East and the West. This colossus of at least 550,000 men will in the spring hurl itself upon the remains of the Confederate army in the East and West and, unless miracles happen in favor of the South, the war must be concluded toward midsummer.

I remember, to be sure, that Lee, with his main army, has the advantage of a central position and, if he can make up his mind to give up Richmond, may win from us petty, temporary advantages. For instance, he could

hurl himself against Sherman with all his troops, although it would seem to be almost too late for that since the latter, after his union with Schofield, would have a force sufficient to parry all dangerous blows. But Lee might move north again and make an attack upon the free states which would perhaps be successful until our armies could reach him. But, even in the most favorable circumstances, this would only postpone for a brief time the inevitable end. The losses which he suffers in battle cannot be made good, for the fantastic plan of arming negroes, even if it were practical for the South, would now be too late. The negroes need months of training and discipline to make them fighting soldiers. Lee's resources are accordingly at an end. A victory would but add to his difficulties while our means still spring abundantly out of the earth. The London *Times* recently defined the situation beautifully when it said: "The South is already exhausted and the North is not yet even weary."

Accordingly we see the end before us. It is possible that there may still be a couple of battles. It is also possible that the business will come to an end in great measure without further fighting. The leaders of the rebellion feel their weakness; that is manifested in everything. It would therefore not surprise me if one day Lee should be made dictator for the purpose of concluding a capitulation; or, in the most extreme case, if he should retire from the chief command, whereupon of course the whole machine would collapse. Perhaps they may also wage a final despairing fight, and then it will depend upon their troops whether anything can be accomplished. The outcome in any event is no longer doubtful, and the developments have been such that for

this great revolution results are guaranteed which the most sanguine could not have painted more brilliantly. It is truly the rebirth of the republic on a basis of full freedom and a vastly augmented power.

In financial matters also things look more favorable now. At the beginning of the war our financial arrangements were of course hazardous enough, and we could have saved hundreds of millions had we at that time recognized the nature of the struggle and prepared accordingly. But, assume that we emerge from the war with a national debt of three billion dollars; assume that the interest rate for the consolidated debt is fixed at six per cent, we shall then have to pay one hundred and eighty million dollars interest. The internal revenue in the next fiscal year will yield four hundred million dollars. Our peace time budget will hardly exceed one hundred and twenty millions, so that a hundred millions will remain over as an amortization fund. The taxes are indeed heavy but not out of proportion to the productive ability of the country. But it must not be forgotten that the taxes at present are paid from only a part of the country, namely, the North. As soon as the South comes back the tax burden will be spread over a much greater population and the pressure will thus be lightened. With the taxability of this country a public debt of three or four billion dollars is not excessive. Therefore, quietly buy United States bonds over yonder. It is my firm conviction that for capitalists there is no safer investment. The new popular loan here, the so-called seven-thirtys, the interest of which is to be paid in currency and not in gold, goes forward rapidly. Confidence is indestructible, and quite rightly so. Gold fell in the last four weeks to about sixty per

cent, and the farsighted policy of the new secretary of the treasury will undoubtedly soon restore us to a specie basis. We could carry on another war without seriously affecting the material resources of the country. Had the Europeans understood the situation they would have sold all our gold interest-bearing paper. The best chances are of course past, but great sums are still to be made. Perhaps you have opportunity here and there to get something about America into the press. To that end you may use the notes I have given you, of course without naming me.

With the close of the war there will come a great change in our own living conditions. It goes without saying that the uniform will then be taken off, the sword hung upon the wall; and as this period is approaching, we have spent many an hour in considering it. Our immediate plan is for Margarethe to go to Europe this summer, principally on account of the education of the children. . . . Little Emmy is the most heavenly creature ever born. She is a genuine ray of sunshine. . . . If Margarethe goes to Europe I shall come over to fetch her as soon as I can get away. But about these matters pertaining to the future it is not yet possible to speak with certainty.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, March 28, 1865

To my great regret, I did not find General Hancock here. He is in Winchester and thither I shall go in the morning to report to him. But I have found out here that the prospects for the corps look very dubious. The recruiting has gone very badly in the East. Of course,

I cannot know what further arrangements can be made until I have seen Hancock.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1865

. . . Day before yesterday I went to Hancock at Winchester. He received me with great friendliness and said it would please him greatly to have me remain with his command. He would also gladly assign to me all the troops which were organized under my auspices, but he believed that the completion of that organization would take a good while yet. Under these circumstances it was recognized as the wisest course for me to go to see Grant at City Point in order to discuss the matter with him. Grant's friendly letter really left me no choice in the matter. From him I can ascertain what they plan to do for the Hancock organization. If they intend to support it properly I will remain with Hancock; if not, it would be foolish to stay with him longer. I will therefore do what Grant suggests. I go to City Point tonight, returning probably not before Monday. In City Point I shall also find President Lincoln, who, it seems, is expecting peace offers from the rebels. Now I can tell you, from all that I have ascertained and observed in military circles, that the end of the war is approaching almost with mathematical certainty. Lee, with his army, cannot last four—certainly not six—weeks more; the surrender of Richmond is expected from day to day; perhaps arrangements for peace are already in process. It is becoming more and more probable that the enemy will not fight another great battle.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, Sunday, April 2, 1865

I have just come back from City Point. I did not find General Grant; he had gone to the front two days before my arrival. But I found my orders ready. The adjutant general, whom he left behind, told me that Grant had discussed with Sherman the new army organization of Sherman's forces and he believed that the orders for me were made in accordance with the results of that discussion. I must therefore report to Sherman. To try to make new arrangements at this time would be impossible; it would look as if I were disposed to play with them—that will not do. I therefore have no choice, particularly since Grant unquestionably had the best intentions in what he did for me. And properly considered, he could not have given me greater satisfaction than to send me back to the command from which Hooker separated me. . . . Reports about Grant, which you doubtless already know, are very favorable. Probably the decisive stroke is being dealt while I write this to you. The end is certainly at hand, and when the great war is over I will assuredly take the first favorable opportunity to leave the service and come back to you forever. It will not be much longer now. . . .

I saw Lincoln for a few moments at City Point. He was very hopeful and evidently awaited the hour when the proposals of surrender should occur over yonder [at Richmond]. I came hither from City Point on the same boat with Mrs. Lincoln. The first lady was overwhelmingly charming to me; she chided me for not visiting her, overpowered me with invitations, and finally had me driven to my hotel in her own state carriage. I

learned more state secrets in a few hours than I could otherwise in a year. I wish I could tell them to you. She is an astounding person. Lincoln himself will remain some days longer at City Point, probably with the secret hope of receiving there the capitulation of Richmond, which indeed may come in a very few days. . . .

To His Wife

Monday, April 3, 1865

The news has just come that Richmond is ours. I told you before that things would wind up quickly, but it goes faster than I expected. Lee cannot have saved many of his army. Probably he went to Danville to unite with Johnston. He was foolish not to capitulate; it would have been more respectable.

I have just now received news that I may be able to get away today. Good; perhaps I shall be in at the last scene of the last act. But you certainly can now feel that you need no longer worry. There will naturally be very little more fighting. The whole thing will consist of marching and occupation. Then politics will come into its own once more. . . .

To His Wife

Goldsborough [North Carolina]
April 7, 1865

At last I can sit down quietly and tell you where I am and what I have experienced. I left Washington a few hours after the glorious news from Richmond. Washington was, of course, in the wildest excitement

when I left. On the morning of the fourth, toward eight o'clock, we were in Fortress Monroe. From there we went to Norfolk and then, by a small steamboat, through canal and sound to Roanoke Island. The journey led through desolate, wild, swampy regions—a corner of the Great Dismal Swamp, which deserves its name from every point of view—morasses with rank vegetation in which no human creature can live. The night of the fourth and fifth we spent in a little tavern not far from Currituck Sound, which you can find on the map, and on the morning of the fifth another steamboat received us and carried us to Roanoke Island, where we arrived toward noon and remained until six o'clock in the evening. I utilized my free time to visit one of the negro settlements established on this island. The negroes have built themselves little wooden huts. Every family has enclosed its own little garden and in that way those who are able to work gain their own support, while the government supports those who are too old or are otherwise unable to work. There are many thoroughly industrious people among them who, by sensible and persistent activity, make much more than they require.

I saw there a picture I shall not easily forget. Just as we were getting ready to go to Newbern, I saw approaching a little procession of negro women and girls, singing loudly. At their head was a white woman somewhat beyond the years of youth. As the group neared the vessel a leave-taking scene of extraordinary cordiality occurred. I then heard that the white lady was a school teacher, naturally "from Massachusetts," who had just received orders from the missionary society to go to a different post. It was a moving scene, this

demonstration of love and attachment on the part of those simple natures for the person who had led them within the portals of civilization; and this young woman behaved like a great loving mother who was parting from her children. On shipboard I was introduced to the young woman, who could not tell me enough of the eagerness to learn and the loyal devotion of these black children of nature; and also of the difficulties and dangers which beset the women teachers. These are truly missionaries, and indeed greater ones than many about whom history tells wonderful and famous things.

Yesterday morning at six o'clock I reached Newbern. The news of the capture of Richmond was not yet known here and I had the satisfaction of being the first to telegraph it to Sherman. Immediately after my arrival in Newbern I found several of my old officers who received me with great rejoicing. I came hither by rail at one o'clock in the afternoon. Sherman received me very cordially and I found many of my old friends. The day was passed in excitement over the good news and concluded with various festivities. Today the business of my command was taken in hand. But am I not an unlucky wight? Three days ago a new corps commander was appointed, a Major General Mower. They had given up looking for me because I stayed away so long. Now I shall have to be satisfied with a division. I hope the matter will be settled today. . . .

To His Wife

GOLDSBOROUGH, April 9, 1865

Since writing to you the reports have been more and more favorable. It looks as if it would not be possible

for Lee to form a respectable concentration. The business will hardly end in a capitulation, but probably in the dissolution of the southern army. In accordance with these reports Sherman has modified his plan. He will march from here to Raleigh, after which circumstances will determine his course. Probably local commands will then be formed and the armies employed for occupation. It is said indeed that Johnston is still between here and Raleigh with some effective forces, but it hardly seems possible to me; there is nothing he can do here. I do not believe that this army will need to fire another cannon shot. It would be madness for the rebels to seek another engagement. I have received an order to report to Slocum, which I have done. Since the allotment of one division makes necessary the deposition of one of the present division commanders, who in the present situation can be spared (particularly since the army in all probability will no longer have to fight), I have not insisted upon it [the division command] but have declared myself willing to march to Raleigh with the headquarters of the army of Georgia and then later, as soon as the local commands shall have been formed, to take one of them. I will hold this command a short time and then leave the service. Perhaps in any event a large portion of the army can be discharged within a short time.

Yesterday I called on the general of the Twentieth Corps and, as I rode through the camp of my old regiment, I was received with loud cheers and much handshaking. On the whole, however, the impressions I have received in this army are of a depressing nature. The wild manner of carrying on war which Sherman intro-

duced must necessarily have produced an extremely demoralizing effect upon the troops. . . .

To His Wife

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF GEORGIA, RALEIGH
April 14, 1865

We arrived at the capital of North Carolina yesterday morning. Since the beginning of our march from Goldsborough the previous Monday we continually had enemy cavalry in our front, which made a stand here and there and retreated as soon as our skirmishers fired upon them. So the march had the aspect of a continual progress in the immediate presence of the enemy. We moved constantly over bad roads, through swamps and dense thickets. On the eleventh we came to a small place called Smithfield on the river Neuse. Johnston's army had camped in the neighborhood and several days before had held a great review there. It was at that point that the report of Lee's capitulation reached us. The rejoicing of the soldiers was tremendous. We naturally supposed that Johnston's capitulation would follow on the twelfth; instead we again heard the accustomed skirmish fire in our front as we moved in the direction of Raleigh. In the evening, however, as we bivouaced at Sully's Station, fourteen miles from Raleigh, the whistle of a locomotive suddenly surprised us and soon there appeared a small railway train under the white flag. This did not, indeed, signify the capitulation of Johnston, but it brought us, through a deputation, the surrender of Raleigh. Accordingly, yesterday morning about nine o'clock we entered the city after a march of fourteen miles. Kilpatrick's cavalry preceded us by

a couple of hours and had already taken possession of the city. It is a beautiful little place of not more than seven thousand inhabitants. The fears of the people, who had heard so much of robbery and arson, were soon quieted. They became trustful, and before night the inhabitants came out with great praise of the exemplary order observed by the soldiers.

But I have not yet told you who and what I am: I am chief of staff and second in command of the Army of Georgia, which consists of the Twentieth and Fourteenth corps and is commanded by Slocum. Slocum has conceived a great partiality for me and so this position suits me very well; much better than a division command would have suited me. The staff consists of very pleasant officers, and I have no one over me except the army commander himself.

As to the immediate future, it is probable that Johnston will follow the example of Lee. Some of his generals had already expressed themselves in the matter before they left Raleigh. In the event he shall not capitulate within the next few days, the army will occupy those points at which he must cross the streams if he attempts to proceed southward. By very rapid movements he might perhaps slip past us, but I do not think it probable since he must realize the total uselessness of a further continuance of the war. According to all reports that we receive here, his army is hardly twenty-five thousand strong and in a miserable condition in every respect. . . . In any case it will not be many days before the complete dissolution of the last rebel army occurs, and as soon as that takes place your husband will immediately send in his resignation to the Secretary of War, and as soon as the acceptance comes will make his

way to his wife and children. Then all dreams of campaigns and battles will forever be past and I shall pillow my head upon the bosom of my family.

While I am writing this, brigade after brigade is marching past my headquarters. As far as eye can reach is a sea of bayonets. This morning the Fifteenth Army Corps arrived and defiled before Sherman, who stood in front of the state capitol. There were several generals with him, among them myself, to participate in the review. The citizens of Raleigh, who appeared in large numbers in front of the capitol, observed the spectacle with curious glances. The troops looked splendid and the corps seemed endless. Near me were standing a gentleman and a beautiful young lady. When the troops had already been defiling for a couple of hours, and more and more came on, I noticed that the young lady held her handkerchief before her eyes. A staff officer who stood beside the pair told me later that she tearfully spoke the words: "It is all over with us; I see now, it is all over. A few days ago I saw General Johnston's army, ragged and starved; now when I look at these strong, healthy men and see them coming and coming—it is all over with us!". . .

That represents the universal feeling among the rebels here. Of course the numerous Union men one finds in North Carolina are in ecstasies. I have seen old, snow-white men take off their hats to the troops and hold them in their hands until the columns had moved past.

I am very well. The weather is wonderfully beautiful, and we are environed by the glory of the southern springtime. The trees are already in full bloom and the gardens are gay with flowers. Do you know the

beautiful song "Now all, all must change" [*Jetzt muss sich alles, alles wenden*]? This is my mood. For when I see anything that pleases me I always think the best is that the war is coming to an end and I may go to my home. . . .

Mrs. Schurz to Her Husband[63]

BETHLEHEM, April 21, 1865

Now you know all and I see you sitting still and alone, thinking, thinking, thinking. All that Lincoln ever said to you, the little differences which you and he had, and the great hours; everything goes through your mind now and makes you alternately glad and sorrowful. Now he is laid away, and yesterday all the people of our little city went in a long procession to the cemetery, where we heard a beautiful speech by Dr. F., and then to the church, where there was splendid music. It was my first long walk; I went with the children. We were all dressed in black and it seemed to me as if I were following the corpse of a faithful old father. I wept to my heart's content, and Dr. F.'s address was extremely moving to all. All is quiet again, and in my soul a raging, piercing sorrow has been quieted and I say to myself: "He could not have died more happily than now; without pain, in sight of his victories, to fall like a hero!" And what you have always said is true; that, after Washington, he is our greatest president and the greatest emancipator. How happy I am that you served him so loyally! . . .

[63] Cf. Schurz's letter of April 18 to his wife. *Speeches*, etc., i, 252ff.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1865

I have just come in and hasten to give you notice of the fact before the mail closes. I shall report to Grant today and probably resign my commission tomorrow. It will probably be a couple of days before everything is arranged. Naturally in view of the great changes which have taken place I must also look about me a little in the political world. Now for an early, happy reunion!

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, May 4, 1865

Bad luck would have it that Grant had gone to Philadelphia, wherefore my resignation could not be carried through the proper tribunals. . . .

I am now impatient to withdraw from soldiering and begin a regulated activity in which there is a future. That we shall arrange for together, with pleasure. I have seen Andie Johnson. He invited me to a long consultation in which I was to lay before him my views on the present situation and the policy to be pursued. So far he seems all right; there are no longer any traces of bad habits, and the hints he gives in regard to policy permit us to hope from him on the whole an energetic and at the same time discreet use of his executive powers.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1865

I had paper on the table and was about to sit down comfortably when General Slocum arrived with his

staff, thus for several hours making it impossible to think of writing. Yesterday I had an interview with the President concerning the Davis case, and he appeared to take up with much satisfaction the idea that I should participate in it. But inasmuch as other things relating to this matter are still all in the dark, particularly as it is not yet known whether the case will be tried here or in Richmond, I have naturally been unable to reach a decision as yet.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, May 21, 1865

My relations with the President [Andrew Johnson] are improving steadily. I saw him yesterday in order to talk over the business of Texas and Mexico and to impart to him my fear that an understanding existed between the rebel leader Kirby Smith and the Emperor of Mexico. Such an understanding, in its consequences, might involve us in difficulties not alone with Mexico but also with France. I therefore suggested to him to cause immediate steps to be taken by our minister in Paris which might lead to the clarification and strengthening of our relations with France in certain eventualities. He answered me with the request that I should go over to the State Department and say to Mr. Hunter, who is momentarily in Seward's place, what I thought of the posture of affairs and what he ought to write to our minister in Paris concerning it. I replied that I should hesitate to do this, that it was Seward's department and I did not like to climb over Seward's fences. He had better give his direct orders in the mat-

ter, since he alone could give instructions to his secretary of state. He laughed and said I was right, but he would do what I had advised. This incident shows that I am in a good way to acquire here a personal influence which, in certain contingencies, may prove of great significance. . . .

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, Friday noon, May 26, 1865

Only a few words, as I shall probably leave at the same time that this letter goes—at least possibly. This morning I had a long conversation with the President about the entire situation. He seemed uncertain and perplexed. I offered several suggestions which to all appearances made an impression upon him. At the end of the conversation he asked me (since I had told him I wanted to leave today) whether I would return at once if he should telegraph me. I said I would, and he answered he would require my presence again next week. So we parted. Afterwards it occurred to me that if he wanted me back at the beginning of next week I might just as well stay here. I wrote him as much, with the request that he let me know something definite before five o'clock this afternoon. I am now awaiting his answer.

To Henry Meyer

BETHLEHEM, June 15, 1865

First let me thank you for the beautiful present, *The Life of Caesar,* which arrived while I was in North Carolina to help catch Johnston's army. We are now

through, at least with the war, and can give ourselves quietly to the problems of peaceful development. The uniform has been laid aside, the sword hangs on the wall; the children play with the riding-whip and spurs. I left the army immediately after the surrender of the rebel armies and am sitting happily in the midst of my family. We would already have gone West had it not been so difficult to undertake the long journey with our baby in this summer heat. Besides, I have certain literary labors in hand which I can finish here as well. With the end of the war new ways naturally open for me—but of these I will write you later when I see somewhat more clearly. . . .

Whether or not I shall go back into public service I do not yet know; I fancy not, although I could do so. Unless one gets into a position in which he can accomplish something special it never pays. A man loses influence—for the most independent man always has the greatest influence upon public opinion—and one gains nothing in a material way. The President has telegraphed me and in response to his invitation I shall go to Washington within three days. I do not know what he wants of me. Probably I am to help about reconstruction. You will receive a copy of my speeches with this letter. The edition has been on the market for some weeks, but the printer has delayed sending me well-bound copies. . . .

To Frederick Althaus

BETHLEHEM, June 25, 1865

I now write again, and with the full consciousness of how inexplicable my long silence must seem to you

and how inexcusable it appears to me. The period we have just completed concentrated the mind with such inexorableness upon immediate problems that it was difficult to keep up a correspondence with those who were not, like ourselves, under the direct influence of the same events. And once you get out of epistolary contact with even the dearest and most trusted friend, the resumption of relationships becomes more difficult day by day. You understand that and will forgive me.

At last we are past the time of trouble, storm, and stress. The thunder of the cannon has ceased, the dead have been buried, and we begin again to make plans for the future without the stipulation: "Provided, that until then the bullet shall not have found me." The perplexities into which the war cast us are disappearing and the problems of the immediate future begin to present themselves more clearly. I see that Europeans know how to appreciate the value of our victory, and inasmuch as I have observed things directly and have occasionally gained insight into hidden causes, I can say to you it is impossible to speak too highly of the American people. In tenacity, readiness to sacrifice, contempt of danger, moderation in victory, loyalty to purpose, no nation of the world has ever exceeded them. In Europe you know only the externals of our affairs; you have an approximate idea of the battles we fought, the numbers of killed and missing, of the taxes we paid, and the tremendous sums we expended. But you know nothing of the voluntary efforts put forth or the voluntary sacrifices made by private individuals who simply followed the impulses of patriotism. You do not know, over there, how in everything that was done and sacrificed the spirit of the people outran the government, and

with what stoic resolution the masses went to the ballot box in the last presidential election to vote upon themselves taxes, conscriptions, and battle fields.

Lincoln's strength consisted not in his genius, for he did not possess actual genius. He was strong because he was the living embodiment of the popular will. He felt instinctively the convictions and determination of the people because these went through the same course of development in him as in the masses; and what he said and did was the popular opinion expressed in the popular speech and fulfilled in the popular manner. For this reason he was slow in taking steps, and never stepped backward. Also, that is the reason why the assassination of Lincoln affected the popular heart so deeply. Never was the sorrow of a nation more universal and more sincere. It was a genuine family sorrow freed from official affectation. The people never had a more loyal representative. For the moment, his death did not indeed change the political situation, but I fear the development of things will teach us to mourn him doubly. Lincoln indeed was not the enlightened mind who could instantly grasp the whole tendency of a period; but through clear observation and slow decision he always at last came to the right view. Besides, he was definite and inflexible. Johnson, I fear, is a narrower mind. He is not devoid of talent, but we shall have to see whether he possesses clearness and decision. The problem which remains for us to solve is in one respect more difficult than those problems already solved. To restore the Union in political form is a trifling matter. The former rebels are taking the oath of loyalty with pleasure and are eager to come back into the old rights of self-government under the constitu-

tion. But our aim is not fulfilled by that means. The Union must be reconstructed upon the basis of the results of the great social revolution brought about during the war in the South. A free labor society must be established and built up on the ruins of the slave labor society.

Now, the difficulty lies here: The Southern people have not abandoned their proslavery sentiments. They accept the abolition of slavery because they must. As soon as the former slave states shall have achieved state autonomy the status of the former slaves will be fixed in a way as near slavery as possible. And then the central government will no longer have the right to interfere. That is to say, the development and promotion of a great social revolution would be confided to a population which is thoroughly hostile to the tendencies of this revolution. The problem is how to obviate this danger. For the present, so long as the states are not restored to their constitutional relations with the central government, that government has the power in its hands and can find the means through which the results of the revolution can be so fixed that thereafter the southern population can no longer alter them.

The question is now being agitated with great energy; the next Congress will have to decide it for the time being. A particularly important rôle has been assigned to me in this business. President Johnson, whose confidence I possess to a considerable extent although I do not share all his opinions, asked me to make a journey for him into the southern states to study the conditions and make reports and recommendations to him as to the policy that should be pursued. My report, which will probably be laid before Congress, can per-

haps be so shaped as to play a distinctive rôle in this weighty business. I shall probably start out in a few days to perform this duty.

This journey will naturally defer by two or three months the fulfillment of my favorite wish to live quietly with my family. But the posture of affairs so imperatively demands the service which I can give to the country, that I cannot decline and must submit without murmur. Aside from this, I have no intention of remaining in public service, although favorable opportunities for it stand open. I shall preserve my independence at this time and thus assure to myself a direct influence upon public opinion.

I would tell you much about our family affairs, but Margarethe has anticipated me therein. The entire cast of our life is so bound up with public interests that when I have told you of the latter I have at the same time described to you something of the former. I must tell you, however, that our youngest, who is not related to political questions otherwise than that she is named Savannah because her birth occurred contemporaneously with the capture of the city, a genuine war child, is the most heavenly creature you can imagine. There is nothing more charming.

I am aware that it is shameless in me, after so long a silence on my part, to demand that you should write me very soon and very fully about yourself and yours. But you will do it, quite fully, will you not?

To His Wife

Hilton Head [South Carolina]
July 26, 1865

Last week, the day after I wrote you, I went into the interior as far as Columbia, the ruined city, in which

eleven hundred houses were burned during the presence of Sherman's army. Had you been with me you would have had to laugh at your earlier worry about travel in this region being insecure. It is not more peaceful in any quarter of the world. There is not the slightest trace of guerrilla warfare. Our military commanders no longer think of surrounding themselves with the slightest protective measures. The people here are glad that they are alive from one day to the next and that the government gives them rations if they have nothing to eat.

I went from Charleston to Orangeburg by rail at the rate of about ten miles per hour in a heat of ninety-five degrees; and from there to Columbia during the night in a wagon drawn by four mules. I got into communication with the leading inhabitants, made my observations, and then, after a stay of two days, drove during the night of Friday to Saturday back to Charleston. The return journey was adventurous to this extent, that the wagon broke down five miles from Columbia, whereupon we had to take horses and ride the remaining thirty-five miles, which brought us to Orangeburg before seven o'clock Saturday morning. Then again by rail to Charleston with the same slowness and in the same temperature. . . .

There is no visible trace of contagious diseases, and according to official reports the entire coast is free from them. There is a very strict quarantine which renders it probable that we shall get over the summer and fall smoothly. Yesterday I came to this place from Charleston and shall remain with General Gillmore today and tomorrow for the purpose of working out my report to the President, at least so far as it relates to South Caro-

lina. I have come to the firm conviction that the policy of the government is the worst that could be hit upon. At this moment it is impossible to calculate the results.

To His Wife

SAVANNAH, July 30, 1865

. . . I reached here day before yesterday. General Gillmore, who has treated me in the most amiable and obliging manner, accompanied me hither. Everything is made as pleasant and convenient as possible for me, and since it is my problem to see and interrogate all the people within my reach from whom any real enlightenment can be derived, I am active from morning till night and can hardly find the necessary time to make my notes; and I am heartily tired when, at retiring time, I take leave of my last guests. Then I have to write my report and newspaper correspondence in the night, or whenever a favorable interval of rest offers during the day. I have to wait here for the next steamer going to Augusta. The water in Savannah River is very low; they can use only boats of less than three feet draught.

. . .

Savannah is a beautiful country town of twenty to twenty-five thousand population, in times past the winter home of rich planters. There is no special elegance about the houses, and what make the city actually pretty are the beautiful shade trees along the streets and the multitude of small parks and squares which one finds almost every three blocks. My investigations are making good progress. I see many a new thing which strengthens me in the conviction that the restoration of civil government is not yet possible. To be sure, there is

profound peace; of the predicted guerrilla war there is no trace. Our officers go hither and yon through the country without the slightest danger, but it is only a passive submission. The new labor system is nowhere taken up with eagerness, and they are unquestionably thinking of subjecting the negroes to some kind of slavery again after the restoration of civil government and the withdrawal of our troops. There is the greatest confusion of ideas about what is to be done, and if the people here shall now be permitted to make their own laws the confusion will be worse confounded. In my report about South Carolina I advised the President to suspend the reconstruction movement until later because the people are becoming more and more confused.

There will always be postal connections with the outside; that is to say, military posts, so that my letters can reach you.

To His Wife

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, August 9, 1865

I have allowed several days to pass without writing because there was no direct communication. I left Savannah last Wednesday on a river steamboat and only reached Augusta Saturday evening. The voyage up Savannah River was extremely tedious, the region extremely monotonous—nothing but forest, of course a splendid vegetation, but interrupted only here and there by a few miserable plantations. For two days we saw no houses. The accommodations on the steamer were bad, the company indifferent. Besides, we made only about five miles per hour and lay-to at night.

In Augusta it was daylight again. I was received in the pleasantest manner by General Steedman, who commands in Georgia, and I conducted my inquiries with the greatest success. While I made many discoveries which throw new light upon a number of things, I found more and more that the opinions concerning the state of affairs which I brought with me were correct on the whole and even in particulars. Augusta is a pretty fine town with some twenty thousand inhabitants; wide streets, some planted with quadruple rows of trees. The place suffered not at all from the war, since Sherman's army did not touch it.

Yesterday morning I left Augusta in the railway coach originally equipped for General Thomas, consisting of a small salon with four sofas, a bedroom, a dining room with table and armchairs, and a kitchen. So I came to this place in a comfortable manner. But who should greet me here at the railway station? Prince Salm, who is commanding here! He has done everything to make me comfortable. The Princess is also here, but sick. Atlanta may have been a more beautiful place formerly. Sherman burned about three-quarters of the city. The main streets, especially the whole business section, lie in ruins. They have just begun to erect small one-story buildings out of the bricks of the ruins. The whole makes a sorrowful impression. The population is as bitter as ever. This is the only place in whose neighborhood there is still something like guerrilla warfare, which however is directed only against negroes. Almost every day some are brought in with gun- and knife-wounds. The planters of the neighborhood appear to have organized themselves for the purpose of compelling negroes to work as they formerly did in

slavery, and when a negro dares to leave he is shot. Only yesterday a negro was shot in the stomach here on the street. I visited him in the hospital. This evening he died. The assassin was arrested and will soon get his deserts at the hands of the military commission. They will doubtless hang him as an example. . . .

Georgia has cost me more time than I expected on account of bad connections. I hope it will go faster now. I have to endure a good deal of heat but do not suffer from it. . . .

To His Wife

MACON, GEORGIA, August 14, 1865

My last interviews have been held. My report on the status of things in Georgia is ready and tomorrow I shall leave the city to go to the capital of Alabama. When I reached here last Friday Governor Johnson was gone to Milledgeville, whither I was obliged to follow him. I ordered a special train immediately and went the same evening. Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, is a miserable little place about which there is nothing more remarkable to tell than that a remote, miserable place can be the capital of a state. I passed the night with Governor Johnson and am glad to be able to say that I found in him the kind of man we need. He recognizes fully the significance of the problem we have to solve and the magnitude of the difficulties by which it is surrounded. He is willing to go hand in hand with us in regard to all regulations we may find necessary for introducing a general system of free labor. Of all men with whom I have come in contact in

the South, he is the clearest, most resolute and determined. If the accident which made him provisional governor were to give us similar men for the other states, matters would stand much better.

Saturday morning I went back to Macon and am here with General Croxton, a young man from Kentucky, a splendid fellow who has kept himself entirely free from the demoralizing influences of his home institutions. Although the son of a slaveholder I found in him an abolitionist of the most radical sort. He is an eager advocate of negro suffrage and I fear that I seem to him rather too conservative than too radical. I also found here Major-General Wilson, who commanded the last great cavalry expedition and distinguished himself particularly in the capture of Selma and the organization of the forest corps. His is a frank, lively, youthful nature and he overwhelmed me with civilities.

Macon is a nice place with broad, airy streets which would leave with me very pleasant memories if it had not been so infamously hot. The days I spent here were the hottest and most debilitating of my entire journey. It is said that in this respect Macon is worse than any other place in the South.

To His Wife

New Orleans, September 2, 1865

I arrived here last night, and this morning on visiting General Canby, sure enough I found four letters all at once. . . .

I spent two days in Vicksburg with General Slocum, who being in conflict with the governor of the state re-

ceived me as a real help in time of trouble. Slocum is fully in the right when he opposes the organization of a state militia, especially to the extent proposed by the governor. If the government disavows him and sustains the governor, it will be the most irresponsible trick so far enacted in Washington. I have done everything that was possible through reports and telegraphic dispatches. If it fails to help, it will not be my fault. If the President persists in pursuing a false course he must not be surprised if, later, I bring into the field against him all the artillery I am assembling now. He will find the armament pretty heavy, but I continue to hope it will not be needed. . . .

I went to the St. Charles Hotel, at one time one of the best in the country, now however in a greatly deteriorated condition. This morning General Canby quartered me in his house, a house of course that belonged to a wealthy rebel and which was commandeered by the government. I am therefore nicely fixed, have my private bathroom and all imaginable conveniences. New Orleans, to judge from what I have thus far seen, has quite the character of a great city in contrast to the places I have so far visited in this section of the country. The French element is much more numerous and prominent than I had supposed. There are multitudes of French business signs and you hear the French tongue on all sides. A large section of the city is almost exclusively occupied by French inhabitants and has all the distinctive peculiarities that meet us in the cities of France.

I found a genuine mine of information here in the headquarters and in the Freedman's Bureau, and in order to cover it properly I shall have to stay here several days. Besides, conditions here, by reason of the

long occupation, are more developed than elsewhere and I have a multitude of persons to see. We have reconstruction and civil government in all stages of development here. Probably in the course of the week I may go for a couple of days to Mobile, where the commander of the department of Alabama has his headquarters; in that department there is much rottenness. On my return I shall visit a couple of places in the interior of the state and then ascend the river to St. Louis. I am, moreover, expecting a dispatch from the President which may call for the investigation of one or another specific matter. . . .

Keep cheerful and well. We shall soon be together again.

To His Wife

New Orleans, September 12, 1865

My stay here drags out longer than I had originally expected. Political conditions are much confused and it is necessary not only that I see and listen to the classes of people with whom I sympathize, but especially that I get in touch with the constituted authorities. It was unfortunate that Governor Wells went to his own home on the upper Red River a couple of days prior to my arrival and has not yet returned. He is expected today or tomorrow and it is absolutely necessary that I see him. . . .

You have doubtless heard of the conflict between General Slocum and General Sharkey and the subsequent decision of the President. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than this decision. To withdraw the troops now and organize the militia means to re-arm

the rebels. The result will be a sharp and perhaps bloody persecution of the negroes and the Union men. It is now my function to investigate the results of this unfortunate policy, and I am unable to forecast how long that may delay me. At all events, the inquiry must be thorough to the end that it may yield dependable results. The developments here on the whole are bad. The proslavery element is gaining the upper hand everywhere and the policy of the government is such as to encourage this outcome. . . .

I had a peculiar experience today, which made a deep impression upon me. An old gentleman was introduced to me in the office of former Governor Hahn. He was dressed with the simple elegance of the cosmopolitan person of taste, and was so fluent and versatile in conversation that I was forced to recognize in him a man of more than ordinary talent and of varied experience. In the course of the conversation he thanked me for my efforts in behalf of the colored race and remarked that he did it with all the more warmth since he had a strong personal interest in the matter. I did not understand the remark until he told me that he was himself a colored man. There is no country of the world, save this, in which he would not be received as a gentleman of the upper class. I cannot describe the impression I received. But I shall give expression to it when I begin speaking again. There are twenty thousand of these old "free colored" persons in this state, many of whom are wealthy (they represent a capital of more than thirteen million dollars) and are among the most cultivated people of the country. . . .

I am very weary of this separation. It shall truly be the last.

To His Wife

NEW ORLEANS, September 20, 1865

. . . In the state of Mississippi I have to investigate the effects of a stupid military policy and then my labors will be ended. It will probably require a journey into the interior unless adequate reports shall have come in from all counties, which is hardly to be expected. I wrote the President in my last letter that I would consider my duty discharged as soon as the three months I promised him I would devote to it should be passed. I expect to receive the last dispatch from him in Vicksburg.

My journey into the interior here was not uninteresting. I went by rail to Brashear and from there by government steamboat up the Teche Bayou to Franklin and New Iberia. The voyage on the river was very fine. The most magnificent plantations on the river banks are varied with wild, half-tropical, primitive forests; the air is full of rare birds, and the water is alive with uncounted alligators. Upon our return journey we provided ourselves with rifles and from the lower deck of our steamboat were entertained by a lively alligator hunt in which at least four were killed and eight or nine wounded.

But the people, the people! Without strength, without energy, without will! Hardly a single plantation is being worked. The most fertile soil in the world lies fallow. Nothing but murmuring and complaining. Nothing will come of this country unless the ownership of the land passes into new hands. The ruling class is rotten, and the sooner it is gone the better. In two years not five out of a hundred planters of this state will be in possession of their lands.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, November 24, 1865

I only completed the copies of my report Tuesday and delivered the document Wednesday morning.[64] At the same time I caused to be made a request for permission to print my report. Today I learned from the President's secretary that the President had not yet had time to read the report and come to a decision regarding it. He wants to see it tonight.

I also made out my expense account, which has to be presented to the War Department and, indeed, to a special functionary to be audited. This gentleman, at last, after I had recast the account twice, completed the audit but has to wait for an opportunity to lay the account before the Secretary of War for "approval." That has not yet been done, and since there is a cabinet meeting today it will probably not be done today. The result is, I cannot get away today and probably not tomorrow. Here is another of those incidents "which justify suicide." Naturally, however, I cannot leave until the entire business which called me hither shall have been finished.

Yesterday I received a letter from the New York *Tribune* proposing that I take over the *Tribune* office here in Washington. The great papers of course maintain offices here in which news is assembled, correspondence prepared, and the interests of the papers in general represented. The position has a certain importance, but the letter says nothing about the duties to be fulfilled nor about the question of compensation. I shall write about these matters today. . . .

[64] The comprehensive *Report on the Condition of the South.* See *Speeches*, etc., i, 279-374.

The political temper among the Congressmen who have arrived is remarkable. The President, as it seems, has become timid but fails to bear his defeat with good humor. Today I had a long conference with Howard, who agrees with me in all the impressions he brought away from the South. . . .

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, December 5, 1865

I arrived here in good condition yesterday morning about six o'clock and plunged at once into the whirlpool of affairs. There is a great deal to be done at the outset. It is necessary to familiarize myself with the details of my duties, which is no small task. Yesterday I had to be at the office until eleven at night and today the same. . . .

Sumner tells me the President is not at all favorable to me on account of my report. He wanted to use me as the official support of his policy and he is now angry that the results of my journey are a hindrance to him. Yesterday I learned he had given Howard my report to read and that he [Howard] was enchanted with it. I shall try to see Howard tomorrow. The action of Congress so far is sharp and decisive and the spirit of our party fine. The message of the President is openly calculated to avoid a struggle with Congress—and Congress will do as it pleases. . . .

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, December 17, 1865

. . . Since you wish it so much we shall spend Christmas in Bethlehem. It is annoying indeed that I have no

house as yet. I certainly hope to have one before the session of Congress reopens after the holidays. When we once can be together here in the home, many things can be arranged better. It looks as if the President were beginning to grow tame. The determined attitude of the majority in Congress must have convinced him that he is not "head of the house." I am told that he says he is going to let Congress do as it pleases.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, December 21, 1865

I have a couple of lecture engagements during the vacation of Congress, which however are not yet definitely fixed—with the exception of one in Boston. I have had to work very hard today, for I had to examine and correct the assembled copies of my report and the documents. Probably you will already have seen my report in the *Tribune* before this letter reaches you.

To Theodore Petrasch

BETHLEHEM, December 27, 1865

Only a few words today. I have received your letter. I shall be in Boston January 2 for the purpose of speaking the same evening before the "fraternity." I do not yet know when I shall arrive in Boston; possibly in the afternoon or evening—and a hard fate decrees that I must leave there again on the third. You see how closely my time is limited. Under the circumstances we must make the best possible use of our time. I shall go to the Tremont House. Could you find it possible to look me up there?

I and mine wish you and yours all good things for the new year.

To Theodore Petrasch

BOSTON, January 2, 1866

I looked for you here but did not find you. I am staying at the Tremont House. I shall be there until two o'clock and then be engaged until after the lecture, about nine o'clock. I shall then be yours until tomorrow afternoon. If you can do so, please let me see you at the Tremont House before two o'clock. We can then make our plans.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, January 12, 1866

The success of my report appears greater from day to day. Every mail brings letters of congratulation. Grant feels very bad about his thoughtless move and has openly expressed his regrets for what he has done.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, January 17, 1866

For three days I have devoted every minute which could be spared from my work to the hunt for rooms. I am no longer house hunting; that I gave up last week. In a word, there are no houses, and since I appreciate the necessity of living close to the office I have restricted my search for rooms to districts within half a mile from here. . . .

I am truly a hunted puppy. While I sit here and write, a tiresome fellow plants himself on a chair opposite and tells me all kinds of silly stuff. If I had you here I would be willing to submit to all these annoyances. . . . In other respects I am quite well; only, I must say, on account of these plaguey things I am in a detestably bad humor. Today my report was issued in pamphlet form as a congressional document. If I only had you here! And this must be brought about, if I have to wear my legs down to two stumps [room hunting]. . . .

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, January 19, 1866

Yesterday we gave the right of suffrage to the negroes in the District of Columbia. How does that suit you? The men in Congress begin now to cite my report. The seed is coming up and we shall complete a great section of world history this winter. Today Colonel Johnson, son and private secretary of the President, stopped me on the street to ask when he could have a long talk with me. I told him next week. There seems to be something wanted up yonder.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, January 23, 1866

Though it is nearly midnight, I must write to you yet today. A proposition was made to me yesterday which may prove important to us. A large capital has been assembled in Detroit, a joint-stock company organ-

ized, and all arrangements made for establishing a new newspaper. Everything is completed up to the selection of the head. A deputation from the board of directors came here yesterday to propose to me the acceptance of the editorship. I told them I was negotiating with parties in St. Louis and that I could not accept another proposition until the St. Louis undertaking should be proved impracticable. It was then stated under what conditions I might accept the Detroit offer should I withdraw from the St. Louis aggregation. . . .

Detroit is a fine city of some seventy-five thousand inhabitants and one of the cheapest places to live in which the country affords. The undertaking, as stated, is ready; press, types, a business site—all have been bought and paid for and sufficient cash capital is on hand to carry on the business. The undertaking stands on the solidest basis, and from the way it is organized I do not doubt it will be successful. That is the bright side. The unfavorable side is that, although in comparison with St. Louis my compensation and circle of activity would truly be surer, it would be a distinctly more limited one. Social relations in Detroit would be just as pleasant, if not pleasanter, than in St. Louis.

I have written to Governor Fletcher at St. Louis requesting a telegraphic answer concerning the status of things there. If I can reckon with certainty upon that undertaking, I shall prefer St. Louis. If that is not the case, I believe the Detroit offer to be an acceptable one. If I take Detroit we shall have to be there by March 1. In about a week the matter ought to be settled.

My report has had great success among the Congressmen. Sumner moved in the Senate for the publi-

cation of a hundred thousand copies. The House also has demanded it. The President expressed himself as follows to a Senator: "The only great mistake I have made yet was to send Schurz to the South." I believe it!

I must confess that my longing for a settled household has almost determined me to accept the Detroit offer at once. To be sure, a conference with the board of directors would still be necessary. Think the matter over, talk it over, and write me your views about it. . . .

To Theodore Petrasch

WASHINGTON, January 25, 1866

I received your letter last night and am hurrying the application along. I gave my residence as Watertown, Wisconsin, because what is here called my "legal residence" is there. I shall, however, before the expiration of six months establish myself permanently either in St. Louis or in Detroit, where extremely enticing propositions have been made to me. I hope the application is properly drawn up. I leave the arrangement of the payments to you. Send me the notes with the amounts inscribed, so that I shall need only to sign them. Semi-annual payments would be the most agreeable to me. For the sum now due draw on me a draft payable by Jay Cooke and Company, Bankers, Washington, D. C., where I have my account. As I understand you the first cash payment will amount to $96.68, and since the payments are to pass through your hands I shall rely on you to notify me regularly in time; otherwise they will be forgotten. You silly, give yourself no scruples for having called the matter to my attention

again. I would have done it anyhow, and to insure myself with you is a quite particular pleasure.

I believe Philadelphia would be a very good place for you. You would also find in my old friend Dr. Tiedemann (with whom you must refrain from quarreling over spiritualism) an excellent examining physician. You could transfer again when the Pennsylvania field has been exploited, and finally we should come to live in the same place.

Here, naturally, I am over ears in politics and am hardly able to spare a quarter of an hour. You must, therefore, excuse the brevity of this letter. I shall doubtless not come to Boston this winter, but have received an invitation from Worcester which I may possibly accept.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, January 26, 1866

The news from St. Louis must come soon and then I shall have to decide one way or the other. At the beginning of February I have three lectures: one in Poughkeepsie, one in Jersey City, and one in Brooklyn. I am to speak about conditions in the South and have as yet written hardly anything. Life is so giddy here and there is constantly so much to do that one accomplishes nothing. . . . If the Detroit business comes to nothing; that is, if the St. Louis offer comes in such a form as to be preferable and I decide to remain here a while longer, I will certainly find a dwelling place.

To His Wife

DETROIT, March 3, 1866

I have just arrived here. . . . It is evening and I am very tired. I have, however, already seen the president of the newspaper company. Of course, nothing can be done tonight, or tomorrow, because it is Sunday. As far as I have now learned, everything is pretty well in order. Monday I shall go over the contract with a lawyer and then go more fully into details. I expect to finish my business here quickly if everything goes right, and come at once to bring you and the children. Tomorrow I shall give myself to quiet meditation and, if the weather is good, shall look over the town a bit in order to select a little place where we can set our four stakes. This much I have already learned, that houses are pretty scarce because the city is extraordinarily full of people; this may be looked upon as a sign of healthy growth. . . . Now we shall make ourselves comfortable.

To Theodore Petrasch

EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE *Daily Post*
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
April 23, 1866

I received both of your letters today. I had none from you since coming here; that is, since the week before the last week of March. Possibly some are still lying in Washington.

It is great that you want to come here. You will probably find this a good field. The German population of the city amounts to nearly 20,000 and it is very numerous in the vicinity. The climate is changeable

but it has the reputation of being healthful. Rents are high; that is, the rental of an entire house. Board is cheaper than in the East—I believe decidedly cheaper. I know a small family which secures very good board for sixteen dollars a week. Clothing is dearer here than in the East, but foodstuffs are cheaper. The total population of Detroit amounts to about 70,000; of the state of Michigan nearly 1,000,000, including fully 200,000 Germans. The state has great resources and the population is "doing well." Detroit is a decidedly flourishing city.

Let there be no doubt about your coming. I am writing in all haste to help you make up your mind promptly. My wife and children greet you and yours heartily. Let me soon hear from you again.

To His Father [*and Mother*]

DETROIT, May 11, 1866

My heartiest good wishes upon your birthday. It is unnecessary for me to recount all that I wish you. The recent years have been hard; full of uncertainty, worry, and excitement. Now that peace has returned and everything swings back into the ways of customary life, a quieter time will return for us also, and in a few months I hope to see fulfilled a great wish which I have carried about with me for years and which you have undoubtedly shared: the wish to live once more under the same roof with you. At last the outlook is becoming more favorable. I have found a field in which I can establish for myself a secure living, and next fall will doubtless find us all united. Then you shall spend the

evening of your lives in the midst of the family which loves you. Keep well and active, that our life together may be untroubled. I would gladly come over to see you one of these days, but the duties of my present position hold me so fast in my newspaper office that I dare not take a day off. I have a great deal of work, and having decided to spare no pains to make our present undertaking successful I naturally cannot take it lightly. So far the auspices are good. Of course one must not expect too much the first year. . . .

The loss I suffered through the burning of the depot affected us all seriously. I would have borne everything else gladly had not my letters been among the articles destroyed. Well, we must regard the loss as a pledge demanded by fate for future good fortune. . . .

We are now firmly resolved that Margarethe shall visit you in Watertown with the children as soon as possible. If I can anywise get away, I shall bring them over and arrange matters so I can remain over Sunday. I shall in any case telegraph you at the proper time so that you may know exactly when to expect us. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to find you all quite well and cheerful. . . . Once more, my heartiest good wishes. I hope my dearest Mama has been restored to full strength in the fine country air. May you all be enjoying good health.

To His Wife

DETROIT, July 21, 1866

. . . How do the reports from Europe suit you? The operations of the Prussians are beyond all measure brilliant. Prussia is in the way to swallow up the

greater part of France, and it would not surprise me if within no long time a war should break out between this new great power and France. . . .

There is nothing new here except that I must work like a horse; and that is old.

To His Wife

DETROIT, July 24, 1866

I hope to get away from here Friday night at all events. . . . But it is doubtful if I can remain longer than over Sunday. None of my associates are able to handle the European questions which are now of such extraordinary interest, particularly in these days when the relations between France and Prussia are tending to a crisis. I should be very glad to be able to spend a week or two on the farm but do not see how it is possible. . . .

The development of affairs in Europe is surprising. I hope it will result in a decided limitation of the Napoleonic influence, whether with or without a war. And, since the attainment of these results depends wholly upon the energy and the success of Prussia, my sympathies are naturally on the Prussian side. At present it is all off with the revolution; and the attempts at revolutionary organization which are still under way here and there are supremely absurd. Bismarck can now be more useful to Germany than any other man if he can only be forced into the right track. . . .

My eyes are drooping and I will say good-night. It is after twelve and D. has just now interrupted me by bringing in a dispatch containing the last silly message of the President.

To His Wife

DETROIT, August 2, 1866

. . . Naturally I found my hands full here. Have you read of the disturbances in New Orleans? Several of my friends and acquaintances were killed or severely wounded in them. Isn't it frightful to think that the President himself should have encouraged such misdeeds? And yet there are men who force their way in to kiss his hand! The federal officers are attempting here also to organize a Johnson party. It is somewhat lonesome here, but since I have a couple of campaign speeches to work out, which absorb my free time, it goes well enough.

To Theodore Petrasch

DETROIT, August 4, 1866

Your last letter arrived here during my absence, which will explain and justify the delay in answering. I have enjoyed several days of country life with my people upon my old farm in Watertown, Wisconsin. I am now once more in harness, and indeed very much so.

What do you say to the occurrences in Germany? Peace came a little too quickly to suit me. I had hoped for an embroilment between Prussia and France, out of which Germany would certainly have emerged as a unity. I now fear that victorious Prussia will be too Prussian and too little German.

How are your family getting along? Mine are all well.

To His Wife

DETROIT, August 6, 1866

. . . We are having here the convention of the Western Associated Press, whose meetings are being held in our building. So my office is constantly full of newspaper men, who will hardly permit me to get at the most necessary work. The principal subject of discussion is concerning arrangements with the Atlantic Cable. The reports (which, incidentally, have thus far been extraordinarily meager) are transmitted to us by the Associated Press and naturally make us extra expense. The Press convention will probably remain in session tomorrow and the day following. So long I shall be besieged. I have already discovered the sweetness of it today.

To Theodore Petrasch

DETROIT, August 15, 1866

My banker here tells me he has notice from a Boston banker that my check for $99.56 has been sent from there; and since no return followed, it is supposed that it was lost. I am accordingly sending you a duplicate which must go through the same business channel in order to be honored here. Should the lost check come to light meantime, the duplicate will simply be cancelled.

When are you coming?

To His Wife

DETROIT, August 31, 1866

My speech is not yet quite finished. I shall be obliged to prepare the peroration in Philadelphia. The

material has become too bulky. We are leaving tonight, quite a numerous company.

To His Wife

[PHILADELPHIA] September 5, 1866

I arrived Sunday morning and only now find a little quiet for writing. Of all political demonstrations in which I have ever participated, this is the most magnificent. When the delegations assembled Monday morning in Independence Square to go to the Union League House, the streets through which the procession moved were filled with a crowd such as I have seldom seen. There was no end of cheering when a well-known personality showed himself, and your husband too was greeted now and then with many shouts. The main streets were decorated with banners and the windows crowded full of heads. The delegations were received ceremonially at the Union League House, and since then the Southern Convention has been in session. We Northerners have actually done nothing so far except to confer with the Southerners.

The people in Philadelphia appear to have organized themselves in permanent mass meetings. From early morning till late at night—at least till after sunset —some thousands of men are assembled before the Union League House to listen to speeches. Aside from this there are meetings with speeches every evening in the National Hall. But orderly speaking is hardly possible. The people simply want to shout, and if this thing continues several days longer all Philadelphia will be hoarse. I have not spoken yet at all, although I am called for several dozen times every day. In the open

air I cannot and will not speak, and in National Hall it is so hot that no speaker can hold out longer than twenty minutes. They want to arrange for an assembly solely for me next Saturday, but I am not sure I ought to agree to it. Unless the weather changes it will hardly be possible. The Southern Convention is dragging out considerably and they will hardly get through before the end of the week. If I do not accept the Saturday meeting I shall speak in New York before my return.

The campaign is in good shape. I consider our victory practically certain. Public sentiment is quite as it was in 1860. . . . Adieu. I must go to another conference with our Southern friends. This evening there is to be a great torchlight procession, and a mass meeting of a hundred thousand people is expected.

Next week, then.

To His Wife

DETROIT, September 11, 1866

At last I am back. Just arrived by steamer from Cleveland and have only a few minutes to write before the mail goes out. I spoke in Philadelphia on Saturday evening before a great assembly in National Hall. The matter was put off so long partly because the Pennsylvania newspapers were not able to publish my speech sooner, and partly because they didn't want to sandwich it in between the deliberations of the convention. It was a great success. I have not spoken with so much applause since my Douglas speech. Next morning, Sunday, the speech was in the *Press,* and is now being printed as a campaign document. I left Philadelphia on Sunday and reached here safely. . . .

The political campaign is in splendid shape. I consider our victory certain. The demonstration in Philadelphia last Wednesday evening was the most magnificent I have ever seen. Broad Street was packed full from Arch to Spruce streets. The damage which the fire did to the Union League House was not as serious as had been supposed. The League will not have to abandon the house at all. It [the fire] was probably incendiary.

To His Wife

DETROIT, September 12, 1866

. . . During B.'s absence I am naturally overwhelmed with labor. In addition, I must make some preparations for the campaign speeches which I still have to deliver. I shall now go after Johnson hard. The speeches he made in St. Louis are no longer "funny." We no longer know whether we are dealing with a sane person. Fortunately, the people appreciate him at his true worth. In every place where he has spoken he has made votes for the Republicans, and where he has not been personally the published speeches are accomplishing the same result. Maine gives the proof of it.

I found here a stack of letters containing invitations to meetings. Of course I shall accept only a very few. There are several which I cannot decline; for instance, from Colfax and from Ashley, who represents the Toledo district of Ohio. Come and let us be together again soon. Come on Monday. You ought to have locked up your beautiful Hamburg chest by this time. My Philadelphia speech is beginning to take in wider

circles. The newspapers are already talking about it and the State Committee has ordered twenty-five thousand copies in pamphlet form. The Union League in Philadelphia has likewise printed it.

To Theodore Petrasch

DETROIT, December 16, 1866

At last I have the long-wished-for letter, so everything is all right and I need not defer my good wishes longer.

You are a fine comrade to ask me if I will "permit" the youngster to be named after me! That is fine! If between you and me such a thing is not a matter of course, what ought you to think of me and I of you? Shame on you, old Peter; and do not do the like of that again. You must have felt yourself that it would have pleased me particularly to see that you had settled everything yourself without thinking of any of those formalities one observes in relation to the "rich uncle," but not in relation to an old and true friend. And do not forget to tell this to your wife. Her scrupulousness in this regard is really the first difference of opinion which has arisen between her and me. But everything is all right now and we shall all rejoice in the little stranger—and may I make myself worthy of the godfathership. My wife just as heartily wishes you and your wife happiness, and begs you to accept from her a little piece of embroidery that will arrive by express soon. She is just now busied with arrangements about Christmas, which in our family is the greatest event of the entire year. Our rooms have for several days looked like a factory, and since my wife has to lead and con-

stantly cooperate in the whole business, you will excuse her for not writing at this time.

I, poor chap, naturally have to work like a cart-horse. Besides my newspaper, which keeps me busy from early morning until late at night, I also have to write a lecture on Germany which I am to deliver this winter in some thirty places. Besides, Ticknor and Fields in Boston have done me the honor to request an article for the *Atlantic Monthly,* which must be ready by January 20 in order to appear in the March number.[65] So I have to regret that the day has not more hours, and that the brain will not remain always fresh and clear.

Now, dear Peter, let us hear soon that everything is again normal with you, and accept heartiest friendship greeting from my wife and me for all of you, particularly however for the little one whose name I am too modest to utter in full.

To Theodore Petrasch

DETROIT, January 12, 1867

I have just now arrived from a lecturing trip and find your letter here. I am very sorry not to have received it immediately. I send you at once a check for the cash amount indicated on the card—and the notes. I am immensely sorry not to have learned of this earlier.

I am pained still more to learn that things are not going better with you; yet I am certain that the spirit of old Peter will keep itself fresh.

[65] "The True Problem," *Atlantic Monthly,* xix, 371-378 (March, 1867) The theme was reconstruction, and Schurz's proposal was a fifteenth amendment which should enforce upon the rebel states the necessity of admitting negroes to the right of suffrage *and* the necessity of providing a system of common school education for all.

Since I do not want to let the next mail pass I must be concise. I am just preparing for another journey. You will hear from me again as soon as I return. We are all well. Only, I am so overloaded with work that I hardly know how to get through.

Greet yours most heartily for us all.

To His Wife

ROCK ISLAND, January 31, 1867

I arrived in Chicago Tuesday morning between two and three in this infernal cold, and about one o'clock left for Peoria. In Chicago I saw the clerk of the lecture agency, who told me that one of my lectures had gone by the board because of the short notice; this was the more disagreeable since I was early for it. I wrote at once to Rublee in Madison, Wisconsin, saying I would have time to speak there Monday evening, and yesterday I received from there a telegraphic invitation. . . . But learning meantime that I would have to drive nearly thirty miles by sleigh, a thing I did not care to do in this severe cold, and receiving also an invitation from the Turner Society in Davenport to speak to them Tuesday evening, I accepted the latter. This saves me a disagreeable journey. And so my program is full. On the train I also wrote a couple of newspaper articles.

This evening I shall be obliged to speak in German and as yet I know not one word of what I shall say, though it will be necessary to begin in an hour. How am I going to get on? I must depend upon the inspiration of the moment and the adroitness with which I can translate my English manuscript into German. I am hoping to get through. That I am well and cheerful

goes without saying, but this journey is not a pleasure trip. The sole delightful moments are those in which I put the money earned into my pocket and think: "Something more for wife and child." The Mississippi, seen through my window, is frozen over solidly, and vehicles of all sorts are upon it. I shall soon take the sleigh ride to the opposite bank—my second ice tour on the Mississippi, which however, thanks to the steady cold, will surely be drier and pleasanter this time than it was seven years ago. Adieu for today. I must think of the German lecture.

To His Wife

PRINCETON, ILLINOIS, March 4, 1867

I left St. Louis yesterday afternoon after having lectured there and in Jefferson City with notable success.

I was somewhat disappointed not to find a letter from you in St. Louis. . . . As a punishment I shall withhold all the news I could tell you at this time until my arrival in Detroit—and among this is some very important news. It relates to nothing less than the purchase for me of a half-interest in a St. Louis newspaper business and the advance of the purchase price in such manner that I can repay it out of the business itself in three years.[66] So, now I have spoken in dark mysteriousness and you shall receive not another word until I am with you again. Still, I will say this much more, that the outlook for the success of the plan is good if we, upon mature family discussion, decide to take it up.

[66] His partner was Dr. Emil Preetorius. Schurz actually paid his share in two years. See letter of August 10, 1869, to Adolf Meyer.

In St. Louis as well as in Jefferson City they were very friendly to me, and expressed the wish that I move to Missouri; and I believe they will do a great deal for me. However, more about this later. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, April 17, 1867

We arrived here safely yesterday and I went immediately into my business affairs, which detained me until late in the evening. I write you this morning while I am waiting for Preetorius, who is likely to come in at any moment. We established the main points of our contract yesterday and it is to be drawn up today. The conditions are in every respect acceptable and it was not difficult to come to an agreement. Today, as soon as the contract shall be drawn up, I shall go over it in detail with an able lawyer, and possibly we shall next day be able to conclude the business definitely. We have also talked over the future organization of the business and the division of work, and I find I shall have a surplus of free time as soon as the proposed reforms have been regularly initiated and properly set going. The men meet my views in all points. I have not yet presented our European plan, but in the discussions I have suggested the necessity of a large amount of war correspondence, and it seems to me from what was said that the proposition of my going across will be well received. . . .

To His Wife

New York, June 16, 1867

Since I shall not be in St. Louis in time to write from there by the next Hamburg post, and since I

know how you will long for a word from me after your arrival in the old home, I sit down this morning to talk with you. I can think of nothing else. Yesterday noon we[67] remained standing on the dock until the ship which bore you away from us faded from our sight. Then we went back into the city and took a somewhat taciturn gloomy luncheon in a restaurant. Today it is very lonesome here. . . . Toward noon I shall go to Kapp's to see his literary acquisitions and get a couple of books for the journey, and then eat my noon meal at Wesendonk's. I leave at 6:30 in the evening and hope to be in St. Louis Wednesday morning to begin my customary day's work. Since your departure Chittenden and I have considered the weather a dozen times an hour and wondered how it was with you at the particular moment.

. . . Now let me say once more that you are not to give yourself any concern on my account. I promise you faithfully to take good care of myself so as to avert any injurious influences. You know I have an excellent constitution and can stand any climate without difficulty. Be assured that if the health conditions in St. Louis should become bad I would betake myself out of the danger. . . .

Now you be good and go at the fulfillment of your problem, the recovery of your strength, with hope and energy. Once more, be good and brave.

To Theodore Petrasch

St. Louis, June 27, 1867

As you will have heard, I was in New York two weeks ago to put my family on board the Hamburg

[67] He and his friend Chittenden, whose wife and daughter sailed in the same ship. [A. S.]

steamer. Naturally I looked for you at once but learned in the office of the company that you were in Boston. I had forgotten your home address. Nobody in the insurance office knew it, and no one of the acquaintances I happened to meet could give it to me. So I passed along Fourth Avenue in the hope of remembering the place, for I wanted very much to see your family and to rejoice in the little boy. But I saw no house which resembled the one I had formerly visited, and for want of time I was obliged to give up the search. I was in New York two days, and you can imagine how we all regretted our failure to see you.

Since the death of our little darling my wife has been ailing a great deal and has been restless, as can be easily understood after such a bereavement. At first we decided to get ourselves fully established here. But the prospect of a hot summer, which really means something here, the uncertain health of my wife, and the desire to give my eldest daughter the advantage of a higher type of instruction, which can be found only in Europe, decided me to send my family back to the old home for several months, which may indeed easily be extended to an entire year. So I have been left behind here all alone. It is possible I too may go to Germany for a month this winter.

I think I indicated to you some time ago my decision to come to this place. I have purchased a business interest in the *Westliche Post,* through which I have come into a circle of activity which, although at the moment it does not particularly meet my fancy, promises nevertheless to expand and above all to secure me, according to my notion, an abundant living. The business is extraordinarily good and a few years will suffice to make

me wholly independent in my finances. That would have given me more satisfaction at an earlier time than at present, but, as the old saying goes, it is still a consideration not to be set aside.

I hope these lines will find you with your family again. I beg you to write me soon and fully. I wish I could have you here. Possibly in the course of the summer I shall be in New York again. Write me soon and greet yours heartily. With never-changing friendship.

To His Wife

St. Louis, July 2, 1867

The telegraphic dispatch announcing the arrival of the *Allemania* at Southampton after a voyage of between ten and eleven days brought me the glad certainty that you have now reached the old home safely, and I hope after a comfortable voyage. I am also hoping for a letter from you soon and look forward to it with great longing.

I can tell you very little about my life here. There is actually nothing new. I live in my regular occupation after the fashion which you know. Preetorius has been here again since last Tuesday, and our bachelor housekeeping is as peaceful and simple as you can imagine. In about two weeks he will spend a week or two in Madison with his family, and after his return I may take a short vacation. Where I shall go and what I shall do is as yet uncertain. Probably I shall spend several days with Tony and my parents. Meanwhile we have in mind to make little tours every Sunday to near-by places in the state of Missouri or to Hecker's.

Next Sunday we are going to Augusta, an old settlement of educated Germans some fifty miles from here which dates from the thirties.

The health situation of the city could not be better. There is no trace of cholera and no perceivable symptom of an epidemic. So far as I know the cholera has not shown itself anywhere in the United States. . . .

I am likewise now freed from the only annoyance which has pursued me here for several days. That is to say, I have found a worshiper—a man from Texas named Wagner. Now, you know that nothing in the world is more tiresome to me than a worshiper, and this good W. worshiped me altogether too much. He assured me that no one could make him believe I did not know everything much better than other men. Accordingly he wanted to learn of me and be my pupil in matters of living and of statecraft. I must permit him to take lessons from me. He merely desired to be with me as much as possible. So, at table I regularly found him by my chair, and when I got up he also arose and accompanied me. And when I went home I always encountered him and he always insisted on escorting me to my door. For a couple of days I bore this sort of admiration like a lamb, but at last it became too exasperating and I decided to be so tiresome that even my stiff-necked worshiper would not be able to hold out long. You know, when I apply that means it always takes, and the Wagner boy soon smelt a mouse and freed me from his admiration. He finally said that I must have much to think about since I was sometimes so absent-minded and laconic. Peace to his memory! . . .

Let the children write to me often. They will all give me hearty pleasure. And you—you must be

courageous and think about winning back your former strength and more than your former health. I am gaining for you a good living and you must gain for me health, and the courage to face life. Let us make such use of this (may we hope) last separation, that we shall always remember it with satisfaction.

To His Wife

St. Louis, July 8, 1867

This afternoon Preetorius and I returned from our excursion to Augusta. I wrote you last week about our expectation of enjoying country air for a couple of days, and that we have done to our hearts' content. Saturday afternoon about four o'clock we boarded one of the pleasant, slow, safe Missouri steamboats and ascended the Mississippi. The weather was glorious and we had decided to leave all business and business cares behind, so we had eyes and ears for everything. The Mississippi immediately above St. Louis, as soon as one has sufficiently observed the mighty plain of waters, is in no way interesting; the banks are elevated but slightly above the water level, wooded, and here and there broken by clearings. Nevertheless, the point where the Missouri joins the Mississippi presented an impressive sight. Evening had come and the flaming sunset mirrored itself in the water, which at the point of junction of the two streams spreads out wide like a sea. As the dark mass of the Missouri hurries forward broad and majestic out of the woods, it looks as if it would take forcible possession of the entire Mississippi bed.

One could almost believe that it presses the Mississippi waters back and dams them up; for, one sees where in long streaks the two unite, an apparent elevation of the Mississippi water, past which the Missouri pushes with seeming impatience. And for many miles you observe an actual division of the waters. As we steamed into the mouth of the Missouri, evening had already come. Only the pale reflection of the western sun was still to be seen upon the mighty water, and in the gloomy shadows of the forest on the banks were thousands of restless, flickering fireflies. Only here and there a small and lonesome farmhouse light glinted homelike out of the woods. Finally, upon the eastern horizon appeared summer lightning. The heavens clouded over, and before the rain began to fall we went back into our cabin. Morning brought us to Augusta, a little place some fifty miles above the mouth of the Missouri. I think I wrote you that several educated immigrants of the thirties had settled there, who were conserving in that neighborhood, in their own way, the best features of German life. Augusta is a small town of not more than three hundred inhabitants, built upon hills which fall away steeply toward the Mississippi [Missouri].

We were received by an old Mr. Münch from Darmstadt, a sometime theologian and professor who has been in Missouri for thirty-four years. He is a brother of the well known "Far West," Frederick Münch, who has developed such a useful literary activity in the German press. Our host, after an enthusiastic greeting, took us to his house, which of course lay on one of the many hills, and from which one has a view across the vineyards for many miles along the Missouri. These old German patriarchs do not live elegantly, but cleanly,

neatly, and if one does not demand too much, comfortably. There are no carpets, but beautifully scoured floors; no upholstered furniture, but tables spread with fresh white covers, with books upon them. Our host had children also, of whom the eldest son was at least thirty-five years old, while the youngest was hardly more than eight or nine.

After breakfast we were of course hustled around over the other hills and joyfully introduced to all friends and acquaintances; and nowhere must we omit to taste the wine which every family produces on its own hill and presses in its own cellar. So it went, from house to house, until finally through the sheer weariness of friendship we were glad to take our return journey to home and dinner table. Meantime our honored friend "Far West," who knew about our visit, arrived on horseback the same morning from his eight or nine miles' distant farm to fraternize with us. Our host brought him to us with the words: "Here comes the old Münch; I am the young Münch." The old Münch is nearly seventy years old and the young one some two years younger. Dinner went off with lively and loud philosophical discussion.

After dinner, however, came the great event. Our arrival had become well known in the town; and the population of Augusta, old and young, male and female, gathered together in a small grove to welcome us. They brought along their band, which was made up wholly of amateur musicians, but not at all bad. There was plenty of Augusta wine. Quite naturally speeches had to be made. First I had to talk to the men, then to the women, then to both. Following this, Preetorius came on; then the old Münch; until we all declared it was

enough of a good thing. Of course all the speeches were in German, for in Augusta there are no Americans except the shoemaker's apprentice, who has recently arrived and who is learning German, and several negro families, among whom the children can already speak German. An evening meal at the home of a German doctor concluded the delightful affair. About eleven o'clock we went up and down the hills until we reached the home of the sixty-eight-year-old "young" Münch, that offered us a welcome bed.

This morning at eight o'clock another steamboat received us for the return journey, and we saw in bright daylight the Missouri, which two nights before we had passed through in darkness. The banks are not uninteresting; in many places indeed they are very picturesque. Boldly rising cliffs—as Spielhagen would say, "cozy glens"—alternate with something more uniform, with stretches of woodlands overgrown with tropical vegetation. I saw many a spot at the sight of which I thought: "If you only had a little country house here and all of your own around you!"

The little German colony in Augusta certainly gives the impression of prosperity. The old people have preserved the tradition of the German spirit and German training, but they are unable to bequeath this tradition to their children. It is an observation which I have made almost everywhere, that here in America, perhaps with the exception of individual cases in the great cities, the children of educated Germans contrast strikingly with their elders. The German spirit fades away. If the training remains wholly German and all contact with Americanism is avoided, a stupid Pennsylvania Germanism results. Where that is not the case,

the waves of Americanism soon overwhelm the second and third generations. "The mission of Germanism" in America, about which some speak so loudly, can consist in nothing other than a modification of the American spirit, through the German, while the nationalities melt into one. In a few years the old patriarchs in pleasant little Augusta will be dead and their successors must be carried away by the universal movement.

To His Wife

Tuesday, July 9 [1867]

Today, once more, the regular routine. Congress has assembled and so we have at least some incidents whose discussion looks new even if it is not. Johnson has again bungled reconstruction, and Congress is busy clearing up and confirming the meaning of earlier enacted laws. Affairs in the South, by the way, are going fairly well. . . .

I am somewhat lonesome. Aside from the people who visit me in the office I see hardly anyone. I have had our old Watertown pictures hung up in my office because I can see them there most. Immediately before my desk hangs your drawing of Maison-aux-Bains in Montreux, the view of which always calls to mind those beautiful times. Only the picture of our little angel stands on the chimney piece of my bedroom, and to it belong my last gaze at night and my first in the morning. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, July 16, 1867

. . . Life goes forward with peaceful uniformity. The business makes the same demands every day and so

I work away quietly. We are now engaged in reorganizing our editorial personnel. . . .

You will laugh when you hear that with all my good nature I pass here for a hard man; but it is really true. I am the only one who when our men fail to do their duty, which is not seldom the case, now and then gives them an energetic dressing-down. Accordingly, they say it is no longer pleasant in the office of the *Westliche Post* since I came in. . . .

Moreover, journalistic work at present is in no way interesting. The great fight is over; our opponents are powerless, and momentarily there is nothing left to do except to consolidate the results gained. As soon as that shall have been done, new party divisions will occur and new questions come into the foreground. Then a new political life will begin. At present one works along without enthusiasm or fire simply because it is necessary to keep the machine going. Were it not required as a matter of business for me to participate—and you know that I am needed—I would much rather be silent.

I know not why it is, but the picture of our child will not fade from my mind. A hundred times during the day while I am writing or conversing, her image crosses my thoughts. I cannot observe a bit of shaded turf without feeling that all this is of no value any more since she cannot play on it; nor can I make any plan for the future without a sensation of desolation. It has constantly grown worse even though, when I have people about me, I force myself to seem cheerful and can also for brief periods forget myself. I shall have to struggle against it in order to recover my equanimity. I suppose that everyone who has a heart must endure

pain for a season after such a bereavement, and if I set myself strongly against it I shall finally master it. . . . I hope that you are now pleasantly installed and that you will take every advantage of the environment, according to your strength, to regain your health. Have no concern about me, but think more about yourself, and do not let your stay in Europe be in vain.

To Theodore Petrasch

St. Louis, July 28, 1867

I have just received your letter and am sending the check immediately without writing a long letter, since the mail leaves at once. The note which you return to me cancelled is dated January 27, *1866*. I think that must have been a mistake.

Greet your wife heartily and kiss your little children for me. It is very doubtful if I shall come to New York this summer, but I hope to come at the beginning of winter. You poor fellow, how are things going with you? Receive my hearty greeting. . . . I have just noticed that I foolishly made the check payable to the company; but since it is also in favor of bearer you can cash it just the same.

To His Wife

St. Louis, July 29, 1867

My life goes quietly along on its even path. I have recently gone often to the German outdoor theatre, which is indeed very good considering the conditions here. One sits under a roof borne upon stone pillars,

otherwise quite airy and free, smokes his cigar, and watches some performance. That occupies one or two hours immediately after dinner, if one is weary from the day's work and does not feel quite ready to go to work again. In this recreation I regularly, during Preetorius' absence, have had the company of a certain Dr. B., a very agreeable and sensible person, who however has the fixed idea that he belongs to a secret society which is developing a world government and which is soon to bring about a great reversal of affairs in Germany. I am to have the not unenviable position of prime minister. Besides this doctor, I have with me also a German writer named Udo Brachvogel, who is a very spiritual young man. That is about the only diversion I have, but it suffices.

I have word from Monee[68] that my parents are very well. Last Saturday they celebrated St. Anne's Day, to which Tony invited herself. I would gladly have gone but did not have the time. So I sent them in addition to my congratulations, a basket of fruit and a case of wine.

To His Wife

St. Louis, August 12, 1867

Your last letter notified me of your departure from Hamburg, and since you must have been in great haste I will pardon you for failing to give me any details of your arrangements and plans.

Today I am writing you in the actual sweat of my face. This noon the thermometer indicated 99 degrees

[68] Monee, Illinois, where his parents now lived with their daughter Anna and her husband, August Schiffer.

and around two o'clock it must have reached 100 degrees or over. It is now nearly six o'clock in the evening and the drops of perspiration roll quietly down my face. Still it is much cooler than it was two hours ago, and I hope the night will be quite endurable.

Last week I took an outing for a day and a half. The Germans here have the custom of celebrating particular incidents of the war. So the farmers of St. Charles County celebrated August 6, the day on which they first armed themselves in the year 1861, and took up a position near Cottleville, ten miles from St. Charles, in order to hold in check the rebel population of northern Missouri. They gave me a pressing invitation and I attended, going from here to St. Charles by train and from there through a very fertile region to Cottleville, where the celebration occurred in a little grove. I made a speech, suffered the customary attentions, slept in St. Charles, and returned hither the next day. The more I see of the Germans in Missouri the more they please me. They are really a fine breed. The general level is higher than in Wisconsin, and one feels quite at home among this sort of people. If the Missourians boast a little of their German nationality there, they are not far wrong in doing so.[69]

You must already have passed two or three weeks in Switzerland. How anxious I am to receive your next letter so that I can once more imagine your surroundings!

[69] The exceptionally high proportion of Forty-eighters and of Republicans, together with the unconscious effect of the prosperity they were bringing him, doubtless colored Schurz's estimation of the Missouri Germans in contrast with those of Wisconsin, among whom he spent some lean years.

To His Wife

St. Louis, August 20, 1867

Your last letter was dated Baden-Baden. You told me of your glorious Rhine trip. Why could I not have been with you! How much I could have shown and told you: the house in which I lived in Cologne, the schools I attended, the places on the Rhine which I enjoyed as a student, in Baden the field where I fought the first time, and in Rastatt the hole through which I was able to make my escape! How splendid that would have been! Yet I will not give up the happy thought that sometime we shall make this trip together. How we shall enjoy it! I rejoice greatly to know that you are at a place where you can do something effective for your health. With all that you do you will certainly not lose sight of that object. . . .

It is becoming somewhat lively in politics again. After the adjournment of the last session of Congress Johnson seemed disposed to make a last attempt to carry through his plan. He drove Stanton from the cabinet and removed Sheridan from his command in Louisiana and Texas. The country is greatly excited and the impeachment of the President next winter becomes daily more probable. Grant was made interim secretary of war, thus taking the only step which could prevent him from becoming president. He has allowed himself to be imposed upon and placed in a false position. Everything depends on how he is going to get out of it. Stanton, Sheridan, and Chase are now in the foreground as presidential candidates, but things change so rapidly that no predictions can be made.

To His Wife

St. Louis, August 23, 1867

I was in the midst of a leading article when, quite unexpectedly, I received your dear letter written from Ragatz. The pictures you send me are wonderfully fine, not only as to the landscapes but especially in their artistry. You forgot, however, to indicate upon the panorama of Ragatz the house in which you are living. . . . You suggest that I should be in Europe by the end of September and take you back in October. That is not according to our understanding, and much as I long to surprise you in Europe I cannot think of it in the least. . . . It is absolutely necessary that I be here at the beginning of November, and to go to Europe prior to that in the expectation of being back here November 1 would be a very uncertain program. It will not do. But when I shall have taken care of my November business I will watch for chances. . . . It would be lovely for us to spend Christmas together in Hamburg, if I were in position to give myself a couple of weeks' vacation.

I have an invitation from the Equal Rights League in Washington to deliver a lecture there next winter, and have accepted the invitation on the condition that the time be early in the season—somewhat prior to or about the middle of November. I have several good things to say and shall utter them on that occasion—assuming I can find sufficient leisure properly to work out my speech.

Among Germans the enforced observance of Sunday and the temperance business are making quite a disturbance; that is, not here in Missouri, but elsewhere, par-

ticularly in Chicago and Milwaukee. This naturally causes much rumpus in the party; it begins once more to crack in every joint, but Johnson's doings, the deposition of Stanton, Sheridan, etc., have once more so excited the popular mind and so united all independent elements that the party will doubtless hold out through the next election. . . .

The picture of Kinkel which you sent me pleased me greatly. I should hardly have recognized him. The countenance has in it something quite strange. I can imagine, however, that this impression would disappear as soon as one heard him speak. I will write him as soon as possible.

You write me that Adolf will visit his wife in Montreux and then come to Ragatz for some days to see you. How the name awakens precious memories! Do you recall that night when I carried our child up the stone steps of the still house and we looked back upon the blue lake and the Savoy mountains, as they shimmered in the white moonlight! And how we then lived like children in the full, joyous appreciation of wonderful nature! But those were golden days; that was youth! In this country I was still an unknown, unrecognized man. The newspapers knew nothing of me and I had not yet heard the applause of assembled thousands. But how much happier were we, and with what carefree souls did we enter into the joy of living! That is over now. The sunshine now has a different tinge for us, and when we consider our lives we think not alone about what is to be but also about what has been. The time is gone when we could separate our future from our past. And yet I know that if we were to find ourselves together again as at that time in Montreux, we could be very

happy—a happiness indeed of a different kind, less driven by the winds of hope, and more peaceful in the enjoyment of what has been vouchsafed us. I have attained this and that in life, and how often have I found, upon attaining it, that it was a chimera! One mourns his lost illusions as he regretfully remembers beautiful dreams. But every illusion lost is fundamentally a gain. There will always be enough left to keep our blood warm. But after experience has taught us to trust them less, the deceptions will prove less painful because they will contain less of the element of surprise. When one has gone through this process of development, then indeed the goblet of life does not effervesce so much; but the wine is still there, only it is quiet. Assuredly we can be happy again and we shall be when we get our little flock peacefully under a single roof and have the means of a pleasant life. Our hearts will never be so shriveled as to be unable to raise a shout of joy at a view like that in the night upon the steps in Montreux. . . .

Be as glad and happy as you can. I am rejoiced that you are to be so near Adolf. His is a noble nature. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, August 27, 1867

. . . Politics would be terribly stupid if Johnson did not entertain us with his capers. He is a madman. Now that Congress is not in session he carries on as if he would stick the world in his bag; yet he knows that the game will last only a couple of months. He will possibly cause a little confusion in the South, but aside

from this his doings can have no practical result. Even the most moderate Republicans now speak of impeachment, and if Johnson goes on like this for a while longer the stream cannot be dammed up after the reassembling of Congress. Sheridan, who hereafter will have his headquarters in Leavenworth, must pass through here on his journey thither, and it is intended on that occasion to make a great demonstration for him which shall ring in the President's ears.

To His Wife

St. Louis, August 31, 1867

The political situation becomes more interesting every day; I might almost say more threatening. The way Johnson is carrying on with his creatures raises the fear that he may be thinking of a coup d'état. It is not impossible that he is preparing to resist the impeachment with force. That would lead to new confusion which, however, considering the universal detestation in which Johnson is held, could end only in his swift overthrow. He now bites at all about him like a wounded and anger-crazed boar. And so long as Congress is not in session there is no means of chaining him unless Grant should give him formal notice that he will no longer obey and should refuse to carry out his orders. Grant, in my opinion, made a bad mistake in accepting the secretaryship of war and thereby rendering easier the removal of Stanton. Since then, he has conducted himself as well as his embarrassing position permitted. Naturally he immediately came into violent conflict with the President, whom he sought to restrain by protest from supplanting Sheridan and Sigel. Of course that had no

effect. Stanton's method of crossing the President's plans is foreign to Grant. So the tussel goes on, but it is to be expected that Grant will resign from the War Department or that the President will put in some other man. Sheridan will probably come through St. Louis on his way to the scene of the Indian war, and we are engaged in preparing a great demonstration which will reveal to the President the temper of the people. The affair will probably come off toward the end of next week. . . .

You should see my office as it generally is now. The Secretary of State sent us two great upholstered rocking-chairs made in the state prison by the prisoners. One is for Preetorius and one for me. They are wonderfully comfortable and I wish you could see me luxuriating in mine.

To His Wife

St. Louis, September 10, 1867

I can write you only a little today because I can take hardly half an hour for it. Sheridan reached here Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning about one o'clock. A committee, of which I was the head, received him at the station and accompanied him to his hotel. Besides that I have had to be on my feet constantly to manage the preparations for the whole demonstration, and in addition had to make a speech, since the official reception in the name of the city and of the state was left to me. That filled my time Sunday and yesterday. The whole business came off last night, a demonstration never surpassed in St. Louis. There were thousands in the torchlight procession; it was about three or

four times as long as the distance between the Southern Hotel and Washington Avenue. Before the Fourth Street front of the hotel men stood shoulder to shoulder for almost three blocks. There were many thousands. I gave my speech of welcome from the great balcony, which also was crowded full of gentlemen and ladies. My speech, of which I am sending you a printed copy, received much applause and I believe you will like it.

After these ceremonies were over I took Sheridan to the German summer theatre, where *Der Freischütz* was being given and there was a brilliant illumination in honor of the general. At first, when we went in, the people did not notice that Sheridan was there. He is very short and disappears in a crowd. By and by, during the play, the fact was whispered around. When finally the curtain fell, hurrahing and handshaking began. It is a wonder that we were able to get out. Sheridan, who held closely to me, lost my arm a couple of times and was almost smothered. We finally got out of doors and wanted to hurry back to the hotel, but that was not so easily accomplished. A large division of old soldiers of the Grand Army was there with torches and music. The horses were taken by the bridles and the carriage was escorted ceremoniously to the Southern Hotel. Now the whole business broke out again, music corps, etc. We did not get to bed until one and *summa summarum*—the business has been a genuine hardship for me. I am very glad that Sheridan is leaving today and that my old-time habits are to begin again. My speech will probably go through the entire Republican press, because everybody has been awaiting with eagerness the great welcoming demonstration in St. Louis. I translated the speech myself into German for our

paper, and so my own German version will doubtless be the current one.

Sheridan naturally has become more prominent in St. Louis on account of his recall than he was on account of his good administration. His is a simple nature, and he looks at things with clear and true eyes and bases his opinion upon these observations. In relation to our political questions he is radical through and through, and what he thinks of Johnson can be easily assumed in view of the treatment he received from him. It would not surprise me in the least if his name were to appear on the list of presidential candidates, although he declares he has no political ambitions and wants to remain a soldier. I wish you could have seen the affair too. It was the first great stroke in the present year against the Johnson policy.

Yesterday I received your dear letter in which you described your little tour to Pfeffer's. I thank you for the charming description. You ask if I know the scenery from personal observation. No, that part of Switzerland I have never visited and everything is new to me. I was only in the Basel land, Thurgau, Zürich, Berne, and in the Vaudois. The rest of Switzerland would be new to me, and sometime when we have leisure we shall see it fully together. How I hope that your provisional cure in Ragatz has had the wished-for results!

To His Wife

St. Louis, September 17, 1867

Yesterday I returned from a little excursion which I had undertaken Sunday. I went with my young

friend, Udo Brachvogel, a very lovable and talented literary character, to the farm of his brother at Vineland near De Soto. This brother is already an elderly man, who was a considerable property owner in Europe. Last year he bought a large farm of upwards of six hundred acres, laid out vineyards, built mills, and is now in an active and promising business. The family lives in a large log house with rather extensive outbuildings. One sees everywhere the hand of the busy housewife, who understands how to arrange things tastefully even when luxury is absent. I felt in this home the true German comfort. Mrs. Brachvogel is also elderly, with a good education and accustomed from youth to the comfortable and rich living of the well-to-do class in Germany. Now she has taken hold courageously to make for her family a pleasant home, even though her heart still yearns for Europe. On the other hand, the old gentleman Brachvogel has already become an enthusiastic American, who is quite charmed with his new activities; and when I heard this couple so eagerly discussing the relative merits and advantages of America and Europe, there came to my mind many a conversation which you and I have indulged in with each other. The son of the family, a splendid young man of about twenty, was formerly with the Prussian Marine. He has now taken hold of his new calling with full vigor and has become quite an American farmer. I spent a very delightful day there. We walked about the place, enjoyed the fine forest air and much agreeable conversation. Yesterday morning I returned by railway, quite refreshed. Here I found your dear letter written upon your birthday. . . .

Last week we had a visit from a great German literary man, Frederick Gerstäcker, who is on a journey

through the continent and to South America. We ate together regularly at Bühler's and attempted to extract from him, conversationally, some of the Münchhausen-like stories in which he so excels. But he seemed to smell a mouse and we were able to get absolutely nothing out of him except one single hyena that he claimed to have shot during a night hunt in Africa. It was delicious to hear one of his acquaintances, with whose brother in Arkansas Gerstäcker formerly lived for nine months, tell us that they had tried at that time in vain to induce this man, who has given to literature such tremendous hunting stories, to undertake one single hunting expedition during the whole time he was there; and yet some of the most remarkable of his stories were written after that very period. When he left here for the Indian country he enveloped himself in a gray hunting-coat trimmed with green and equipped himself with a double-barreled gun and a powerful stag hunter as if to indicate that now things were going to happen. We shall doubtless read wonderful adventure stories by him. We had a delightful time with him and he promised to come again after having seen the Indian gatherings near Fort Laramie, which probably will not take place.

Hecker also was here one day during the Sheridan demonstration. He is quite cheerful and kept us laughing for hours. Suddenly, after having eaten with us in the evening at Bühler's, he disappeared among the crowds of the Sheridan demonstration and the next day we heard that he had promptly retired to his farm. He is still the same: astonishes one occasionally with his abundant knowledge and keen mind, and then again gives himself over to the wildest and craziest narrations.

I am just now writing an account of the Eleventh Corps in the battle of Chancellorsville, which is to be

printed in the New York *Tribune*. I can work only slowly because I have little time. I will send you the article as soon as it comes out. I believe it will please you. Now I must take my leave of you for today; in the composing room they have been calling for copy this quarter of an hour.

To His Wife

St. Louis, September 21, 1867

. . . When the family of Preetorius was coming back home, I said to him that I would immediately rent an abode for myself. He answered that he and his wife would feel injured if I did so; that his wife had particularly charged him not to permit me to leave, but to prepare for me a room upstairs in the house. This they have done and I have had to submit. They are certainly very friendly and obliging. Preetorius himself is helpful to me in all matters and is always ready to make my situation here as agreeable as possible. . . .

My speech to Sheridan has been much read and much admired. It was telegraphed entire by the Associated Press all over the Union, and I have received letters from various persons expressing themselves on it very enthusiastically. Today I am sending you my letter about the temperance question and the attitude of the Germans in the Republican party. This letter has been issued only five days but has already made the round of all the great political papers of the West, which express themselves very appreciatively on it. I shall soon find it also in the Republican papers of the East, and I hope that it will have a good effect generally.

You will observe that it is intended especially for the Americans. The temperance movement has begun again almost everywhere, and in the party we observe the most disquieting symptoms of disintegration. Now the reaction caused by the temperance people has set in strongly and the Republican state conventions in the West are hastening, one after another, to accept the demands of the Germans. My letter is calculated to give this reaction a new impulse, and from what the press says I conclude that it will not fail of its object.

Still I think that, whatever efforts we may put forth, the Republican party will suffer distinct losses in a number of states. The party organization has in too many places fallen into the hands of genuine wire-pullers, which has naturally discouraged the best elements. My table is covered with telegraphic dispatches and letters, particularly from Pennsylvania and Ohio, in which I am appealed to, in God's name, to come and help. But I shall not go. Where the local party leaders have drawn their carts into the mud they may pull them out themselves. I am weary of bothering myself to make good the foolishness of other people. I shall speak in only three or four places, where the party has conducted itself relatively well, and there only shortly before the election. A few stabs this fall will not injure us if they do not come too strong. On the contrary, they will help the best elements, and particularly the well-disposed Germans, to unite next year in the presidential election. With the party united once more, it will not be difficult to arouse the old enthusiasm and the old hatred of traitors like Andrew Johnson.

I have been approached from many directions on the subject of accepting the nomination for Congress, and am always told that if I would accept it the matter

would take care of itself. The so-called *Missouri Democrat,* the leading English Republican organ in the state, has asked me if it would be agreeable that my name be brought out now; if so, it should be done at once. The paper would stand wholly at my disposal. I always answer that for the present my name is not to be used in connection with a nomination and that I shall have to decide when the time is ripe. I mean this honestly, for although my election in this strong Republican district would be certain, I must first see how political forces shape themselves and whether I might be able to accomplish more in a free, strong, private position than in Congress. . . .

I am now gradually beginning to discover excellent educational opportunities for the children, among others very good music teachers and a splendid school for drawing and painting, headed by German teachers. I hope very much that when the children come back here they will at least speak French in a reasonably finished way; that they are not wasting their opportunity. . . .

Next week I shall make a short journey to a fair in Booneville, to which I have been invited with very great cordiality. I am not particularly pleased over it, since I do not care much about such things, but it is good for the business that I let myself be seen here and there. I am doing it for that reason. Since the end of August we have had much cool weather. Naturally all danger of cholera has now disappeared.

To His Wife

St. Louis, September 23, 1867

I returned from my excursion to Booneville at two o'clock this morning. I left Wednesday morning at

eight o'clock over the Pacific Railroad, accompanied by my loyal squire Schinkowski, an old Polander whom I made one of my adjutants in the Grand Army. At seven o'clock in the evening we reached Tipton, a small prairie village from which place we had to make the remaining twenty-five miles by wagon. A couple of Booneville gentlemen were waiting for us, and after a frugal supper such as we are accustomed to in the country hotels here, we took our seats in the carriage. The night was wondrously fine; no moon, but bright starlight. So we rolled along cheerfully over the prairie and through stretches of woodland, and made light of the jolty road until one of my Booneville friends hit upon the unlucky idea of taking a "better" way, which ran parallel to the main road. We did so. Suddenly we found ourselves on the open prairie, and the trail on which we were driving began to look very blind. But we did not want to turn back. We looked at the stars and found that the track ran in the right direction, so we followed it with confidence. It led us into the woods, which became very dense and dark and, as it seemed to us, had no end. In addition the trail was so narrow that the limbs of the trees constantly scraped the carriage on both sides. Finally two of my companions got out. Luckily they had a box of matches with them, which they lighted one after the other and in this manner illuminated the trail. The scene reminded me strongly of my trip in the Alabama woods in the year 1865, when a young planter's boy had to light me through the forest with a tallow candle. In this manner we finally reached a fence, hunted up and found the farmhouse pertaining thereto, and the farmer directed us back to the main road. We were glad to reach it and did not any longer yearn for the "better way." About two o'clock at night

we finally reached Booneville. They put me up at the City Hotel, the nicest country hotel I have found in America—and how I slept in the soft, wide bed after my severe ordeal!

Next morning after breakfast the deputations began to wait on me, both Germans and Americans, who declared they had not invited me to torture a speech out of me, but in pure friendship, to enable me to pass a couple of pleasant days. That was good to hear. So I was packed into a handsome carriage drawn by two splendid horses, and was driven at a good clip through the town and the vineyards surrounding it.

Booneville is a pretty little place of some four thousand inhabitants, located between lovely bluffs at the middle point of the state on the banks of the Missouri. A large proportion of the population is German. There are no really educated people there, but very good middle-class folk. After dinner they took me to the fair grounds. The county fair was being held and I was received by the directors, who insisted on my examining a portion of the exhibits. There was a tournament quite in the southern style, and tilting at the ring, such as was customary in Europe at the end of the Middle Ages. There were many former rebels present but they received me with much politeness. Then we had a little lunch at the Booneville battle ground, where one hundred and fifty citizens of Booneville, organized as a Union home guard, repulsed an attack of fifteen hundred rebels and slew their leaders. Almost every small town in Missouri has its history, but that of Booneville is particularly honorable. And, as everywhere in Missouri, it was the Germans who in the midst of the rebellion and of the enemy population held aloft the banner of the Union.

The principal event came at night. The Turners had arranged a ball, and a table abundantly supplied with Booneville wine was placed upon the stage for me and my company. The men desired me to dance with their daughters and wives, but, as you know, that could not be. At last, when I returned to my hotel, came the inevitable serenade arranged by the Booneville amateur brass band. It was not quite unendurable. I thanked them in a little speech and thought that now I could betake myself to my bed and peacefully give myself over to sleep. But I had hardly got under the coverlet when I heard another noise. It was, as my Squire Schinkowski reported, the American Glee Club, made up of several singers, two violins, one bass viol, and one bass horn. The singing was introduced with a sort of prelude in which every instrument seemed to amble quite at will through all possible keys. Then a tenor voice struck in and sang a song whose refrain was: "Mother, kiss me in my dreams!" The climax of the song was the following voice and instrumental effect: tenor voice in highest pitch, and piano, "Mother"; violins, very softly, "Diddle dee"; tenor voices pianissimo, "Mother!" violins, still softer, "Diddle dee"; chorus, in thunder tones and crashing bass horn, "Kiss me in my dreams!" So it went through an endless succession of strophes. "Well," thought I, "now I can sleep." But hardly had I got ready for it again when a Turner Singing Society appeared and sang several really pretty songs in front of my window. Schinkowski came to get me out for another speech, but I was determined not to let myself be disturbed again and so my squire went down and told the Turners that I had got into a perspiration; if I were to get up I might take cold and become ill and die,

and the loss would be too heavy. The good Turners appreciated this and left me in peace. But the American Glee Club (incidentally, as I heard later, made up principally of former secessionists) had bewitched me. Instead of being kissed by mother in my dreams, I dreamed I belonged to a robber band of skinners and was being followed by the police with abominable yelling.

Next day we cheerfully took our departure, abundantly supplied with wine, cakes, grapes, and roasted chickens. I arrived here at two o'clock in the morning and my friends said that I looked quite fresh after my three days' excursion. Next week, probably day after tomorrow, I shall start off again. Thieme, whom you know, has invited me urgently to make a speech in Cleveland. I shall stop over one day in Chicago, at Tony's, then go to Cleveland, and spend the rest of the week in Monee. In this manner I shall rest up a bit from my office work. That is what you wish and so I will do it. But I can assure you the work is not too heavy. Somewhat monotonous it is, but it demands no very great exertion. . . .

I am very glad you are coming to know beautiful Switzerland so well. Could I only have been with you, how we should have enjoyed it together! When you are in Vevay, greet for me beautiful old Montreux with its happy memories. I would write to the children today, but having returned at two o'clock in the morning I feel somewhat worn and tired.

To His Wife

CLEVELAND, October 4, 1867

Yesterday I made a speech here before a great and very enthusiastic gathering. It went beautifully. After

the meeting a torchlight procession and a great serenade were given me. To please the Americans, who were present by thousands, I had to make a short speech from the balcony of the Weddell House. The whole thing went off in the most satisfactory manner.

This afternoon I shall return to Chicago and go from there to Monee, where I intend to spend several days with my parents. And since I can get free a little this morning and can be alone I will use this pleasant hour to talk with you, although this letter cannot go for several days.

I reached Chicago day before yesterday morning about six o'clock and went to Tony's, where I spent the day. She is quite the old Tony, bright and cheerful as ever. . . . In Chicago spiritualism now prevails frightfully in German circles. B. is an enthusiastic follower and is said sometimes to do the most comical things at the spiritualistic seances. Br., also a believer, is still in the first stage of enthusiasm and could not resist bringing out a little table while we sat at dinner. When the noon meal was over the matter was continued. . . . I think about spiritualism just as I used to. The phenomena are, to be sure, exciting and interesting, and where they become personal they touch the heart. But what do they prove? I have seen nothing which cannot be explained on the theory of animal magnetism, just like the other magnetic phenomena which people tell about. B. became enthusiastic to the point of laughableness. He told me that when the name of a certain Irishman was initialed he would set a glass of whiskey on the table; and when V., who is a heavy smoker, made himself known, he offered him a cigar. This beats everything. R. also takes part in the seances, which are now being

held weekly in Chicago with considerable regularity; but he has not yet been able to come to any decision.

To His Wife

CHICAGO, October 7, 1867

I am going back to St. Louis tonight. I am in something of a hurry because I want to do personally the leading article concerning the results of the election which is to take place tomorrow in several states. These results will probably not be very brilliant for us, with the effect, as I said before, that we shall have to bestir ourselves again next year in connection with the presidential election. I feel it already.

The letters and dispatches I am receiving, the way men—and indeed, the most leading characters—are seeking me out, give me the feeling that I am once more in the ascendant. Next year I shall of course not have the allurement of novelty, but something much more substantial: a well established influence, an extensive acquaintance, and an independent position.

To His Wife

ST. LOUIS, October 12, 1867

I received yesterday your letters which contain the beautiful description of your journey to Lake Lucerne, and the lovely photographs. I have followed you step by step and have heartily rejoiced in all the beauty. . . .

I wrote you earlier that the results of the October elections seemed to me quite doubtful and that I did not expect any particularly favorable results for the Repub-

lican party. This prediction was fulfilled somewhat too completely. In Pennsylvania we have probably lost our candidate for the supreme court. The matter is not wholly settled. In Philadelphia the Democratic ticket was elected with an appreciable majority; and in Ohio we lost the legislature but saved our gubernatorial candidate by a very narrow margin. In a word, the Republican party has suffered a reverse, and the Democrats with President Johnson at the head are raising wild cries of rejoicing. These incidents have no immediate practical significance since the work of reconstruction so far as concerns its completion remains as it was, in the hands of Congress. But the thing has given Johnson, the northern Democrats, and the old rebels of the South new courage, and it is feared that Johnson will attempt to hinder by executive means the carrying out of the congressional policy. It is indeed not improbable that in case of an impeachment and his suspension during the trial, Johnson would resist. The confusion which would result from such a step cannot be reckoned in advance. While it is certain that the northern people would soon put down any attempt at a coup d'état, nevertheless such an event might lead to all kinds of complications. Towards the end of November the business will clear up, for Congress is to reassemble on the twenty-first.

During the first two days after the election the reports from Washington were very threatening. It was then thought we had lost the governor and the whole state government of Ohio. Later reports, that this was not the case, seem to have cooled the ardor and enthusiasm of the Johnson people to some extent. The elections in New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Kansas

will take place at the beginning of November. If these yield a good result I do not believe that Johnson will venture anything; but I have some fears about New York.

In any event the presidential campaign of next year will require on our part a genuine effort, even with Grant, whose nomination for the presidency appears to have been rendered practically certain by the October elections. I am not in the least disquieted about the results of the next presidential election if the business is carried on with moderate wisdom, but the Republican party now needs to have its best men at the wheel, and I have suggested to some of our keenest leaders the desirability of holding a conference within the next few weeks concerning the course to be followed. The reverses we have suffered may very well turn to our advantage. They must free the party from the mischief of side issues such as temperance, and force the wire-pullers and speculators out of their positions of leadership. For the rest, Johnson will doubtless do what is necessary for his own ruin.

To His Wife

October 19, 1867

Your last letter, of September 22, describes the glories of the Rigi, and I rejoice heartily in all of the wonders you have seen. Yes, it is too bad that we could not have enjoyed it together. But I console myself with the thought that you at least have seen it, and when I look upon the promising and consistent prosperity of our business, which answers all my expectations, I hope confidently that the time is not far distant when we can

give ourselves a good time in all comfort. . . . It is a sort of profanation to associate a paragraph about money matters with talk about the Rigi; but you understand the relationship.

I am so glad that you have again taken up your drawing. I know how much satisfaction it will be to you now and with what pleasure we shall sometime go through your sketches and riot in delightful recollections. Cultivate the talent industriously. It yields pure joy, secure against any unpleasant after-taste. Our fall weather is very fine, but warmer here again the last few days than we could wish. Still, the evenings and nights are splendid. . . .

There has been little change in the political situation since I wrote you of the partial defeat of the Republicans in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Republican press generally manifests a good spirit, and it has every reason for doing so. I now regard the nomination of Grant for the next president as quite certain unless he makes very serious blunders before next spring, which is not probable. But there will be a lively campaign, and that is well. There is indicated a general disposition in the party to throw the temperance business and political speculation overboard. Horace Greeley alone in the New York *Tribune* appears cracked as usual. He has already done us great harm, but I hope that by the beginning of the presidential campaign we may be able to tame him. So much will be at stake then, and the lessons the party received this year are so significant, that he will finally be obliged to accept the inevitable. Johnson is of course considerably encouraged, yet I hardly believe he will attempt positive opposition to Congress unless in the impeachment they supersede him and suspend him from office during the trial. Whether

or not Congress will go forward with the impeachment has become somewhat doubtful since the Ohio and Pennsylvania elections. The majority will possibly lack the courage.

But it is getting lively again in Europe. For two days the Atlantic cable has been telling us about the design of Louis Napoleon to send an army of intervention to Rome to the support of the Pope, and we can see the near approach of the outbreak of a European war. In any case, you will be quietly secluded in Switzerland, and if it should come to a general conflict we can observe the great spectacle in pleasant security. If Napoleon intervenes and the Italian kingdom resists, there will be a glorious opportunity for Germany to complete her unification and have a reckoning with French shamelessness.

I can tell you nothing new about my life. It flows on quietly and harmlessly in regular activity, one day practically like another. I am not overworking but have always plenty to do. My quiet pleasure is to think of you and the children, and to this I devote all my leisure hours. Be of good courage and let me hope to see you stronger and more cheerful; so much depends on that.

. . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, October 26, 1867

I just now received your letter from Gersau, the satisfactory tone of which has done me much good.

Your plan to go to Wiesbaden satisfies me thoroughly. The climate of Wiesbaden is mild and I believe that a winter's stay there will answer every expectation.

I am now engaged in putting my financial affairs in order as far as they can and must be brought in order at the end of the first half-year. . . . Then I expect to make my preparations for the Christmas journey to Europe. . . . I had intended to do nothing more before the election, aside from the speech which I am to deliver in Cleveland. But a cry of distress came from the state committee of Wisconsin which I could not resist. They said that only I could save the state, so I weakened and took on six appointments at Racine and elsewhere. I was unable to refuse the old friends, and inasmuch as the Republicans of Wisconsin have conducted themselves well in all things, they deserve my aid. Grant's nomination for the presidency is as good as certain, but even his popularity will not make all efforts superfluous. Before going to Europe I must spend some days in Washington. A meeting of party leaders is planned there which I should not miss; secondly, I must secure a passport and learn through the Prussian minister whether it will be viséed for the Prussian states—for Wiesbaden also is now Prussian. I shall also approach Bancroft and Bucher about this business, for I should not like to encounter inconveniences. I do not believe that I am among the number of the amnestied, and while it is improbable that they will think of incarcerating me, it is nevertheless better to have previous assurances in such matters. . . .

I am greatly pleased to know that the children are regularly in school. Will they learn French decently in Wiesbaden? I would look to that particularly. Now is the time and opportunity for it. . . . Be strong and happy, and remember when you think of me that everything is going well with me.

To His Wife

MILWAUKEE, November 3, 1867

Today by way of exception I can write you only a few words. I am in the midst of the Wisconsin electoral campaign and am staying here in the hotel with Governor Fairchild in a single room, since all other good rooms in the house are let.

I have delivered some speeches in the interior of the state and shall speak here to the Germans tomorrow evening, the eve of the election. Then I shall go home. What the result of the election will be I dare not predict. The Democrats are making extraordinary efforts and are spending great sums of money. The Germans, to a considerable extent, have been rendered skittish by the old temperance humbug, but still I have everywhere had good success. My meetings are crowded and enthusiastic. But on the whole the wind this year is adverse and one cannot see what the result will be until he has the count before him.

Naturally I have found everywhere many of my old friends, and they all tell me that so far from having aged I look younger than formerly. From this you can see that I must certainly be very well. I have indeed never been fresher or more vigorous. My voice is stronger than ever. . . .

When I arrived here I received your short letter from Frankfort, which had been forwarded to me from St. Louis. I am glad to know that you succeeded in securing a permanent, quiet place in Wiesbaden.

To His Wife

ST. LOUIS, November 9, 1867

At last I am again sitting quietly and securely at my writing-table. My letter from Milwaukee must have

seemed to you short and hurried, but I was so beleaguered that I could not possibly command a quiet hour for writing. You know how it goes in an election campaign. My journey in Wisconsin was indeed a pretty strenuous one, yet on the whole quite pleasant.

I was in Watertown too. When I reached Fond du Lac I found a letter from old Uncle Jacob, who urged me strongly to stop in Watertown with him on my way from Portage City to Janesville, since it would perhaps be the last time we should be able to meet there. Of course I decided to go. I visited him the very next day on my way from Fond du Lac to Portage City, remained two hours and then went on. The following morning I left Portage City at two, reached Watertown at five, and was received at the station by Uncle carrying a lantern. I found my room in the house heated, my bed for a morning sleep in order, and there made up honestly the sleep I had lost during the night. The old people were very happy. Aunt prepared me a splendid breakfast and dinner, and so we enjoyed ourselves greatly. They are both well.

I remained there until two o'clock in the afternoon and was accompanied to the station by Uncle and Miller. I saw no one else in Watertown except the brewer B., whose business is so good that he has built for himself a house costing ten thousand dollars. Unquestionably Watertown has improved much. They say it has twelve thousand inhabitants, but that is of course mere boasting. There is much building (and I am convinced the place would become important if there were a better class of people there).[70] Twice I passed through the

[70] This thrust savors of an attempt at self-justification. Schurz in 1855 selected Watertown in competition with Milwaukee as a place in which to make himself financially independent. He hoped to do this

farm on the Northwestern. You can imagine what pensive thoughts of home the view of the house brought me, and what recollections arose in me. An American lives there now, and the flower beds are planted to potatoes and onions.

I was in Milwaukee from Saturday evening until Tuesday morning. Monday evening I had the largest and most enthusiastic German meeting which had ever been seen in Milwaukee. Also, I have never spoken better. I am now beginning to find the right tone for extemporaneous speaking, a tone which carries an audience along irresistibly. . . .

Now you have a full news bulletin from Milwaukee. Milwaukee has improved greatly. The population is said to be seventy-five thousand. There is an extraordinary amount of building and of a very high order of beauty. Certain portions of the city you would hardly recognize. On my return journey I visited Tony in Chicago, as I had also done on my way out. Both times I found our parents there, and as you can imagine we had some very enjoyable hours. Papa and Mama are both right well. . . .

We have been victorious again in the Wisconsin election, with a somewhat reduced majority but yet sufficiently decisive. The Republican majority in the state will be between six and eight thousand. But in New York we were badly beaten; also in New Jersey, while Massachusetts and Minnesota remain loyal with

through a real estate business, of which the principal feature was the purchase of the John Jackson farm and its conversion into city lots. But he had miscalculated the city's prospects, just then inflated because it was temporarily a railway terminus. He agreed to an excessive price for the farm. The panic of 1857 and the deflation due to the terminus moving westward left him stranded, with a debt he could not pay; and in January, 1867, the farm was taken from him on a judgment in foreclosure of mortgage.

strong majorities. I had long foreseen the defeat in New York. It was brought about principally by the Sunday law and the corruption of the last legislature. In Massachusetts the temperance people within the Republican party have suffered a decided overthrow, which together with the backfire against the Sunday law in New York will have the effect of finally putting an end to both of these things which have already given us much trouble.

In so far as the results of the election shall free us from certain encumbrances which heretofore have constantly irritated us, I am satisfied with it. Our way will thereby be rendered clearer next year, and the sense of danger will spur the Republicans to greater efforts. At the moment, however, the Democrats are setting up a tremendous jubilation and President Johnson is growing arrogant. He has ordered the dissolution of the militia companies in the District of Columbia, Washington and its environment, because these were holding with Congress. Whether he really has in mind a coup d'état we shall have to see. It must be decided shortly after the assembling of Congress. Whether they will risk impeachment is again very uncertain. I hardly think they will. The fall elections have given Congress much else to think about. At all events they will have to go to work with utmost prudence. There is so much at stake that they will not want to risk more than is necessary. I consider it therefore not improbable that an open conflict will be avoided, unless Johnson has in mind a deliberate violation of law and a coup d'état. . . .

I am much pleased to know that you are happily settled in Wiesbaden and I do not doubt you will make

things comfortable for yourself. You have done right to set up a small establishment. It will afford you pleasant activity and entertainment. When I am once there, what charming times we shall have! . . . Preetorius will move into his new house next week. I wanted to rent a place, but he protested most energetically against it. . . . He said that a room in the new house was set aside especially for me.

To His Wife

St. Louis, November 15, 1867

Before my departure I shall have to spend a couple of days in Washington. Naturally I shall provide myself with a passport. You think nothing more will be needed and that we shall be able to travel about quietly in Prussia, but for better security I will do something more. I am writing today a letter to Bancroft and one to Bucher asking that they secure for me, from the ministry, unlimited freedom of movement. I shall ask them to send their reply to Hamburg addressed to H. C. Meyer, Jr., so that I may find it there on my arrival. If you are then in Wiesbaden I shall have no cause to delay and can go right on in order to be with you at all events by Christmas Eve. Be so good as to advise Adolf or Henry about it, so that the letter may not be forwarded here through mistake. . . . When I am engaged in packing it seems as if I must be starting tomorrow. . . .

To Theodore Petrasch

St. Louis, November 22, 1867

I shall leave here next week, spend a couple of days in Washington, and then on December 5 go aboard the



THE SCHURZ HOME AT WATERTOWN, WISCONSIN

America bound for Europe for a few weeks' visit with my family. I do not as yet know how long I shall be in New York. Possibly I may arrive on Tuesday, December 3, possibly Wednesday evening, and naturally want very much to see you. All other matters I shall save until then. Do not premium payments become due during the next couple of months? In that case, may I ask you to have the notes ready for me to sign? For the cash payments I will make arrangements here. You will find me at the Astor House. Greet your family heartily. In haste.

To His Wife

St. Louis, November 23, 1867

I have taken my passage on the *America,* one of the best ships of the Bremen line, and shall sail from New York on the fifth of December. Probably I shall touch German soil just one week after this letter. I will not undertake to describe my joy. You will see for yourself when I arrive. From Bremen I shall of course go direct to Hamburg by rail, without delaying en route. If we are to celebrate Christmas together in Wiesbaden I shall leave Hamburg at once and shall apparently have more than time enough to reach Wiesbaden before Christmas Eve, unless the Prussian government places difficulties in my way. I have written to Bancroft and Bucher, and hope to find letters from both in Hamburg giving me certainty about the matter. I really have little desire to write much, for I already see myself with you. I busy myself, aside from my current editorial labors, with nothing except preparations for the journey, and my thoughts are always on it. However, I

have been to the theatre three times lately and have seen Edwin Booth as Hamlet, as Richard III, and as Iago in *Othello*. He deserves his fame. Of all American actors I have seen he is the greatest. His Hamlet is remarkable. For Richard III he is lacking a little in the power of a commanding personality. But his Iago is not easy to beat. It approaches perfection. I distinctly prefer it to Hamlet. But why describe theatrical doings? I can tell them to you so much better. . . .

To Henry Meyer

WIESBADEN, January 9, 1868

I certainly ought to have written to you earlier. I well realize that and must ask a thousand pardons. But you know how it is when one has not seen his own family for a long time and then is with them once more for a short period. Under such conditions one neglects many things for which he must later reproach himself. But I know you will find my long silence excusable. I count upon your forbearance. First of all, let me thank you for the beautiful Christmas gift. . . .

Our Christmas celebration was very lively and joyful, so that the sad memories which accompanied us—and you know well how sad they are—were always forced into the background. Aside from Adolf and Marie, Mathilde and Falke with the children and Therese with her Hugh were here. Only you and Amelia were missing, but we thought of you affectionately. Now it is quiet here once more. Adolf is about to leave and we shall probably go too, spending several days in Weimar with Amalie, and in Berlin. Margarethe's physical condition, which at first did not suit

me very well, seems nevertheless to be somewhat improved. Dr. Genth, a well and favorably known physician, expresses the hope of being able to arrive at the cause of her illness through a summer cure, and to send her back to me next fall with restored health. The children are as well and as good as I could wish to see them.

I shall hardly be able to stay much longer because my presence in America will soon be required. Next fall we have the presidential election, and the preparations for it will begin promptly in the spring. The situation of affairs has become very difficult and it will cost the Republican party much pains and labor to bring the campaign to a fortunate issue. Naturally I shall have to take part in it and be on the ground betimes. Also my newspaper will soon make demands upon me. I have finally, after long and varied misfortunes in my financial undertakings, made a great stroke with it [the newspaper]. . . . It is an old, well-established business which goes its regular gait and has not the usual competition to fear, as an experience of eleven years shows; and it is little affected by changes in the general business situation. So I have well-grounded prospects of ultimately clearing away all my difficulties. . . .

Since in all probability I shall go back to America by way of Hamburg, I hope still to see you and dear Amelia before my departure, to rejoice in your good fortune and to thank you for all good gifts.

To Adolf Meyer

WIESBADEN, February 3, 1868

Yesterday we were finally restored to our quiet family life. We left Berlin Saturday evening and

came through without change. The tour was indeed a little strenuous, but Margarethe held out bravely and is feeling very well. . . . The short stay in Berlin was of incalculable value to me. I could not have regretted anything more than the fact that you were not able to stay a couple of days longer. Of course I was able to see almost nothing of the sights in Berlin that are worthy of being seen, except the worth-while people; and even of these I could see not nearly so many as I ought to have seen. I should have required at least two weeks more in order to do the task as it deserved. Still the single week which was vouchsafed gave me quite a deep insight into the state of affairs here. Naturally I came to know a group of the most distinguished members of the Chamber—but to my deepest regret Schulze-Delitsch escaped me; and you will have learned through the papers that I met Bismarck. It came about at his own request. He sent word through our secretary of legation, Bucher, that he wanted to see me. After our first meeting he invited me to dinner, on which occasion I had him to myself almost two hours; and afterwards I saw him once more.

I have reason to believe that it was his idea in the beginning to attract me into the Prussian state service. On his question whether I designed to remain in Germany I declared without hesitation that I had no idea of leaving the United States. What, indeed, could he have offered which would have answered my expectations or furthered my interests? Otherwise my long and rapid conversation with Bismarck was of extraordinary interest. He expressed himself with complete frankness on all possible situations, even the most delicate, which astounded me; and he displayed a knowledge of men and conditions which I have not found in

any other statesman of my acquaintance. When one has learned to know Bismarck, one thing becomes quite clear. When this force which clearly knows what it wants—and then wills with its whole energy—meets another force that does not clearly know what it wants and which lacks unity and sustained energy, the competition for power will not long remain doubtful. Bismarck is an individuality strong in himself, who has impressed upon current affairs, against all parliamentary opposition, the stamp of his superiority. This superiority as against the Chamber makes itself felt particularly where he is obviously in the wrong; for example, in the debate over the endowment of the dispossessed, which we see going on. I could tell you very interesting things about our conversation which have given me the key to many a matter hitherto dark. Perhaps I shall have opportunity to do so before my return.

During the last days of our stay in Berlin, to our great delight we had opportunity to become acquainted with Stockhausen and to spend some time with the two Misses Toberentz. We were with them at the Patti performance, spent Friday evening with them, and on Saturday just before our departure took the noon meal with them. I cannot tell you how much pleasure it gave us. With them one feels himself in a charmed atmosphere. Stockhausen made a very agreeable impression upon me. One cannot get enough of his voice. I truly hope he will sometime make an artist's tour of America. Since hearing him I have no doubt about his success. The hours passed with the Toberentz sisters were for me hours of genuine rest and reflection.

All in all our journey will remain unforgettable, and I only regret that we could not have had you with

us throughout. For the days you devoted to us we cannot sufficiently thank you. I only wish we could be something to you sometime. Now to business. . . .

To Henry Meyer

WIESBADEN, February 3, 1868

Your letter reached us in Berlin. I would have answered immediately, but the calls we received and had to make left me so little leisure that I could hardly think quietly, much less write. I therefore saved all letters for quiet Wiesbaden. Yesterday we came back here to our children, and here we have leisure enough. . . . Nothing could have been more regrettable to me than the unfortunate miscalculation which prevented our meeting in Frankfort. . . . It pains me greatly that I was unable to see you at least for a few hours, even though at that time I could not join you in the journey to Pesth, because Berlin was where I most wished to go. . . .

My stay in Berlin was a very hectic one. I naturally became acquainted with a multitude of distinguished persons and I found several old acquaintances in Parliament. Adolf had but just left us when I received a letter from one of the subordinate officers of the foreign ministry notifying me that Bismarck wished to see me, and if agreeable to me I should let him know. Of course I did it, and Bismarck appointed a time for the next evening. I went and had an hour-and-a-half interview with him. He invited me to dinner next day, where I encountered some dozens of bestarred and becrossed private counselors, judicial counselors, and other counselors. After dinner Bismarck dismissed the company,

except me, and we had nearly two hours together. Friday evening I saw him again.

You can imagine how interesting this was to me. In a few hours I secured a deeper insight into the operation of the government machine than otherwise could possibly have been secured even with long study. Whatever evil characteristics he may have, Bismarck is at all events an extraordinary person. I have seen many statesmen, but none who speaks his mind on all matters with such complete freedom. Facts which are little or not at all known, the most compromising assertions concerning the motives of his policies, even his relations to the king and his opinion of the "old gentleman," all of this flows from his lips as freely as if he were talking to a confidential person from whom the rack would be unable to force the secret. I think there was hardly a weighty question of foreign or domestic policy about which we did not converse, and on all he expressed himself with the same freedom. Naturally I cannot here go into particulars. I could talk to you for hours about it, and it would convince you that we have in him an extraordinary brain which has a thorough knowledge of men and affairs, especially the Germans, their weaknesses and bad habits; and whose despotic inclination is strengthened mainly by the fact that he so far surpasses all with whom he comes in contact. I shall have much to say to you about this matter when we meet.

Nothing could have been more comical than my appearance at the ministerial table. Of course in the beginning nobody knew me, nor did I know anyone. Afterwards, when we were just ready to sit down, Bismarck introduced me to several persons. A flutter now went round the table and the astonishment appeared to

be great. Steadily the old and the young perukes became more confidential and we amused ourselves very well. When we finally gathered in the salon for coffee and cigars I became the center of quite a group. Bismarck himself seemed conscious of the comical situation, for when he had dismissed the others and we were alone he said: "It is really funny that we sit together here so peacefully and smoke cigars. Fifteen years ago neither of us would have dreamed of it." And immediately after this he expounded to me his policy for the future of Germany.

In Berlin I saw so many people that I really saw nothing else. With the exception of the synagogue, a very hasty walk through the museum, a little ballet, and one opera, I really did not get around to anything. I would gladly have remained a couple of days longer, but we were both anxious to get back to the children. I shall have to leave everything else for my next trip to Europe. At most I shall go to Cologne for a day and see a cousin and a favorite companion of my youth. I hope that later you and I may make a journey together.

To Gottfried Kinkel

WIESBADEN, February 24, 1868

About ten days ago I heard from an apparently trustworthy source that you were to come to Frankfort in a short time, on which occasion I hoped to see you and talk with you. Now I hear that this was a groundless report. The matter has resulted only in delaying my writing to you. How gladly I would have sought you out in Zürich, but I was unable to do so. Now my departure for America draws near. We expect to go

to Hamburg day after tomorrow, and I sail on the steamer *Germania* from thence for the United States on March 4.

I know that I have been owing you a letter for a long time and can only ask your friendly indulgence. You know yourself how it sometimes is about letter writing when the spheres of activity lie so far asunder and one is excessively busy. Even here I have been able to breathe freely only during the past ten days and to enjoy the quiet of my home life. So I hope you will forgive me.

Through my wife I have the most favorable reports about you, your family, and your situation. With modest pretensions I also can report favorably after the many struggles through which I have passed. My activity in America goes pretty far beyond my immediate business, and I have opportunity not infrequently to make myself useful. The temptation to return to the old fatherland has this time been particularly enticing. But I cannot decide to do so; not that I hold the present situation of affairs to be incapable of development. I am glad to learn that you see many a hopeful germ in recent occurrences. But I have already struck root deeply in America. The activities of my best mature years have identified me with the reform movements there, and I cannot leave the ranks of the fighters while so much still remains to be done to which I can contribute. Besides, with my views and my manner of working, I should not feel at home here. In America we can see promptly the results of a wise and energetic effort. Here one has to have more patience than I can trust myself to manifest, and this defect, I fear, would hamper activity.

You have doubtless heard that I had several long conversations with Bismarck in Berlin. He received me in the kindest manner. He is unquestionably a very able man. Although his antecedents are not pleasing, one may still gather hope from the circumstance that he is one of those energetic, impulsive characters whose acts, when they are once engaged, extend beyond their original plans. In his efforts at unification he will go straight ahead, and unless I am mistaken he will undermine the bureaucracy because it is too ossified and too stupid to be a sufficiently flexible and effective instrument of his plans. These are two important things. Perhaps the feudal ideas inculcated in him persist. That is not so very dangerous, for in our industrial age the attempt to bring about a feudal reaction would be merely quixotic. He has been considered a frivolous person. According to my opinion he is not that, or, if he has been, he is so no longer. For the rest, the Prussians seem so instinctively and universally to feel the necessity of having this man at the head of the government, that with the exception of a few individuals no one of the existing parties would assume the responsibility of deposing him.

In America conditions are a little confused. But after effecting such a great social revolution as the emancipation of the slaves, one cannot expect to bring about a perfect calming of the waters the very next day. The presidential election this fall will materially aid to clear up the situation.

Shall I hear from you soon again? My wife and the children unite with me in heartiest greetings to you all. In the old loyal friendship. . . . I was in Spandau and saw some of the old friends again. We had several delightful hours. All are getting along well.

To Theodore Petrasch

HAMBURG, March 1, 1868

Before my departure from America I promised to let you know in advance on what ship I would return to New York. This promise two words will now fulfill. I am leaving from here March 4 on the Hamburg steamer *Germania,* and will thus probably be in New York on the sixteenth or seventeenth and will go to the Astor House immediately upon my arrival. Shall I see you there? With hearty greeting.

To His Wife

ON BOARD THE *Germania,* March 5, 1868

Let me send you one more greeting before I leave the soil of Europe. We have now been on the way a day and a half, hope to reach the Channel tonight, and to be in Southampton tomorrow morning. It has rained and blown practically all morning, so that the sea is agitated and the ship rolls in lively fashion. Consequently I cannot write with great comfort. But it is growing lighter, the wind is falling, and the sea is becoming quieter. . . .

Hard as it is to be separated from you and the children some months longer, I yet take my leave with a feeling of great satisfaction. What a delightful time we had together! How many hours of genuine happiness! How splendid our children were! What love was shown us by the brothers and sisters! And with what well-grounded hopes I now go forth after seeing your old doctor! It was an actual ray of sunshine, and though such days come only now and then, we still have

light and warmth enough for many which have gone before and which may follow them. Let us be thankful for them and not let our reflections be troubled by the complaint that they were so short. Have we not reason to look more cheerfully toward the future? May we not hope to be more free and to sweeten our labor now and then with self-elected pleasures? And how many hands are extended to us with warmest affection! Surely we should look to the future in a contented mood, and not complain too much about the few bitter drops which flow into the goblet of life now and then.

You were quite cheerful when we separated; do remain so. If you sometimes feel lonesome, fill your lonesomeness with hopes and pleasant memories instead of with dark images of possible evil. Your physical cure will be much prompter and more complete if your mind keeps itself free and healthy. Let me feel when at my work, to which I shall now have to give myself and which perhaps will be somewhat strenuous, that you are living and working cheerfully alongside of me. You do not know how much that will mean to me. . . . Now farewell. Greet all heartily.

To His Wife

New York, March 20, 1868

At last I am here. The *Germania* reached her dock at five o'clock this evening. Between Hamburg and Southampton we already had unpleasant weather, but hardly had we left Cowes when a very bad wind began blowing from the west directly against us, and so continued for almost nine days and nights without intermission. It was indeed not quite so bad as we experi-

enced in January, 1862, but sometimes there was not much difference. The sea which opposed us was colossal and the vessel labored through it with great difficulty. On the ninth day our voyage was hardly half completed, but on the tenth day the weather suddenly changed and we shot forward on a quite sea with great rapidity. The *Germania* is a splendid ship; I believe there is not one afloat which in the heaviest weather would be safer or steadier. I would entrust myself to it at any time of year. Our voyage from the Needles to Hoboken lasted thirteen days and twenty hours.

How splendidly my good seaman's qualities served me! I had always my godly appetite, which made me look forward with eagerness to every meal. And sleep! I slept like a dachshund. In Southhampton we received on board the cabin passengers of the *Hammonia,* which as you have probably heard broke its screw in the middle of the ocean and was forced back to Southampton by opposing winds. So the cabins, if not full, were at any rate pretty well occupied. Of course, I retained my cabin wholly for myself alone. Naturally also we saw little of our company during the period of storm, but when quiet came it appeared we had some very pleasant people among them. During the voyage I read much and wrote my letter about Bismarck, which I believe was very good. On my arrival here I received today's *Tribune* in which, translated into English, was given back to me a long piece of my last correspondence concerning the Chamber and the King of Prussia. . . .

The impeachment goes along slowly. The whole Republican party is now united in favor of the measure. We have gained a victory in the New Hampshire election, which naturally makes a very favorable impression on the party. . . .

Our ship had hardly reached the haven before it set in to storm and snow again. The snow now lies several inches deep. God be thanked that we are here!

This letter will probably find you back in your peaceful home in Wiesbaden. We enjoyed some beautiful days together, did we not, my dearest? And why should not similar days come to us frequently? Have we not every reason to look toward the future with confidence and good cheer? How many hours on shipboard, with waking eyes, did I not dream of you and the children; and I thought out so many lovely plans! Have courage and we shall be very happy. Now adieu. From weariness my eyelids are drooping, and the letter must go in the morning in order to give you notice as soon as possible of my arrival. In my thoughts I kiss you and the children a thousand times. Think of me with the old love, as I do of you. Greet all.

To Theodore Petrasch

New Haven, March 25, 1868

They have loaded upon me here one more meeting than originally had been planned. In consequence, I shall not come to New York Friday, but Saturday. I do not yet know whether I shall go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In any event I shall go to Kapp's house at twelve o'clock noon and you will most surely find me there.

To His Wife

Washington, March 29, 1868

Greatly as many things in Germany pleased me I am bound to say that this country seems home to me.

How fresh and hearty life is here and how one feels at every step that he can accomplish something! This is a great cause. You recall that I described to you the political situation which I left here in December as very unsatisfactory and even doubtful. All of our friends at that time felt depressed and it was believed that only with the most strenuous exertions could the Republican party guarantee its success in the presidential election. That situation has suddenly become quite different. I have rarely seen so quick and complete a change. Everything now is hopeful. . . .

In Connecticut, where the campaign of the Republicans is being carried on with great eagerness, the Democrats are hardly stirring at all, and everywhere their heads are drooping. Tomorrow the real "trial" of the President begins. Butler will make the first speech for the prosecution, which I shall hear. In two, or at most three, weeks it is thought the whole business will be finished, and I cannot see what good end a longer protraction would serve. The conviction of Johnson is certain and I am convinced that his removal would have a very wholesome effect. There are still rumors that he intends to resist. But since the army is in Grant's hands an attempt of that kind would be truly childish. I do not believe it. Even if Johnson has had such ideas he certainly would be deterred from this step, which with a turn of the hand might bring him under the knife. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, April 4, 1868

I arrived here yesterday morning after a wearisome railway journey. . . . About ten o'clock I went to the

office and was received with genuine pleasure by all. That did me much good. . . . Preetorius especially received me with the most friendly heartiness. . . .

I began writing for the paper again yesterday. Today—on Saturday I never have much to do—I spent in answering a mountain of letters which had piled up on my writing-desk during my long absence. Considerable time was also wasted in handshaking, for my "friends" came one after another to pay their respects. I can inject here one good piece of news. Despite the fact that all about us there are complaints of bad times, our business has gone on splendidly. . . .

The political world here is naturally kept breathless over the impeachment of Johnson. Possibly you may have received the results of the trial before this will reach you. Last Monday I heard the opening speech of General Butler, with which the prosecution began. What an opportunity that would have been for a great orator—an opportunity such as will not come again in generations! . . .

The material would have been so potent for one who knew how to utilize it not only as jurist but also as statesman and citizen of this republic. Butler made a commonplace lawyer's speech out of it, strong in its arguments to be sure, but without any higher implications—about such a speech as has been heard a hundred times before the higher courts in important criminal cases. I sat there filled with impatience over the lost opportunity, which demanded a great effort, while Butler labored one point after another with uniform aridity. It is to be hoped that Bingham and Boutwell, whose speeches will bring the trial to a close, may understand how to give the case a higher sanction.

I think I told you in my last letter that so far as the popular mind is concerned a complete change has occurred. Everything goes along peacefully and we already look upon the result of the presidential election as certain. Grant's nomination, unless signs and wonders occur, is assured. There is really no serious opposition longer and the other candidates have quietly withdrawn —even Chase, although he hoped the impossible to the last and resents the preference of a new man as against an old antislavery leader. I pity Chase truly, but nothing can be done for him. He has an unhappy way of too plainly exhibiting his presidential aspirations, so that those who really mean well by him are denied the privilege of warming up to him. I fear he will have to spend his days in his judicial chair, like a wounded lion. His position of chief justice, which to another would be the fulfillment of highest ambition, merely makes him a martyr. The presidential fever is a deadly malady. And now enough of politics. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, April 12, 1868

I have again worked myself into the situation and things are as I could wish, at least so far as my private concerns go. The elections, however, have not gone according to the indications I observed on my arrival in the country. . . .

In one respect I am very well satisfied with the outcome of the spring elections. While they do not in any way lessen our chances of victory, yet on the other hand they show that we must work for it and that the mere nomination of Grant, which is expected on all hands, will

not suffice to make it absolutely sure. We shall have an active campaign, and that is exactly what I want. Nothing could be more dangerous to the party than lazy self-confidence. The impeachment will probably come to an end in eight or ten days and you will have the result before these lines reach you. I hope we shall then have a Republican administration once more and go forward under full sail. . . . I am already beginning the preliminary preparations for my forthcoming campaign speech. I have several excellent ideas which can be worked out very nicely if the newspaper work does not split me up too much. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, May 11, 1868

Tomorrow the vote on the impeachment charges will occur in Washington. It will be a decisive day and we look forward to the result with throbbing hearts. Last week all kinds of disquieting rumors were sent out about the desertion of several Republican Senators, but most of these appear to be unfounded. For several days those who desire Johnson's conviction have been much more confident. On the whole the trial was conducted in a very weak manner on the side of the prosecution, at least so far as the arguments went. Bingham's speech alone was in any way adequate. But even it was not what could have been desired on so great an occasion. There are so few American speakers who have learned that the greatest effect will be produced by illuminating, simple strength and not by rankly abundant speech. Fortunately the case of the prosecution was so strong as to compensate for the defects in its presentation. In

forty hours we shall know the final result. Let us hope for the best.

Yesterday we celebrated the anniversary of the capture of Fort Jackson. All the Germans were in Union Park, with wives and families; the German section of the city was covered with flags and we rejoiced once more in a demonstration of patriotism. Of course I was again required to "glorify" the celebration with a speech and I did it with all brevity but with good success. You will remember that I had to drink the same bitter cup last year. While appreciable gaps have been made in the ranks of the German Republicans in other states, here the German column still stands fast and I hope it will remain so until the results of the war shall have been guaranteed. This fall we shall have to fight through the negro suffrage matter, and on this question there are still many prejudices to overcome among the Germans. But we shall make a strong attempt, and as I hope not in vain.

To His Daughter Agathe

St. Louis, May 24, 1868

I have rejoiced heartily over your letter. It is intelligent, in correct style, and I find no extravagant expressions in it. I now believe that you will learn to write very well if you keep on in the same way. Let me give you a principal rule: One should write precisely as he thinks and express fittingly what he wants to say. One must not admit any artfulness of expression nor use figures of speech, particularly adjectives, without knowing exactly what is intended to be expressed thereby. One must not involve sentences too much but

arrange his thoughts simply, one after another, just as they naturally follow one another. That is the whole art of style. The simplest and clearest is always the most effective and best. Young persons always try to express beauty in high-flown superlatives. They think it sounds well, but what signifies a good sound if what one has to say doesn't mean anything? By the way, that is a stage of diseased taste which almost everybody has to pass through. It does not do much harm provided one gets done with it promptly. Having once catered to a false taste and gained a better one, one needs to be careful not to fall back into the old errors. If you develop your present manner of writing you will save yourself this transition period, which would be much better. Do write me frequently, every week or every two weeks, about what goes on around you, and I will give you other hints from time to time.

With me, my dear child, everything is as well as it can be in your absence. I was in Chicago this week as delegate to the national convention. Now the presidential campaign begins, which will give me plenty to do. But I cannot tell you how I long for the time when I shall have you all with me again. Without you there is only half a life. I hope you will do all you can to cheer Mama and advance her cure. You know how greatly her condition depends on her surroundings, and you have become wise enough to understand how much influence the conduct of children has upon the sensibilities of a mother. Adieu, my Handy.

To His Wife

St. Louis, May 24, 1868

At last I am in peace again. I returned yesterday from the Chicago convention, the results of which you

have undoubtedly learned already, through the telegraph. The business went off very well. I had a little triumph there too. They made me temporary chairman. I opened the convention with a short speech which pleased so extraordinarily well that I was almost smothered with congratulations. The newspapers are full of praise. I also presented a couple of supplementary resolutions which were accepted with the greatest unanimity and brought me almost as much recognition as the resolutions themselves. The convention was held in Crosby's Opera House and presented a very impressive spectacle. The city was so full of strangers that at certain times one could hardly get through the main streets. At first the whole affair was a bit tame, but the enthusiasm rose little by little. When the nomination of Grant was completed, after the call of the states, the whole great assembly broke into never ending applause. The scene was so moving that one of the Prussian ministerial secretaries, Von K—, who was present and who wrote me his impressions, found the tears streaming down his cheeks. The election of Colfax also aroused much enthusiasm. Along with most of the Missouri delegation I voted for Wade, although I soon became convinced that he could not be nominated. We had to give him a large vote on account of his peculiar position in the impeachment trial. Colfax is a very popular man and on that account a strong candidate. His abilities are not distinguished but are just sufficient to make him acceptable to the masses. They are fond of happy mediocrity.

On the whole I think, if good work is done, we can be pretty sure of success. Something, it is true, depends on what kind of candidates the Democratic party will

nominate July 4. If an extreme Copperhead is chosen the game will be easy for us. But if a man like General Hancock shall be nominated we shall have to work very hard. Nevertheless I think that even in that case the old forces can be led to victory once more.

In Washington people are still deceiving themselves with the thought that the impeachment can be effected after all. I do not believe it. Indeed I fear the matter will endanger us if it is dragged out much longer. They think proof has been found that Ross of Kansas, one of the Senators who voted for acquittal, allowed himself to be bribed, and as I understand the circumstances the thing does not seem improbable.[71] Could it be proved by wholly incontrovertible evidence, that would surely be of the highest importance. Otherwise they would probably do better to let the whole trial drop overboard and devote themselves unreservedly to the election contest.

You see I am head over ears in politics again and I am already being overwhelmed with invitations to meetings, especially since the rôle that was assigned me in the convention has brought me once more prominently into the foreground. . . . Uncle Jacob and Papa were in Chicago during the convention. Both were pleased with what went on, each in his own way. Papa is quite well. . . .

To His Wife

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA, August 2, 1868

From the date of this letter you will see that I am in the midst of the campaign. I left St. Louis last

[71] This was one of the partisan rumors for which there was no foundation in fact.

Wednesday, spoke in Bloomington, Illinois, in the evening; spent Thursday in Chicago with Tony and Mama; spoke Friday evening in Indianapolis, and last night here. Today I succeeded in keeping my enthusiastic friends away for several hours. Oh, the whole business is on once more: ceremonial receptions at the stations, processions, serenades, and this frightful noise, which in 1860 was already so hateful to me, and which now again follows me even into my dreams. In Bloomington my friends thought they ought to do something special for me. So, secretly, they telegraphed to Mr. Olshausen asking what kind of wine I preferred—just imagine—and when I came to my hotel I found in my room an entire case of bottles of fine Rhenish wine together with boxes of cigars, etc. I, poor man, was to help drink all of this, but at last I had to call in my German brothers to assist, which they did, and before I left at midnight the bottles were actually empty. And the serenades! The meeting was German, but the Americans insisted that I speak in English for a few minutes from the hotel balcony. I finally succumbed to my fate and agreed. When I had finished and returned to my chamber, imagine my fright—for, while the "brass band" was still working away madly with tremendous noise out in the street, a Männerchor suddenly cut loose on the gallery in front of my chamber door. The good Germans had written a poem about me and set it to music, in which I was described as God knows what kind of hero and champion of liberty in two hemispheres, and this hymn was being chanted before my door by the Männerchor, whose tenors tortured their voices into a ghastly falsetto. I finally took myself in hand, stepped out among the terrifying singers, told

them how deeply I was touched, and asked them to enter and carouse over the remainder of my gift wine. They did so; but I was not to get off so easily, for afterwards the worthy singers bade me a good-night tunefully.

To cap the climax, I had with me a doctor who had back-slidden from the Republican party and whom I had reconverted by my speech; and who was explaining the whole matter to me mid continual sniffling, weeping, and handshaking. Oh, a man can endure unbelievable things! I felt that once more when I stretched out on my bed in the sleeping-car, became oblivious to my frightful popularity, and rolled quietly into Chicago. But so it goes all the time. In Indianapolis I had to endure a torchlight procession, and here they had a ceremonial reception at the station, with music and a feast. God be thanked, the beginning has been made and my nerves are becoming steeled to it again. But if this thing continues I shall once more send the committees my edict against serenades and big noises.

Here the campaign is in good swing. I would not have gone into it in this manner were it not so important for us to carry, with good majorities, the state elections in Indiana and Pennsylvania, which occur in October. If we do that, we shall be quite certain of the result of the presidential election. If we fail in that, the whole business will be doubtful. The signs of the times are indeed favorable, but the results of the spring elections taught us not to place too much reliance on appearances. It requires steady, energetic work to change good prospects into certainties. So I put my shoulder to the wheel once more. . . .

This week I had a very pressing invitation from Grow, former speaker of the House of Representatives,

whose sister you like so much. Grow is now chairman of the state central committee of Pennsylvania and he begged me most pressingly to speak there at eight or ten meetings. I have consented and will go there after filling my engagements here. Probably, on the same trip I may give a great speech in New York. Then, in the first or second week of September, I hope to be in the West again and spend the last month of the campaign in Missouri.

Do not be angry with me for assuming so much work. I have already for twelve years fought for the good cause according to my strength. I must not and cannot let anything stand in the way of a last great effort which will bring the work to completion and guarantee us against a reaction. If we are victorious now, it will be the final act of the great drama and we shall enter upon a period of quiet, peaceful development. Here is a section of my life work which I cannot leave unfulfilled without being untrue to myself.

Keep well and cheerful, and improve the fine days.

To His Wife

MADISON, INDIANA, August 9, 1868

This letter will probably arrive by your birthday; at least, so I calculate. And here I sit in a pleasant little town on the banks of the Ohio, in Indiana, and my thoughts are all with you. They have been so for several days. I wanted to make a poem for you on your birthday—but God knows the rhymes will no longer come properly. Also, the poetical efforts were constantly crossed by all kinds of prosaic matters—Grant and Seymour, reconstruction, the national debt, the greenback

or gold question, etc., etc. Poetry cannot thrive in such company. So I got only a fragment done, and since the letter must go now in order to reach you on your birthday I cannot wait longer for poetic inspiration. . . .

Since writing you a week ago I have been quite active. I am speaking with the old fire once more. I have touched some of the places visited in the campaign of 1860, and the people find that I have lost none of my old vigor. My meetings are always crowded, and almost every time I hear of conversions which I have brought about. And so my work is truly beneficial. Since Wednesday I have traveled only on the great, safe mail steamers on the Ohio, and with glorious weather have had really wonderful trips. How often I have thought, were you with me, how much you would enjoy it! Along the lovely river, between the wooded hills, I can occasionally forget politics and let my fancy rove. When I see a specially fine country house on the shore I ask myself—"How would it be if I lived there with her?"—and I paint the picture. Or, I paint a fancy sketch of Schwalbach as I reconstruct it from your descriptions.

As regards your return home, let your health be the first consideration affecting the decision. I have told you so much about my prospects and future plans that there is hardly anything to add. . . . But if the doctor decides it is desirable, for the sake of your health, to remain through the entire winter, I will consent to it; that you know. . . .

My engagements run to election day, with some interruptions for rest. The last five or six weeks of the campaign will be devoted entirely to Missouri. I have several reasons for that, one of which I have not yet given you. It is this: This winter the legislature of Missouri will elect a new Senator in place of Henderson.

The latter would have been reëlected had he not rendered himself impossible by his attitude in the impeachment. Some voices have already been raised in the state in favor of sending me to the Senate. The main argument against it is that the holdover Senator, Drake, is from St. Louis and they never like to take both Senators from the same place. Usage has long been against it. For this reason I shall not become a candidate. But inasmuch as there are several candidates from the rural sections and the probability is that they will neutralize one another in influence, it would still be possible that in the end I could be elected, particularly if I make a strong impression throughout the state by my speeches before the presidential election. I do not speak to anyone about it and also restrain my friends who want to bring my name forward. But if, in the course of events, the election should come to me wholly without effort on my part—a thing I do not regard as probable nor yet as impossible—I would accept it. I certainly would not come out as a candidate in the way the others do, because I wish to avoid unpleasantnesses. I shall wait quietly and see what fate may decide. If it does not come I shall have the advantage of not being disappointed, because I did not count on anything and the newspaper always remains to me. . . .

A thousand greetings for you all, and for yourself in particular for your birthday. . . .

To His Wife

Valparaiso, Indiana, August 16, 1868

. . . Preetorius writes me that the Americans in Missouri are talking more and more about putting me

in Henderson's place as Senator and that several papers have already formally placed my name at the heads of their columns. He asked me what he should say and I answered, "Nothing at all." I shall not be a candidate, but if the thing settles itself, as is not wholly impossible, it would not be so bad—what do you think?

To His Daughter Agathe

VALPARAISO, INDIANA, August 17, 1868

Your letter about the Luther celebration gave me much pleasure. The description is simple and yet perspicuous. You, of course, tried to present only the outstanding features of the celebration. Usually, descriptions of this kind are made very attractive and interesting through the emphasis of traits and contrasts which are peculiar and characteristic. I believe you understand what I mean when I say that a picture appeals to the eye and arouses interest chiefly through its strong lights.

Mama writes that you have read much lately. I wish you would give me an outline of your literary studies with an account of those which appeal to you most. . . .

I am much pleased that you have a taste for historical studies. If you want to read, for yourself, world history to the Reformation, take the old Becker's general history; or, if you can find it there in the library, Schlosser's. I believe Becker's is the better. It is written more attractively for beginners and is less difficult to understand. It is important at present that you acquire a regular survey of events and an approximate notion of each historical period. Becker's world

history is very good for this purpose. If, later, you wish to study some historical situation seriously, I will cite you other books. Much stress is laid in the schools on names and dates. These are valuable only as providing the "framework" into which the weightier matters—the development of events and characters of different periods—are fitted. The great point is to secure an understanding of the latter, and if you would have historical matters impress themselves upon your thought, you must not lose sight of the important things through attention to incidentals. The books of Freitag which we bought last winter are on this account of very special value. They impart to history dramatic life and color. It does us little good to know that Alexander, king of Macedon, overthrew Porus, the Hindu king, if we do not know what kind of men Alexander and Porus really were, under what conditions they lived, and what their deeds actually signified in that age. . . .

This "stumping" would not be so bad if one were only better fed. But the leather beefsteak and the fried potatoes of the country hotels irk me so that I always feel like getting up from the table when I see them coming. But what can I do? Eat I must, and so with deadly contempt I day after day choke down the leather beefsteak and in doing so frequently recall the ideal beefsteak with eggs which Mama used to provide for me on the farm. When we shall be together once more you will spoil me a bit, will you not? And now, in the thought of this beautiful future I will go on, patiently swallowing whatever is set before me.

Write me soon again, dear Handy, and give Pussy a kiss for me. With heartfelt love.

To His Wife

ALBANY, September 7, 1868

I am sitting here in the same elegant room in which we stayed two years ago when you made the trip to New York with me, and everything about me is alive with memories. In a few hours I go to Syracuse. . . . Next week come my engagements in Illinois and the week after next I shall be in Missouri. One week from Saturday I am to give my big campaign speech in Chicago —one of the best, as I think, that I have yet produced. My journey through Pennsylvania was a genuine march of triumph. Saturday evening I spoke to the Germans at Cooper Institute in New York. It was a colossal meeting. The joyful applause which greeted me when I arose was such that for several minutes I could not utter a sound. My heart was in my throat. I am used to such things—possibly a trifle blasé—but it was too overpowering. Several hundred of my old soldiers had reserved for themselves the place immediately opposite the stage, and as they leaped to their feet and swung their hats and reached out their hands and gave the general one "lebe hoch" after another, so that the thing seemed endless and incited the whole vast assemblage, I almost lost my grip on myself. Finally, however, I took myself firmly in hand and made a speech which even the critical New York Germans appraised as the most classical and striking I had ever made. . . .

My health is splendid. I have recovered my real campaign voice and could, so to speak, make a speech in my sleep. It is easy to fight in the feeling of victory.

I am happy over the news you give me concerning your health. You have no doubt gone over everything with Adolf and in one of your next letters I hope you

will give me the result. Until then I will take no part in the matter. . . . My best greetings for you loved ones. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, November 2, 1868

Today is the day preceding the election. Day before yesterday I returned from my last trip in southeastern Missouri. This evening I am to speak once more in the manner in which an officer rides along the battle front before the engagement, giving final instructions and words of encouragement to the troops. Then my duty will be done.

My last tour was quite wearying, less by reason of the distances covered than because the horses which drew me were so horribly slow. Give me rough roads, a miserable carriage, but not slow horses. Were I obliged to travel three months continuously in the way I did the latter part of last week I should develop nervous fever. But now everything has ended fortunately and I have the feeling that I have performed my duty. The Republican press, too, has extended to me full recognition for what I have done. Our papers have been full of my doings, and the demand for me to become Senator grows daily. The matter begins to trend toward a higher probability. What is said and written about my entrance into the cabinet is nothing but empty rumor. Grant certainly has given no intimation himself and he will doubtless go his own way. It would be strange if other people knew the least thing about it. It is, to be sure, not impossible that Grant should fix upon me, but I do not consider it at all probable. He is too little acquainted with me and will scarcely be disposed to treat

the matter in a hit-or-miss way. I certainly do not believe he would proffer me the one portfolio in which I could achieve something; namely, that of foreign affairs. The circumstance that I am foreign born operates strongly against me. I should prefer the senatorship to any other place in the cabinet. I could accomplish more there; it would be more advantageous for me financially inasmuch as my connection with the business could be continued, and it would leave me much more freedom. More than that, it is the only position through which it might be possible, sometime, for me to attain the secretaryship of state. Do you recall that a seat in the Senate was from the first the highest position we desired for me? If that should now come of its own accord we must not be so ill-bred as to want something else. Let us wait patiently for the good things fate may present to us.

Your anxiety about me, which expresses itself in your letter, has fortunately been quite unnecessary. During the entire campaign I was everywhere treated with the greatest friendliness, and even the abuse of the Democratic press has been far less virulent than upon earlier occasions of the kind. By several opposition papers of this state I was treated with actual distinction. The tone of things in Missouri has definitely improved. Here and there the two parties still confront each other with virulence, but on the whole such localities are very few. Night before last both parties held their final demonstrations, torchlight processions, etc. here in St. Louis. No excesses whatever occurred. Once the two processions met, but the Democratic parade stood still to let a division of the tanners pass by obliquely. A few weeks ago such an occasion would have led to shoot-

ing and stabbing. But that is past. So we are looking forward to a peaceful election day. We are having glorious Indian summer weather and I sincerely hope it will continue until tomorrow night. The result of the election you will have received through the telegraph long before this letter reaches you. At present we can speak only of hopes, but they are very dependable. . . . I am expecting that the electoral college of this state, whose head I am as the first elector-at-large, will send me to Washington to deliver the electoral vote of Missouri in favor of Grant. That will be toward the beginning of January and will give me some days in Washington.

Aside from this I shall not get away from here save, at the utmost, for a visit to Monee, which I shall probably make in a week or two. The rest will be peaceful, quiet, regular work. Should I be elected Senator I would have to go to Washington for the inauguration of Grant and the beginning of the senatorial session. But that will be decided only after the meeting of our state legislature, probably toward the middle of January. Up to then the future will remain uncertain. This is the program as far as I can sketch it. . . . Adieu. My best greetings to you all.

To His Wife

St. Louis, November 9, 1868

Now the election has happily passed and I rest on my laurels. Everything went off splendidly; only here in Missouri we lost the amendment giving negroes the right to vote. This type of reform, however, comes about only step by step, and a temporary failure is but

a step toward final victory. The election went off, as I predicted, in perfect quiet and now the profoundest contentment prevails. I had hoped my labors would be over, but so it goes. The Republicans of St. Louis have decided to hold a ratification meeting next Tuesday and naturally I was again asked to present in a speech my views on the present situation. Just as naturally I was unable to decline. "We want to hear you," it was said again; "the people will come to hear you," etc. And inasmuch as the matter is of some importance, so shortly before the senatorial election, the speech being in a sense my program for the future, I am once more at my writing-desk, as if the campaign had just begun. Of course this speech must be short, but I have only three days to prepare it and that time is largely filled with the regular newspaper work. But I have made a vow that for several months to come this is to be the last extraordinary labor, for I am actually tired of the exertion. . . .

The election being over, new sorrows have come for me: First, the office seekers who want my support—and you know the bedbug-like stickiness of many of these. I keep them away as much as I can, but it is a constant fight. Then comes the senatorial election. On the one hand, I have to listen to my friends, who insist on telling me fully what they are going to do for me, and who also tell me about every conceivable kind of intrigue which is being concocted against me, and give the best-meant advice. Naturally, I have to listen to all this with deadly contempt but without moving a muscle, and it is hard for me to convince the people that I cannot and will not be active in the matter myself. Next come the friends and agents of my rivals, who offer me

every imaginable office, or at least their support for it, in order to get me out of the way so far as the senatorship is concerned. These people again are hard to convince that I do not want any office under the administration, and that if I did want one I would not require their assistance. Of course all kinds of levers are worked and I tell you I wish the time of the senatorial election, which is fixed for the twentieth of January, were past. I would rather, if it were possible, go away from here in order to avoid being worried by this business. If I had you here everything would be much easier, for together we can make light of many things. However, my old equanimity, which as you know never forsakes me, comes to my support here too. My chief opponent is Drake, the Senator who holds over until 1872. He knows that if I am elected and there are then two Senators from St. Louis, his place would be vacated at the end of his term. But since he has already lost much of his influence in the state, his opposition, although not to be despised, will in no way be decisive. So there are plenty of things, as you see, to occupy me, though not precisely in the pleasantest way. . . .

Now I must go at my speech and my leading article. Next week I shall be able to write you with more quiet, perhaps from Chicago or Monee. What you have to tell me about your health is splendid. Oh, if it could only be my privilege once more to have you thoroughly well and vigorous in my arms. What would not that be for me!

To His Wife

St. Louis, November 16, 1868

That your life in Wiesbaden is now more lively and pleasant in a social way pleases me much. That is nec-

essary for you. I hope that the people with whom you associate will continue thoughtful as they are at present. That is the best help toward your cure. If I could only be with you for a couple of weeks! How it would thaw me out! But I am obliged to banish the thought from my mind because it is impossible.

In my last letter I told you about a speech which I would have to give at the ratification meeting. Well, nothing came of it. I had my speech ready when we—that is to say, my closest political friends here and myself—came to the conclusion that it would be better for me just now to discuss no questions of the future publicly. My name, my reputation, it was said, are stronger at this moment than they could be made through any speech. It would be better if I allowed my name to go before the legislature at the senatorial election just as it stands at present, and discuss future problems only when they come up for practical solution. That was good sense and I agreed. . . .

General Loan, who feels himself threatened by my popularity, has begun a very active effort to gain friends. In this quest he came here last week, but left much disappointed, having observed that my election is regarded here as a certainty and that the great American newspaper, the *Democrat,* is coming to my aid most warmly. Besides, my friends out in the state are not indolent either, and every day I receive assurances of support from this and that member of the legislature. In the press my name has been mentioned so far only out in the state, and that is true policy inasmuch as my nomination should not come from St. Louis but from the rural population. . . .

Last week I had a charming letter from Papa. He has made a speech. Here is what he says: "I helped in

the preëlection work. One night an American made a speech here and there was no German present. I went to the platform and made a speech with the greatest applause. A serenade was given me, of course a Monee serenade. Schiffer and Anna were present at the speech. They said they sat there in the greatest anxiety and were afraid I would get stuck. Mama wept and feared I would not live long. I was also elected chairman. But everything went well." I anticipate much pleasure in hearing from Mama about it. I think of going there next week. . . .

To His Wife

CHICAGO, November 23, 1868

My chances for the senatorial position seem to grow better constantly. Shortly before I left St. Louis very favorable reports were given me from various parts of the state. The newspapers are coming out for me in considerable numbers and with great enthusiasm. If the matter actually goes as it promises it will be a great triumph. If I am elected, ought you not to be in the gallery when I am sworn in? This affair, which marks a new point of departure in my career, will not have the same charm for me if you are not present. After sharing so many a bitter hour we ought also to experience the triumphs together. But let me not speak of it with so much certainty. I shall not take it as assured until the election is past.

To His Wife

ST. LOUIS, November 28, 1868

In half an hour I shall have to go to our Saturday dinner, and in order to mollify the premonitory stirrings

of my stomach, which are already lively, I will tell you about this new arrangement. Inasmuch as I am now really a kind of orphan boy, the idea came to me of bringing about a somewhat more social relationship between the Germans and the Americans here in St. Louis. To that end, shortly after the election I suggested to several of my German and American friends that we eat together every Saturday in a perfectly informal manner and without any sort of organization. The suggestion was taken up eagerly and two weeks ago today we began with seven, all men of consequence—journalists, advocates, and a couple of merchants, all congenial people. I did not attend the second dinner because I had gone to Chicago, but today there will probably be eighteen or twenty. We eat at the Planters House, where they serve a very fine dinner—of course in a private dining room. We begin at three o'clock and separate about seven. There we assemble the ablest men of St. Louis, and I am convinced that in a short time the Saturday dinner will exert a decisive influence upon the politics of the state. Has not your husband here again had a happy inspiration? He has to amuse himself now as best he can, and in this business he is trying to combine the useful with the pleasant. . . .

To His Wife

Sunday, November 29, 1868

I was interrupted yesterday and then had to go to the Saturday dinner, which was very pleasant. . . .

As to the hope you continue to harbor that I may be with you at Christmas time, that is quite impossible. It is not alone the newspaper. As elector of the state, I

must day after tomorrow be in Jefferson City, where the electoral college assembles to cast the vote of Missouri. And it is probable that I shall be sent to Washington to deliver the vote to the president of the Senate. Besides, I must be here on account of the senatorial election. Were I to leave now it would cost me perhaps twenty per cent of my chances and that cannot be ventured. The Republican papers in the interior of the state are now coming out for me one after another, particularly those in northern Missouri, where I expected to find the strongest opposition. My attitude is of course quite passive, but I have to be here. Every moment members of the legislature come who at least want to see me and ask my opinion on this or that question. And I have to be accessible. Is not that so? You see that yourself, do you not? My chances, indeed, seem to be improving constantly, and unless a decided reaction sets in against me before the twentieth of January, we can consider my election almost assured. While I do not count upon anything with certainty, still I cannot resist now and then allowing myself pleasant dreams of how, during the next six years, we shall install ourselves comfortably in Washington and for the most part live pleasantly in an environment which I know you will prefer to St. Louis. And I can very nicely retain my connection with the newspaper, to which, as Senator, I can be of the greatest advantage and so be splendidly situated, socially as well as materially. . . .

How I rejoice over what you tell me about your health! You will now at last be perfectly well; be sure to bring back your second youth unharmed. We shall then strive to retain it. I also am quite well. The labors of the presidential campaign have left no traces what-

ever upon me, and the abundance of office work affects me just as little. I was made to be a regular work-horse, and should I enter the Senate this working power will make itself felt in a worthy field. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, December 6, 1868

The business of the senatorial election presents itself constantly in a more favorable light. There are now in all twenty-two of the state newspapers which have come out for me, while all other candidates together have hardly half a dozen. . . .

Today we receive the presidential message—Johnson's last, which we shall have to translate. Much snow fell last night; the telegraph is disorganized and we shall have to work until late tonight.

To His Wife

St. Louis, December 20, 1868

I found your letter on my return from the soldiers' reunion at Chicago. On the whole this was a confused and somewhat tiresome affair. The first evening there was a meeting with endless speeches. The only thing which actually thrilled the gathering was the reveille which was performed at the beginning of the business by the trumpet corps and which brought back a very vivid recollection of the camp and campaign life. The first stirring notes were greeted with a genuine explosion of cheers. On the second evening we had a great banquet in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce. There were over fifteen hundred officers at table. But the hall was so large and there was so much noise that

the toasts and responses could hardly be heard. Accordingly, there was much confusion and on the whole the affair was not very satisfactory. I responded to the toast, "The Loyal and Patriotic Press." I was listened to with greater attention than anyone else, but I spoke only a few minutes. On such occasions one performs a distinct service by being brief.

Grant, Sherman, Thomas were all there together with a long series of distinguished generals. I had a conversation with Grant in which he expressed himself quite freely about several things. Among others, we touched upon our two reports on the situation in the South which in the winter of 1865 were laid before Congress, and he avowed very freely: "I traveled as the general-in-chief and people who came to see me tried to appear to the best advantage. But I have since come to the conclusion that you were right and I was wrong."[72] I believe we shall have in him a good, wise president, true to Republican principles. The views he expressed on several political questions were very clear and sensible. But it is remarkable how little enthusiasm the sight of him arouses in the masses. At the soldiers' assembly and the banquet he sat in his quiet way, with his impassive, stony countenance, and it seemed almost as if the people did not trust themselves to cheer for him in his presence; while Sherman, and particularly Thomas, were immediately in magnetic rapport with the assembly. When Grant is not present the announcement of his name always brings a cheer, but his presence chills. And still, he can let himself go in private conversation, and can be talkative and even pleasant. Whether or not I got closer to him I do not know. It

[72] This important admission on Grant's part stands, in Schurz's German letter, as a direct quotation in English, just as it is here printed.

is said he relies a great deal upon me; Sherman, for example, says that, and consequently it must be true. Who shall be taken into the cabinet, who shall fill the higher offices, is still all in doubt. Grant, naturally, is dumb as a fish. Supposition exhausts itself; the most varied combinations are being made, but at the end we know as much as at the beginning.

My expectation concerning the senatorship was much discussed among the generals and I received dozens of congratulations because, as it appeared, the matter is regarded as settled. The press outside of the state begins to interest itself warmly, and I believe the legislature will be under strong pressure from public opinion. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, December 26, 1868

Christmas is now past and I am again sitting at my writing-table. For me the celebration was not particularly exciting. I indeed helped to arrange the Christmas tree in the Preetorius home, but it would not do. The spontaneous interest was lacking for the most part and my thoughts wandered in the distance and in the past. Last year it was so fine. And this year I enlivened my lonesomeness with all sorts of fantasy pictures about the Christmas tree in Wilhelmstrasse. . . .

The next few weeks will be very heavy ones for me. The struggle over the senatorship is now going on in good earnest. Congress has adjourned, and my opponents and their helpers—Henderson, Loan, Drake, and others—are on their way hither to conduct the campaign against me personally. . . .

The newspapers of Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan are coming out for me one after the other, and soon New England and Pennsylvania will also be heard from. Quite apart from the fact that this pressure of public opinion must have an effect upon the legislature, I must confess that the general cordiality with which my candidature is greeted in all parts of the country is very grateful to me. I believe that a greater interest has very rarely been taken in a senatorial election. Nevertheless, the struggle will be a pretty hot one; for Drake and Henderson, the present Senators, will do everything possible to defeat me. Those newspapers which are under their influence have kept up a lively fire against me for some time, but their attacks thus far have only had the effect of arousing indignation against themselves and of making my popularity still greater. As early as next week my friends from here go to Jefferson City in order to be there betimes. The session of the legislature begins on the sixth and the election will take place on the nineteenth or twentieth. I at first intended not to go up during the session, but it is probable that the Republican members of the legislature will send me an invitation to address them. That could not be declined, and for other reasons my presence may become necessary. You see my life is a continual battle and will doubtless remain so. Perhaps—yes, very probably—this fight will end with a victory. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, January 3, 1869

Now we are in the new year. How I should have liked to give you and the children the New Year's greet-

ing and kiss personally! But I was obliged to content myself with the lovely home pictures which my fancy painted! May the new year bring us many blessings; above all, meeting and reunion! Everything else will then be easy to bear.

I am beginning the new year with a regular battle. Drake, Henderson, Loan, and their gang have lined up and are moving heaven and earth to defeat me. Their organs among the newspapers attack me most bitterly, but in a manner which has thus far done me more good than harm. Following these attacks, more and more newspapers throughout the state have come out in my favor. There are now thirty-eight English and ten German papers, while my strongest opponent has only thirteen. Besides, the Republican press outside of Missouri has come out strongly for me so that as far as public opinion goes there can be no possible doubt. That, however, does not suffice to decide the matter. My opponents omit no intrigue which may produce an effect upon the public mind. You have no idea of the things they tell and the rumors they circulate. Henderson causes telegrams to be sent and written daily to the Democratic papers here, stating that General Grant is strongly for him and very decidedly against me. Naturally the whole story is made up, and denial follows these reports immediately. I have letters from a member of Congress, E. B. Washburne, Grant's most trusted friend, which speak of my election with genuine enthusiasm. Such lying reports as are mentioned above recoil with full force upon the originators. The rumor has also been started that I have taken my family to Europe because I do not intend to remain in Missouri, and that I will leave the state permanently after the sen-

atorial election. You see that even you have to be brought in; and so it goes to an unbelievable extent.

These matters require me to be in Jefferson City during the senatorial election for the sake of contradicting the lies, and I am going down there this afternoon. I do it reluctantly; it is most disagreeable to me, but there is no way out of it. Naturally it will not be hard for me to keep my opponents within proper bounds, and I hope to extract from the attacks made upon me a definite advantage. But is it not sad that a man who feels he has the stuff in him to accomplish important things must contend for the place which will afford him a worth-while field of endeavor, with all sorts of rabble who have nothing but petty interests in mind and cannot see beyond the commonplace? And I cannot deny that it always pains me to see baseness, particularly if this baseness proceeds from men who belong to the same party with me. On the whole, things are favorable. But, as I have always said, I count on nothing with certainty, and if intrigue should defeat me I would not be surprised. That success would be much more agreeable to me than defeat, you can well suppose. But even the latter could be endured. Therefore, do not fear that even in the worst case I would stand whining like a water-soaked poodle. I have you to love me, I always have good friends, I shall maintain my reputation, and I have an assured living. A defeat would amount to one less success, but it would not be a disaster. I am what is called "in splendid fighting trim," and in that condition I am going to the theatre of war. The election occurs on the nineteenth of this month, but the matter will probably be decided in ten or twelve days through a caucus nomination. Therefore, good luck! You see I

am full of politics, which you will doubtless find very natural. . . .

My health is splendid and I also have good reports from my parents, at least up to shortly after Christmas. Since then I have not heard from them. . . .

To His Wife

JEFFERSON CITY, January 10, 1869

I have been here for a week. The battle in which I am engaged does not turn solely on the senatorship. It involves the leadership of one or the other element, the narrowly despotic or the liberal people in Missouri. Senator Drake came hither from Washington to lead the fight against me. I took up the gauntlet. Last Thursday I made a speech to the Republican members of the legislature which dealt a terrific blow to the opponents. I will send it to you. Loan and Drake will answer Monday and Tuesday, and I shall follow with a closing speech. The matter has aroused the greatest interest throughout the state and in many portions of the country. Here it is called the "battle of the giants." Mass meetings are being held and addresses circulated in many portions of Missouri, in which the attacks upon me are condemned in the strongest terms and members of the legislature are instructed to vote for me. It is causing unexampled excitement in the whole state. So far I have enjoyed a brilliant success. I have driven my opponents out of every position. Last night my opponent Loan and I talked before a gathering of southwestern delegates on the subject of the railway interests of the state, and I swept Loan so absolutely from the field that his friends were ashamed of him. I already have a majority of the radical members of the legisla-

ture on my side, and I believe my victory is assured unless wholly unforeseen circumstances intervene. The debate Monday and Tuesday evening will be decisive. I am in good spirits, have hosts of friends, and was never in better "fighting spirit." If I win, as I probably shall, my victory will be an event not only for me but for the state and the entire party.

Today you must be satisfied with a few words. I am terribly overwhelmed with work; in fact, so much so that I require every minute. Long before you receive this letter the battle will be over.

To Emil Preetorius

JEFFERSON CITY, January 13, 1869

Before you receive this letter you will already know whether I have been nominated or not. At all events, I had one of the greatest triumphs of my life last night. Drake was completely crushed. The party despotism is ended for all time and the liberal element is more powerful than ever. The radicals here, with few exceptions, congratulate one another as if they had thrown off the yoke of a tyranny.

If I am nominated tonight, I shall perhaps come home Saturday unless a bolting movement breaks out, which I do not expect. If it does, I shall of course remain here to hold our forces together. If I am not nominated tonight the battle will probably continue through several caucuses.

Drake charged last night that I personally electioneered against Hilton at the voting place of the fifth ward. The assertion was based on a letter from Hilton. Cannot you, since you were constantly with me on election day, testify in case of necessity that I did not in-

fluence a single voter against Hilton? I do not remember a single such case and I believe I am certain of it. I therefore denied the charge. I believe, however, the intrigue is played out.

I am well and everything looks promising. With hearty greeting to the whole family.

To His Wife

St. Louis, January 16, 1869

The battle has been fought. It is the greatest triumph of my life. The opposition was powerful. Senator Drake came to Jefferson City from Washington to prevent my election in order to make sure of his own reëlection four years hence. Drake was the actual dictator of the party. My speech on Thursday of the previous week enticed him out into the open. He took up my challenge and announced that he would answer it. He took a day to prepare. Last Monday the debate began. Loan spoke first, weakly and tediously. Then Drake began his attack upon me. He had spoken about half an hour when I asked him certain questions about his attitude in the constitutional convention of Missouri, which so completely unnerved him that he did not regain his composure the rest of the evening. At half past ten he broke off to resume again another day. Tuesday night he came and made a deliberate attack upon the Germans. Now he was in my hands. When he had spoken two hours the crowd which jammed the assembly hall became impatient and called for me. As I ascended the platform I was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. With a single sentence I demolished Loan's speech. Then I went for Drake. Never in my life have I spoken better, perhaps never with so much

fire and instant effect. My defense of the Germans was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. Drake interrupted me several times, but my answer always came stroke upon stroke, throwing him back into his seat shattered. The excitement of the people rose to fever heat and Drake remained in his seat a pitiful picture of defeat. Next day a Democratic Senator remarked: "Whenever that German drew his shining rapier the blood of his antagonist seemed to shoot up to the ceiling. In thirty years the legislative halls of Missouri never witnessed anything so brilliant. Even Benton in his best days never equaled it." The victory could not have been more complete. Immediately after the adjournment Drake hurried to his hotel, recovered his laundry from the laundress, packed it, wet, in his trunk, and started off. It was a genuine flight. The one-time dictator of the party ran away from it, followed by the laughter and hisses, not only of his opponents, but even of those who up to that time had remained his friends.

My nomination had been very probable before; now it was a certainty. In the evening after the great debate the caucus of radical members of the legislature assembled and I was nominated on the first ballot, and before the result of the ballot was announced one of my former opponents arose and upon his motion the nomination was made unanimous. The jubilation now was unbounded. My rooms at the hotel were crowded until three o'clock in the morning. They sang the John Brown song and shook hands as if the yoke of a tyrant had been loosed from the people. After the first hour my right hand was so crushed that I had to use the left. Toward one o'clock at night a music corps was assembled and I was given a serenade. Musical organizations paraded the streets until daybreak. Next morn-

ing telegraphic congratulations arrived from all parts of the country. I started back here about four in the afternoon and arrived at midnight. Yesterday and today I have been stopped on the street by dozens of men whom I have never known and who desire to congratulate me on the great victory. I believe I can tell you without exaggeration that I am today the most powerful man in Missouri.

Tuesday the formal vote will occur in the legislature and I shall go back to Jefferson City Monday afternoon in order to receive my certificate from the legislature and, according to custom, make a short speech in which I shall set forth the significance of the result of the victory. That significance does not consist in a mere personal triumph. It means the disappearance of that dour party zealotry which has dominated under Drake's dictatorship, and its replacement by a liberal policy. It is the substitution of a friendly, forgiving future policy for the bitter feeling of hatred which originated in the war and has characterized the spirit of the party struggle up to this point. On that account all parties in the state are pleased over my triumph. You can imagine how proud the Germans are since last Tuesday. They now swear by nothing higher than me. Of course, they have never been as powerful in the state as at this moment. I shall try in every possible way to suppress torchlight processions and the like, but I doubt if I shall succeed. . . .

I have not heard from my parents since New Year's but I can imagine how happy they must be. I am already making all sorts of lovely plans for having them come to us several weeks next winter when we have a house in Washington, in order to let them, in their advanced age, have the extreme pleasure of witnessing the

success of one of their children. My heart warms when I think of it. How I should like to take my old mother and my father to the gallery of the Senate and let them look upon their son in the highest position which a foreign-born person can reach in this country, and which no German before me has attained! This pleasure they shall enjoy before they die. And the manner in which the success was gained should double their pride.

You see I am swimming on the crest of the wave. Only one thing was lacking: that you were not there to see my victorious fight and that you cannot be in the capitol when I take my seat in the Senate. Your brilliant eyes would make my triumph doubly sweet. I shall see them in my dreams.

To His Wife

St. Louis, January 24, 1869

The formal election is over and I am duly appointed Senator of the United States. There is nothing left but to be sworn in, which will take place on March 4, the inauguration day of General Grant. Last Monday evening I went to Jefferson City. Tuesday was the official canvass in the legislature, at which I received the entire Republican vote. Wednesday at twelve the result was announced in the joint session of the senate and the house, and I gave a speech which received enthusiastic applause not only from the Republicans but also from the Democrats. At night I returned to St. Louis greatly pleased, with the certificate of election in my pocket. Last night they gave me a great torchlight procession here, which I look upon as the closing incident of the senatorial election. The business went off very well; my words of appreciation were properly

cheered, and I was glad when it was all over. You have no conception of the interest which the election has aroused throughout the country. The newspapers were full of it and the whole Republican press of the land was on my side. This time the German Republican press also was unanimous in its recognition and its joy. I know of no exception. Even the Democratic papers with a few exceptions conducted themselves becomingly. Only Heinzen scolds away lustily in the old manner. My good friends consider my election the beginning of a new era for Germanism in America. From all parts of the country, north and south, east and west, congratulatory letters are flowing in. Every mail brings fifteen or twenty. You could see a confusion of papers on my writing-desk now such as was never before seen there. Several of the most distinguished men of the country have sent me their congratulations. The telegraph has earned a nice sum of money on my account. For me to answer all letters is impossible. Still I shall have to acknowledge some forty or fifty of them. My success aroused great enthusiasm in Washington. Grant is said to have expressed great pleasure over it. I have received invitations to dinners from Boston and from New York. It is possible I may accept the latter. You see I have been celebrating a regular triumph, which will perhaps be renewed when I go East.

But now comes the work. I have decided to be a distinguished Senator, and that involves a great deal. Even at this moment my correspondence along with my regular editorial duties leaves me no free time. I have a couple of letters from my parents which brought tears to my eyes. My success has made them more than happy. When I go to Washington I shall make

a side trip to Monee and spend a day with them. It does my heart good to witness their pride.

And here are my voiceless friends—at last the bag with my Christmas gifts has arrived. How beautiful it all is! How many dear gifts! You have indeed thought of everything. . . .

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, February 16, 1869

I arrived here this morning after a pretty hard trip. I am very tired, but before I go to bed I must write you at least a few lines because the letter must go tomorrow.

Before I left St. Louis I received your letter and the children's letters written after the receipt of the news of my election. I saw your joy over my success shining out of every line. And I thank you heartily for it. The thought of how you would rejoice in my victory was with me throughout the fight. It was the source of my inspiration, and I have enjoyed it all again in the reading of your letter. Do you recall how occasionally, in a moment of depression, you gave me to understand that you felt as if I were losing my grip? When I tried to cheer you up you would shake your head and believe me to be mistaken in saying that my best days were not yet past. I was right, was I not? If one has talent, an honest will, and energy, he does not easily succumb, and those days on which a cloud shadow overspreads the way of life merely serve to make the returning sunshine all the brighter.

For the first time since my election I was in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. You can imagine how I was greeted by my old friends. For about half an hour I was the center of a veritable crowd

in each house. Even the doorkeepers insisted on shaking hands with me. Involuntarily the recollection of my first visit in Washington comes back to me.[73] It was just fifteen years ago. At that time I made the acquaintance of two Senators, Brodhead of Pennsylvania and Shields of Illinois. Of these the first has long since died. The second is now a contestant for a seat in the House. With what a feeling of reverence I approached the great men, and how I prized the honor when one of them invited me to the floor of the Senate chamber during a session! Thus times change. . . .

To His Wife

February 17 [1869]

I had got this far last night when my eyes drooped shut. This morning I had visitors in my room before breakfast. I intended to write you more but I reckoned without the honored public. Even these closing words are being written in the midst of a great company. . . .

To His Wife

U. S. Senate Chamber, Washington
March 10, 1869

Today, for the first time, I write you from my place in the Senate. I sit in the front row, in the second seat from the wall, to the President's left. My right-hand neighbor is the former governor, Brownlow, of Tennessee, and my left-hand neighbor is Senator Poole of North Carolina. Brownlow is a half-paralyzed old man, who shakes constantly; while Poole is classed as

[73] Described contemporaneously in two letters dated March 23, 1854. *Speeches*, etc., i, 8-14.

one of the "clever fellows." My place I think is very good for speaking, but for the present I shall aim at modest silence.

This has been an eventful week. Last Thursday was the inauguration—a magnificent affair, well carried out. The new Senators were sworn in in the presence of the diplomatic corps and a great crowd, as soon as Colfax had taken his seat as vice-president. Then came the inaugural address, which you have undoubtedly read in the newspapers. The crowds were greater than I have ever seen them in Washington. It was almost impossible to get through on Pennsylvania Avenue. Then came the cabinet, which the Senate was to confirm the day following the inauguration. We gave the confirmation without discussion, but it became clear at once that General Grant had had every reason to keep his selections secret, because the most decided opposition would have arisen against several of the leading men on the list. Though the Senate showed a willingness to let things take their course, the matter was not ended with the confirmation, and the administration unexpectedly found itself in a cabinet crisis. A law was discovered which makes it impossible for a merchant, particularly an importer, to be secretary of the treasury. So A. T. Stewart had the alternative of divesting himself of his great business in New York or resigning the secretaryship. Grant, indeed, sent a message to the Senate asking Congress to repeal the troublesome law. But Congress showed itself so little disposed to do it that Grant quickly saw his mistake and recalled his message. As I write, the crisis is not fully passed. A. T. Stewart offered to place his business in the hands of trustees to be administered in the public interest.

But it seems that is not satisfactory. We shall probably hear tomorrow or the next day how the matter has been concluded.

Grant received a most salutary lesson in this connection. He seemed to imagine that the republic could be governed somewhat like an army. His error was promptly revealed to him, and his ideas of parliamentary government have materially cleared up in three days. I have already had several conferences with him —the last, and a pretty long one, this morning—and he is becoming steadily more cooperative. Confidence in his good will and honesty is universal and great, but it is recognized that he has much to learn in the field of politics and consequently such lessons as this first one are very beneficial. The matter looked quite threatening for some days. Had he been stiff-necked like Andrew Johnson we should already be in full tilt against him. But he is honest enough to see his mistakes and manly enough to correct them at once. I therefore believe we shall get along well together. I think he has already come to the recognition that a too personal manner of governing will not do.

Tomorrow it will be a week since I entered the Senate. And, though nothing has yet been done in the way of law-making, I have nevertheless been overwhelmed with work, almost more than ever before in my life. Almost every night I sit at my writing-table till one or two o'clock, merely to prevent my correspondence from swamping me. Before ten o'clock in the morning I sometimes receive twenty-five to thirty callers; then come the visits to the departments, and the session. Evenings after supper I begin at once to write.

Of course, this is just the worst time. At the beginning of an administration the whole civil service has to be taken care of, and that makes more real drudgery than anything else. My letters always come in heaps, three times a day, and there are callers who cannot be shaken off even by means of incivility. Next winter, after the offices have been parceled out, it will be better. I sometimes get very tired, but am quite well. I go to bed exhausted but rise fresh in the morning. This much is certain, there is no parliamentary body in the world which has to work harder than the Congress of the United States. When I look back over the past week it seems as if I had been here an entire year. . . .

To Emil Preetorius

WASHINGTON, March 12, 1869

You will think me a very lazy correspondent, but if you could see how I am plagued your anger would soon turn to sympathy. Every night I work till one or two o'clock, and when my eyes through weariness close involuntarily or when my back is ready to break there always remains a mountain of letters to be answered. It is a horrible business. People come to me from every part of the country. Sometimes I receive twenty-five to thirty calls before ten o'clock in the morning, and throughout the day I run around among the departments during the intervals between sessions, so that I am sometimes ready to sink down from exhaustion. I have hardly time to read the newspaper, let alone to write for it. The few reports I have written had to be prepared in the middle of the night. If I have ever been convinced of the necessity of civil service reform, I am so now. It is positive drudgery. Of course it

will be better when the patronage shall have been parceled out, but at present it is hardly endurable. . . .

You will have observed that I am not on the committee of foreign affairs. The reason is that, although all wanted me on that committee, no vacancy could be brought about except the one caused by the retirement of Bayard, which had to be filled by the appointment of another Democrat. Every effort was made to bring about the retirement of one of the old members, but in vain. And since the striking-out of a name from the leading committee is held to be a disgrace, they did not want to remove anybody. The next vacancy, according to the common understanding, will be mine. . . .

Good-night. With hearty greetings to all your dear ones and to Mrs. Pfeil.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1869

This is the first time I have allowed a post to go three days overtime without writing. But it is literally true that I was too overloaded to be able to talk with you in reasonable quiet. First, there are the office seekers, who continually swarm around me like grasshoppers; second, my correspondence, which it is hardly possible any longer to take care of; and third, the study of a problem about which I made my maiden speech in the Senate yesterday. It relates to the repeal or suspension of the law fixing the duration of terms of office, which makes the removal of officials dependent upon the approval of the Senate. I spoke some twenty-five minutes after an earnest debate had already been going forward for a long time. No one in the Senate was

listened to with better attention; and when I closed, the Senators, particularly the old ones, pressed about my seat to shake hands with me. My little speech could not, considering the subject, be especially important, but it contained thoughts which were still new to the debate and it scourged in a few striking sentences the sycophants who now beleaguer the White House and try to seize possession from Grant. My success was perfect and my marquis, who of course looked on from the gallery, was wholly satisfied with me. I am sending you, by this same mail, the number of the *Congressional Globe* which contains my speech. You will see from it how I handled the question.

Not much can be said as yet about Grant's administration. He has so far gained but little credit through his appointments, for he shows a disposition to give offices to all his relatives and to a great number of old personal friends, and in these instances to consult the members of Congress very little. That makes bad blood here and there. As regards the greater political questions, he shows a tendency to hold with great loyalty to the program of the Republican party, and that of course is the main thing. Everything indicates a determination at all costs to avoid a conflict with Congress, and so we shall doubtless get along well with him. Following my speech yesterday I was made a member of the joint committee on retrenchment, to which will fall the duty of dealing with the principal questions of reform. That is exactly what I wanted, and I shall make civil service reform, one of the weightiest questions coming before us, my specialty. It was unpleasant for me not to get on the committee of foreign relations, on which no vacancy occurred. It was generally recognized that I be-

longed on that committee, and there is no doubt that as soon as a place is open I shall be given it.

Otherwise my life is as I described it in my earlier letters. It is to be hoped the pressure of office seekers will soon abate. But the mass of correspondence always remains the same. How nice it will be when Handy [Agathe] can help me with it. . . . With the old and ever young love.

To His Wife

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1869

At last there is a little respite. The first session of the Forty-first Congress closed last Saturday, but the Senate was immediately called into executive session for the purpose of confirming appointments, and so we shall be here another week or two. But at least we have no law-making to do. Before the adjournment we had a night session which lasted till four-fifteen in the morning. We are still frightfully overrun, although the number of office seekers in the city has lessened. But those who remained here have become all the more nervous and give us no peace. Never have I been more strongly convinced that an end must be put to the present system of appointments. I am very glad to have been made a member of the committee on retrenchment, which will have the civil service question in hand. I have several good ideas which I shall incorporate in one or more bills and get them adopted in the next session of Congress. Here is a great field and I hope to become the leader of reform in the Senate. The sort of talent I have is as if ready-made for this problem. Civil service reform will be one of the most hotly contested of the coming discussions, and I have some eight months

before me to prepare for it. The success of this movement will be a greater blessing for the country than the discovery of the richest gold mines. It is "worth the sweat of the noble." On that subject I shall probably deliver two long speeches which I hope to make among the best achievements of my whole life, and I shall have you and the children in the gallery to listen to me. In that I rejoice most heartily. . . .

To His Wife

St. Louis, May 30, 1869

. . . The draft of my civil service reform bill is almost finished, and also the rough sketch of a portion of the main speech on this business. I expect to find sufficient leisure to work the thing through properly. Then, I am studying several questions of international law in order to prepare myself for the discussion of our relations with England, which undoubtedly we shall have next winter. But the civil service reform is closest to my heart. The main point I want to establish by my bill is to avoid the quadrennial scandal of universal office hunting, to deal out the offices according to ability and deserts instead of political and personal favoritism, and thus provide for the republic an honest and economical administration and cleanse our political life of the corrupting element of office seeking. The method through which I wish to obtain this object consists in this: that every candidate for an office, before he shall be appointed, must submit to a test before an examining commission, and that during the term of office (which is to be lengthened) no officers are to be removed except for inefficiency, neglect of duty, or violation of law. The means which I have formulated in my bill will, as I be-

lieve, fully suffice to root out the scandal and make the official business of the republic respectable once more. If I succeed in getting this bill through, I shall have performed an important service to the country. . . .

To Adolf Meyer

St. Louis, August 10, 1869

I ought to have written to you long ago, but unless one corresponds regularly there is a temptation to wait for an opportunity, although such ought not to be necessary. But I have found such an opportunity, namely, a commission which I beg you to have executed by Henning. Since we took leave of each other on the steamer *Germania,* which, as I learned today by telegraph, has suffered shipwreck, I have lived through a good deal. I am sure my election to the Senate pleased you. I am not ashamed to say the career which has thereby opened to me has for years been the object of my ambition. The American Senate is a field in which every ability can be employed and something solid can be accomplished for this country and for the world. No parliamentary assembly in the world offers more brilliant opportunities, a nobler incitement, and more extended power. If I do not accomplish something there it will be my own fault, and I can go back home in shame.

Moreover, I have entered upon this career under particularly favorable circumstances. My newspaper business has answered all my expectations. In two years' time I have paid off all of my original investment and have a surplus for wiping out old debts. My senatorial duties do not affect my business, and so I find myself in possession of a very honorable and influential position and at the same time for my needs an abundant

income from which, beginning next winter, with appropriate living I can lay by a nice sum yearly. This summer our newspaper is indeed somewhat affected by the universal dull times, but only to the extent that our annual return will still show more than fifty per cent of our capital as profit—and these dull times are only temporary. I certainly have cause to be satisfied with my fate.

Of course, my new position lays upon me new duties. I am obliged to work pretty hard, not only to be prepared for the problems of the day but also to bridge over old gaps. If I had a son I could give him very proper preachments about the value of youth time for learning. My active life has often prevented me from making fundamental studies and, to use a university expression, I have to cram to make up and, in fact, cram with the examination constantly on my neck. I have accomplished a good deal already this spring and summer, but the deeper I go the more clearly I see the extent of the gaps. The enclosed sheets contain lists of books which for the most part are no longer to be had in regular book stores and which I have taken from the catalogues of antiquarians. When you look them up you will doubtless wonder about the subjects. Aside from general historical works they are mostly works with a national economic and diplomatic content, and books about East India, China, and Japan. Questions of political science will now play a particularly important rôle in our politics. Our diplomatic affairs, with which the Senate has much to do, naturally belong to my special field, and since through the rapid development of our Pacific coast we shall soon have very definite and important diplomatic and trade re-

lations with Asia, I want to make particularly intensive studies of those countries, for which I shall require all the material I may be able to collect. I will, therefore, ask you to place the enclosed slips in the hands of Henning, who is a great book lover and has had much to do with such things. . . .

I had almost forgotten that you do not like to read long letters. This is (with the exception of my letters to Margarethe) the longest I have written for years, and unless it is all read I would have to say, "Love's labor's lost." When shall I hear from you again? I will answer regularly, as long or as short as you like. But rather, far rather, would I see you here in your own person. Talk it over with Marie, and both accept heartiest greeting from your brother-in-law and friend.

INDEX

INDEX

Acosta, Uriel, 36.
Adams, Charles Francis, in England, 267.
Althaus, Charlotte, 188-189.
Althaus, Frederick, letters to, vi, 113-116, 159, 162, 171, 188, 263, 266, 338.
Althaus, Mrs. Frederick (I), death, 162.
Anneke, Fritz, 189; wife, 72.
Ashley, ——, 369.
Atlantic cable, service, 366, 410.
Atlantic Monthly, contributor, 239, 371.
Augusta (Mo.), described, 380-383.

Ballert, Dr. M., 86.
Bancroft, George, 411, 416.
Banks, Gen. Nathaniel P., 272.
Barnard, Henry, University chancellor, 206, 211; Schurz visits, 213.
Barnard, Mrs. Henry, letter, 211.
Barstow, William A., at Charleston convention, 207.
Bath (Ill.), Schurz visits, 215.
Bayard, Sen. Thomas F., 474.
Beardstown (Ill.), Schurz visits, 215-216.
Belle-Plaine (Minn.), Schurz visits, 198.
Belleville (Ill.), Schurz visits, 216.
Berlin (Germany), Schurz visits, 419-424, 426; early impressions, 87-90.
Bethlehem (Pa.), Schurz family at, 222, 281, 354; Schurz visits, 222.
Bingham, John A., at Johnson's impeachment trial, 432, 434.
Bismarck, Prince Otto von, interviews Schurz, 420-421, 422-424; characterized, 364, 421, 423, 426.
Blaine, James G., Schurz opposes, ix.
Blair, Frank P., meets Schurz, 200.
Block, ——, 26.
Bolton, Nathaniel, at Indianapolis, 124.
Bolton, Sarah, home, 124.
Bonn University, Schurz at, 20-22, 25-56, 108.
Booneville (Mo.), in Civil War, 402; Schurz visits, 400-404.
Booth, Sherman, case against, 208-209.
Boston (Mass.), Schurz speech at, 191.
Boutwell, George S., at Johnson's impeachment trial, 432.
Brachvogel, Udo, at St. Louis, 386; brother, 396.
Brocklemann, ——, aids Kinkel, 142.
Brodhead, Sen. Richard, 470.
Brownlow, Sen. William G., 470.
Bruchsal (Germany), Schurz at, 60, 71.
Brüning, Baron von, 177-178.
Buchanan, President James, administration, 184, 237.
Bucher, Lothar, 411, 416.
Bull Run. See Manassas.
Burschenschaft Franconia, at University of Bonn, 20-21; "social work," 45; described, 30-32.
Butler, Gen. Benjamin F., at Johnson's impeachment trial, 432.

Canby, Gen. Edward R. S., troops, 321; Schurz visits, 348, 349.
Canitz, Count, 24.
Chancellorsville (Va.), battle at, 296, 397-398.
Charleston (S. C.), Democratic national convention at, 207.
Chase, Salmon P., Ohio governor, 243, 244; presidential possibility, 388; characterized, 433.
Chicago (Ill.), in 1854, 128-134; Schurz speech, 186; 1868 Republican national convention, 436-438; solders' reunion, 456-457.
Chittenden, ——, 375.
Cincinnati (O.), in 1854, 124-126.
Civil service, Schurz's reform bill, 476-478.
Civil War, Schurz in, 272-338; Grant, 314, 316, 319-321, 325-326; battle at Chancellorsville, 296; Gettysburg, 296; Manassas, 265-266, 270, 296; Eastern campaign, 272-279; Army of the Cumberland,

287, 296-297; Sherman's campaign, 320-321, 343; Western army reorganized, 309, 321; in Missouri, 387, 402, 435; North Carolina, 327-334; Tennessee, 289, 291-300; Veteran Corps, 315-316, 318, 320, 324-325; Confederate army, 321-322, 327; Sigel's headquarters, 276-277; draft, 282; finances, 323-324; ended, 327, 339-340; soldiers' reunion, 456-457.
Clay, Cassius M., 242, 252.
Colfax, Schuyler, 369, 437, 471.
Cologne (Germany), *Gymnasium* at, 1-25, 42, 282-283; riot, 22-24.
Columbus, land near, 149-150.
Crocker, Hans, Milwaukee resident, 227.
Croxton, Gen. John T., 348.

Damm, ——, 165.
Democratic party, at St. Paul, 202; Charleston convention, 207; in 1860 national election, 207-231; loses Germans, 214, 216-218; in 1860 state elections, 223; at Watertown, 229, 303; Boston, 233; in 1867 state elections, 407, 409, 412, 414-415; in Connecticut, 431.
Detroit (Mich.), in 1866, 361-362; newspaper, 357-359, 361-362; fire, x.
Detroit *Daily Post*, Schurz edits, 357-359, 361-363, 366.
District of Columbia, suffrage in, 357.
Dixon, Luther S., judicial candidate, 209.
Dolder, ——, 84.
Doolittle, James R., confers with Schurz, 232; writes Schurz, 235.
Dornachbruck (Switzerland), Schurz at, 67-71.
Douglas, Stephen A., at New York, 212; Watertown, 228, 229; opposed by Schurz, 205, 206, 221.
Drake, Charles D., Missouri Senator, 443; opposes Schurz, 451, 458-466.

Edlbach, ——, 78.
Eisenach (Germany), student congress, 49.
Eleventh Army Corps, commander, 301; losses, 296; sketch, 397-398.
Emancipation Proclamation, issued, 279.
Erbschlöh, Frau, 68.
d'Ester, ——, 165.

Fairchild, Gov. Lucius, at Milwaukee, 412.
Falkenthal, Dr. Ferdinand, trial, 86, 140-141.
Fifteenth Army Corps, reviewed, 333.
Fletcher, Gov. Thomas C., at St. Louis, 358.
Fond du Lac, on railroad, 170; Schurz visits, 203.
Fort Snelling (Minn.), described, 194-195.
Forty-eighters, in Missouri, 387.
Fourteenth Army Corps, commander, 332.
Franconia. See *Burschenschaft Franconia*.
Free-Soil party, in Congress, 161.
Fremont, John C., 265, 272, 303, 307.
Froebel, Julius, married, 161.
Fuchs, Dr. John P., 206.

Geary, Gen. John W., in Civil War, 299.
Genth, Dr. ——, 419.
Georgia, Army of, Schurz commands, 332; post-war conditions, 344-348.
German Revolutionary Confederation, formed, 117; fails, 119.
Germans, in Michigan, 362; Missouri, 380-383, 387, 395-396, 402-404, 466; New England, 312; Cincinnati, 124; Detroit, 361, Indianapolis, 125-126; Milwaukee, 139, 151; New York, 446; support Fremont, 174; in Democratic party, 180; in 1860 election, 214, 216-219, 224; oppose negro suffrage, 435; attitude toward prohibition, 389-390, 399, 412; Sunday laws, 147, 389-390, 415; at "Saturday dinner," 454; amusements, 143, 147, 151, 385-386, 394, 403; characterized, 19, 89-90, 150, 184, 284, 285, 387.
Germany, schools, 6, 20-32; student associations, 26-27, 29-36, 39-41, 44-48; riots, 22-24; revolution of 1848-1849, 49-50, 60-67, 76, 100,

108, 120; national loan, 105, 118-119, 142; Franco-Prussian War, 363-365; Mrs. Schurz visits, 256-258, 375, 388, 410, 415-430; Schurz visits, 417-424, 426.
Gerstäcker, Frederick, (writer) 396-397.
Gill, Charles R., Wisconsin state senator, 229.
Gillmore, Gen. Quincy A., in South Carolina, 343-344.
Glover, Joshua (negro) case of, 208.
Gögg, ..., 117.
Grant, Ulysses S., in Civil War, 314, 316, 319, 320, 325-326, 356; in Johnson's cabinet, 388, 392-393, 431; presidential possibility, 408, 409, 433; nominated, 437; inaugurated, 471; cabinet, 471-472; policy, 475; at soldiers' reunion, 457; characterized, 457-458, 472.
Greeley, Horace, 212, 250, 409.
Griebel, ——, 36.
Grimes, Sen. James W., 250.
Grow, Galusha A., Pennsylvania Congressman, 197, 199, 440-441.
Gruyter, Walter de, aid acknowledged, xi.
Grysar, ——, 6, 28.
Gully, Dr. ——, 164.
Guthrie, Sen. James, 249.

Hadley, Jackson, in Democratic convention, 207.
Hahn, Gov. Michael, at New Orleans, 351.
Hancock, Gen. Winfield S., receives Schurz, 315-316; Veteran Corps, 318, 324-325; presidential possibility, 438.
Harvey, Louis P., at Sheboygan, 203; secretary of state, 245; popularity, 205.
Havana (Ill.), Schurz visits, 215.
Hecker, Frederick, German revolutionist, 132; in Illinois, 127, 132-133, 135-137, 216; at St. Louis, 397; sketch, 132.
Heim, ——, 26, 27.
Heinzen, Carl, 468.
Henderson, John B., Missouri Senator, 442-444; opposes Schurz, 458-460.
Henderson (Minn.), Schurz visits, 200.
Henning, ——, 478.
Herborn, ——, 44.
Hering, Dr. ——, 226.
Herzen, Alexander, 173, 189.
Hess, Mrs. ——, 82, 83.
Hilton, ——, 463-464.
Hittorf, H., 76, 77, 83.
Hobart, Harrison C., debates with Schurz, 203.
Hoffman, Major ——, 273, 276.
Höfling, ——, 79.
Hölscher, ——, 4.
Hooker, Gen. Joseph, accuses Schurz, 299-300, 301, 309; characterized, 280.
Howard, Maj. Gen. O. O., supports Schurz, 354.
Howe, James H., popularity, 205.
Howe, Timothy O., confers with Schurz, 232.
Hunter, William, 336.

Illinois, Schurz visits, 213-217, 247-248.
Indiana, Schurz visits, 121, 125-127, 209; political speeches, 217-219, 223, 225-227.
Indianapolis (Ind.), in 1854, 125-126.

Jackson, John, at Watertown, 147, 148-149; sells land to Schurz, 152-153, 156, 414.
Jacobi, Dr. Abraham, Schurz visits, 213.
Johnson, Andrew, interviews Schurz, 335-336, 337; sends Schurz to study post-war South, 341-342; policy, 350-351, 365, 383; opposes Schurz, 354, 359; in campaign of 1866, 369; removes cabinet members, 388; removes Sheridan, 388, 390; impeachment, 409-410, 415, 429, 431-432, 434, 438; message, 456; characterized, 340, 347-348, 391-393, 399, 415, 472.
Johnston, Gen. Joseph E., in Civil War, 327, 331, 332, 337.
Jonesville, Schurz at, 143.
Jüssen, Antonie Schurz, home, 386; Schurz visits, 404-405, 414, 439; characterized, 405; sketch, 95; husband, 95, 279. See also Antonie Schurz.

Jüssen, Edmund, at St. Paul, 131, 140; in Civil War, 278, 279; wife, 95.
Jüssen, Herbert, passport, 80, 84, 86, 141-142.
Jüssen, Jacob, at Watertown, 137, 139-140, 143, 413; at Chicago convention, 438.

Kamm, ——, 79.
Kapp, ——, 375, 430.
Kilpatrick, Col. Hugh J., at Raleigh, 331-332.
King, Gen. Rufus, in Civil War, 276.
Kinkel, Gottfried, edits newspaper, 52-55; member of Prussian Diet, 53; death sentence, 62-63, 70; liberation, 84, 90-94, 141; hardships, 102; visits America, 105-106; aids German national loan, 105-106, 142; literary work, 166; picture received, 390; home, 95, 159; wife, 95, 96-97; letter, 93; letters to, vi, 52, 118, 140, 164, 175, 182, 185, 189, 424.
Kinkel, Johanna, befriends Antonie Schurz, 95, 96-97; death, 189; letter to, 96.
Know-Nothing party, in New York, 144; divided, 145-146.
Kossuth, Louis, agitator, 119; in England, 106, 116; America, 114.
Kreissman, ——, 234.
Kribben, ——, 131-132.

La Crosse, on railroad, 192.
Landolt, Madame, 74.
Larrabee, Charles H., at St. Paul, 193, 202.
Lee, Gen. Robert E., army, 321-322, 325, 327; capitulates, 331.
Lehmann, Dr. ——, 97, 101, 102.
Lexington (Minn.), Schurz visits, 197-199.
Liblar (Germany), Schurz family at, 1-2.
Lincoln, Abraham, writes Schurz, 206; characterizes Schurz, 226; appoints Schurz minister to Spain, 252; memorial service, 334; characterized, 236-237, 240, 241, 243, 247, 251, 309, 340.
Lincoln, Mrs. Abraham, characterized, 326-327.
Loan, Gen. Benjamin, senatorial candidate, 452, 458-464.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, Schurz visits, 190.
Löwe, Dr. ——, 177, 178.
Lukas, ——, 24.

McAneny, George, aid acknowledged, v, vii, xi.
McClellan, Gen. George B., characterized, 277.
Madison, Schurz visits, 205-207, 317-318; Republican state convention, 207-208.
Madrid (Spain), described, 262.
Manassas (Va.), battle, 257, 265, 270, 285; losses, 296.
Manitowoc, Schurz visits, 203.
Mankato (Minn.), Schurz visits, 199-200.
Massachusetts, Schurz lectures in, 191, 204-205; on temperance, 415.
Meier, ——, 85.
Meusser, ——, 29.
Meyer, ——, 83.
Meyer, Adolf, at Montreux, 390, 391; message for, 416; Schurz visits, 422; Mrs. Schurz visits, 446; sister, 107; wife, 418, 480; letters to, 107, 186, 256, 267, 419, 478.
Meyer, Emilie, at Montreux, 167-169; husband, 419.
Meyer, H. C. Jr., at Hamburg, 416.
Meyer, Henry, at Montreux, 160, 167-169; comes to America, 254, 255; message for, 416; characterized, 160, 168; sister, 167; wife, 167, 168; letters to, 178-181, 320, 418, 422.
Meyer, Margarethe. See Margarethe Meyer Schurz.
Meyer, Marie, husband, 418, 480.
Miller, ——, 413.
Milwaukee, in 1854-1855, 138-139, 148; Music Society, 151; newspapers, 209, 232, 253-254; Schurz removes to, 186-187; in 1860 election, 210, 230, 232; reception for Schurz, 227-228; in 1867, 414.
Milwaukee *News*, threatened, 253-254.
Milwaukee *Seebote*, threatened, 253-254.
Milwaukee *Sentinel*, cited, 209, 232.
Minnesota, roads in, 198-199; Schurz visits, 192-202.

Mississippi River, Schurz travels on, 134, 192-193, 248-249, 379-380.
Missouri, Germans in, 380-383, 387, 466; Schurz in, 374-469; in Civil War, 387; negro suffrage, 449; Senators from, 442-443, 467-480; senatorial contest, 450-467.
Missouri River, described, 134, 379-380, 382.
Mitchell, Alexander, Milwaukee resident, 227.
Monee (Ill.), Schurz's relatives at, 386, 404-405, 453.
Montreux (Switzerland), Schurz visits, 159-169; described, 167-168.
Mordes, ——, widow, 161.
Morgan, B. Q., aid acknowledged, x, 8.
Morgan, Edwin D., New York governor, 212-213.
Morgan, Johanna Rossberg, aid acknowledged, x.
Mower, Maj. Gen. Joseph A., 329.
Müller, ——, 44.
Münch brothers, 380-382.

Nattmann, ——, 6, 24.
Neusser, ——, 51.
New Hampshire, Schurz visits, 204.
New Orleans (La.), after Civil War, 349-350.
North Carolina, in Civil War, 327-334.

Ohio River, Schurz travels on, 123-124.
Olshausen, (publisher), 439.
Otterburg, ——, 250, 254.
Overbeck, Johannes B., at Bonn University, 21, 25-26, 28; withdraws from Franconia, 48-49; characterized, 33-36, 38-39.

Paine, Halbert E., Schurz's law partner, 187; nominated for city attorneyship, 209-210; loses appointment, 252; in Civil War, 253.
Pekin (Ill.), Schurz visits, 215.
Pennsylvania, described, 121-123; in 1860 election, 211, 222-226.
Petrasch, Theodore, home, 4, 7; school days, 4, 11-12, 20-22, 28-30, 282-283; leaves Bonn, 42-43; literary efforts, 9; comes to America, vi, 293-296; insurance business, 311-313, 359-360; characterized, 40-41; son, 370; letters to, 2-50, 56, 57, 282, 286, 293, 294, 300, 303-314, 318, 355, 356, 359, 361, 365, 366, 370, 371, 375, 385, 416, 427, 430.
Pfeffer, ——, 395.
Pfeil, Mrs. ——, 474.
Philadelphia (Pa.), Schurz speeches at, 223, 368, 369-370; Southern Convention, 367-368.
Plymouth, Schurz visits, 203.
Poole, Sen. John, 470-471.
Pope, Gen. John, 278.
Port Washington, Schurz visits, 229.
Portage, Schurz visits, 413.
Potter, John F., 230, 232, 234.
Preetorius, Dr. Emil, Schurz's partner, 373-374, 377, 386, 393, 432, 443; visits Augusta, Mo., 379-382; home, 398, 458; letters to, 463, 473.
Prohibition, in Massachusetts, 415; New York, 144-145; attitude of Germans, 389-390, 412, 415; of Republican party, 398-399.
Pütz, Professor ——, 6, 24, 30.

Quincy (Ill.), Schurz visits, 213-214.

Racine, Schurz visits, 411.
Railroads, in early Wisconsin, 142-143, 170, 172, 192.
Randall, Alexander W., Wisconsin governor, 194, 205-206; opposed by Schurz, 232; attitude toward peace conference, 244-246.
Räss, ——, 76.
Rastatt (Germany), besieged, 58-67; Schurz escapes, 67; Christian Schurz at, 71-72.
Raveaux, Franz, 23.
Reichenbach, Count, 27.
Reimer, Georg, publishes Schurz's memoirs, vi; successor, xi.
Rentrup, Diedrich, 74.
Republican party, nominates Schurz, 183-184; Illinois committee, 186; corruption, 208; wins Germans, 214, 216-219, 224, 228; in 1860 election, 210, 230-231; in Missouri, 387; losses, 399; in 1867 election, 406-409, 411, 414-415; 1868, 419, 435-437, 440-442, 448; favors Johnson's impeachment, 429; characterized, 240.

Richmond (Va.), surrenders, 327.
Roads, in early Wisconsin, 189; Minnesota, 198-199.
Ronge, Mrs. ——, 115.
Rosecrans, Gen. William S., defeated, 287.
Ross, Sen. Edmund G., 438.
Rothe, Emil, at St. Paul, 193-194; Watertown, 146, 228-229; debates with Schurz, 202.
Rublee, Horace, 227, 372.

Saal, ——, 24.
Sack, Max, 49.
St. Louis (Mo.), in 1854, 134-135; Schurz visits, 217; buys newspaper, 358-359, 373-374, 419; Sheridan visits, 393-395; in 1868 election, 447.
St. Louis *Westliche Post*, Schurz buys interest, 373-377, 384; success, 419.
St. Paul (Minn.), Edmund Jüssen visits, 131, 140; Schurz, 193-194, 201-202.
Salm, Prince, 346.
"Saturday dinner," organized, 453-454.
Scheck, ——, 196.
Scheffer, ——, 199.
Schetteler family, 1.
Schiffer, Anna Schurz, home, 386; husband, 453. See also Anna Schurz.
Schiffer, August, attends meeting, 453; wife, 386.
Schimmelfennig, Col. Alexander, 255.
Schinkowski, ——, 401, 403.
Schirrmacher, ——, 26-27.
Schmidt, ——, 26.
Schmidt, Julius, astronomer, 27.
Schmitz, ——, 76.
Schofield, Gen. John McA., joins Sherman, 322.
Schulze-Delitsch, ——, 420.
Schurz, Agathe, at Bethlehem, Pa., 222; education, 289-290, 400, 411, 435-436; described, 168, 175; edits father's letters, vi; letters to, 289, 435, 444.
Schurz, Anna, greetings for, 103, 107, 263; letter, 111. See also Anna Schurz Schiffer.
Schurz, Antonie, in Kinkel home, 95-97, 102; comes to America, 95; brother, 80; husband, 95, 279. See also Antonie Schurz Jüssen.
Schurz, Carl, mother, 1, 278, 453; early education, 1-7; at Cologne, 3, 6-7, 22-24, 108; early literary interests, 4-6, 8, 9-11, 13-16, 32, 37-38; at University of Bonn, 20-22, 25-56, 108; religious ideas, 17-19; aids Kinkel in newspaper work, 52-55; volunteers for military service, 55-58; in Palatine revolution, 64-66; at Rastatt, 58-67; escape, 67; refugee in Switzerland, 67, 86, 108; desires amnesty, 76-80; at University of Zürich, 81; plans rescue of Kinkel, 80-81, 84, 86, 140-142; succeeds, 90, 92-94; in Berlin, 87-90; Edinburgh, 96; Paris, 96-104, 108; London, 106, 108, 116, 283; affianced, 107; decides to emigrate to America, 108-112; married, 113; illness, 115-116; reaches America, 118; early impressions of American politics, 119-120; trip to the West in 1854, 121-140; visits Hecker, 127, 132, 135-137; impressions of Milwaukee, 139, 148; visits relatives at Watertown, 139-140, 142-147, 413; settles at Watertown, 147-149, 151-158, 413; impressions of Germans, 150; sails for Europe, 159, 417; at Montreux, Switzerland, 159-169; returns to Watertown, 169-171; new home, 171-172, 174-176; early political activities in America, 173-174, 184-186; notary public, 172; alderman, 179; defeated for lieutenant governorship, 179-183; law partner, 187; Eastern lecture tours, 190-192, 204-205, 233-235, 238-239, 355, 360; "True Americanism," 187, 191; Douglas speeches, 204, 220-222; "American Civilization," 233; 1859 political speeches in Minnesota, 192-202; Wisconsin, 202-204; loses nomination for governor, 194; challenges Rothe, 202; criticizes Randall, 205-206; University regent, 187, 206, 207; 1860 political speeches in East, 211-213, 221-227; in West, 213-219, 227-231; 1861 speeches, 247-249; at Milwau-

kee, 232; relations with Lincoln, 237, 240, 241, 243, 247, 269-270, 308-309, 326, 340; Seward, 242, 250, 252, 253, 254; Chase, 243; attitude toward peace conference, 244-247, 249; minister to Spain, 252-267; leave of absence, 269, 285; returns to America, 267; in Civil War, 272-338; visited by Mrs. Schurz, 274-277; major-general, 280, 285; on furlough, 281-282, 300; observations on Army, 287-288, 291-292, 294-295; with Eleventh Corps, 296; Army of the Cumberland, 296-297; Army of Georgia, 327-333, 337; relations with Hooker, 299-300, 301; supports McClellan, 306-307; aids in recruiting Veteran Corps, 315-316, 318-319, 320, 324-325; meets Mrs. Lincoln, 326-327; resigns commission, 335, 338; relations with Johnson, 335-337, 340, 391-393; at impeachment trial, 432, 434-435; studies post-war South, 341-354; report, 354, 356-359; with Detroit *Post*, 357-358, 361-363, 366; 1866 political activities, 366-370; *Atlantic Monthly* contributor, 239, 371; 1867 lecture tour, 372-374; with St. Louis *Westliche Post*, 373-374, 376-377, 384, 419; visits Augusta, Mo., 379-383; Brachvogels, 395-396; Booneville, Mo., 400-404; at Sheridan demonstration, 393-395, 397; visits Bismarck, 420-424, 426; at 1868 Republican national convention, 436-437; campaigns for Grant, 438-450; "Saturday dinner," 453-454; attends soldiers' reunion, 456-458; United States senatorship, viii, 443-444, 450-453, 455-456, 458-480; civil service reform, 473-478; aids Liberal Republicans, viii; in Hayes's cabinet, viii; characterizes Grant, 472, 475; views on spiritualism, 405-406; Memorial Committee, vii; *Reminiscences* published, vi; *Speeches*, etc., vii.

Schurz, Christian, at Rastatt, 71-72, 74; financial difficulties, 101-102, 112; settles at Watertown, 143; moves to Monee, Ill., 386; at Chicago convention, 438; makes speech, 452-453; characterized, 2; letters to, 58, 67-85, 90, 96-104, 111, 255, 258, 268, 269, 272, 278-281, 297, 299, 301, 302, 362.

Schurz, Emma Savannah, birth, 314; death, 314, 376; described, 319, 324, 342.

Schurz, Margarethe Meyer, affianced, 107; married, 113; illness, 115, 163-164, 189, 300, 310, 314, 442, 451, 455; comes to America, 118; at Bethlehem, Pa., 222, 281, 354; Montreux, Switzerland, 164-169; Watertown, 169-172, 174-176, 207; Philadelphia, 280; New York, 295, 302; visits camp, 274-277; in Europe, 376, 387-391, 395, 404, 406, 408, 410-412, 415-422, 427-428, 430; characterized, 110, 183, 319, 469; brothers, 107, 111; letters, xi, 274, 334; letters to, 121-137, 142-159, 176, 177, 186, 190-254, 314-317, 324-331, 335-337, 342-355, 356-357, 360, 361, 363-365, 366-369, 372-374, 377-383, 385-416, 417, 427, 428, 430-434, 436-443, 446-462, 464-470, 474-477.

Schurz, Marianna, mentioned, 293, 445; aid acknowledged, v, vii, xi.

Schurz, Marianne, illness, 278; at Monee, Ill., 453; letters, 1-2; letters to, 58, 67-77, 90, 96-104, 111, 255, 258, 268, 269, 272, 278-281, 297, 299, 301, 302, 362.

Schütz, ——, 165, 177.

Schwartz, Ph., 26, 27.

Schwentzer, ——, 29.

Second Army Corps, commander, 316.

Sell, Professor ——, 77.

Seward, William H., in Lincoln's cabinet, 250, 252, 253, 254; Johnson's, 336; characterized, 242-243.

Seymour, Horatio, 441.

Shakopee (Minn.), Schurz visits, 195-196.

Sharkey, Gen. W. L., opposition to, 350.

Shaska (Minn.), described, 197.

Sheboygan, Schurz visits, 203.

Sheridan, Gen. Philip H., army, 321; removal, 388, 390; headquarters, 392, 393; at St. Louis, 393-395; characterized, 395.

Sherman, Gen. William T., in Civil War, 309, 320-322; methods, 330-

331, 343, 346; at Atlanta, 346; reviews troops, 333; at soldiers' reunion, 457.
Shields, Sen. James, 470.
Sigel, Gen. Franz, in Civil War, 272, 275-277, 301; on leave, 280; removed, 392.
Slavery, in Tennessee, 292; Schurz opposes, 174, 179, 265, 283-284, 287-288; Emancipation Proclamation, 279; abolished, 315.
Sloan, A. Scott, judicial candidate, 209.
Slocum, Gen. Henry W., 335, 348-349, 350.
Smith, A. D., judge, 206; supporters, 208-209.
Smith, Kirby, 336.
South Carolina, post-war conditions, 342-344.
Spain, Schurz in, 256-266; described, 263-264.
Speltz, ——, 26, 27, 35-36.
Spraul, Captain ——, 276.
Stahl, Gustav, 70.
Stanton, Edwin M., confers with Schurz, 314; in Johnson's cabinet, 388, 390, 392.
Steedman, Gen. James B., Schurz visits, 346.
Sterken, "Freshie," 43.
Stewart, A. T., 471.
Stillwater (Minn.), Schurz visits, 201.
Stockhausen, ——, 421.
Streiker, ——, 44.
Strodtmann, Adolph, visits Schurz, 71, 74, 82; expelled, 85.
Sulzbach, W., publisher, 69-70.
Sumner, Sen. Charles, 311, 354, 358-359; brother, 191
Sumner, George, 191.
Switzerland, Schurz's refuge, 67-86; visited, 159-169, 389-390, 406, 408.

Techow, Colonel ——, 98, 165, 177.
Temperance. See Prohibition.
Tendering, ——, 44.
Thieme, ——, 211.
Thomas, Gen. George H., investigates charges against Schurz, 299-300; army, 321; private coach, 346; at soldiers' reunion, 457.
Tiedemann, Fritz, in Civil War, 273, 275-276.
Tiedemann, Mrs. Fritz, visits camp, 275-277.
Tiedemann, Dr. Henry, 196, 212, 360.
Toberentz sisters, 421.
Tweedy, John H., Milwaukee resident, 227.
Twelfth Army Corps, in Civil War, 301.
Twentieth Army Corps, commander, 332.

Ungar, ——, 77.
United States Congress, Forty-first, 469-476.

Veneday, ——, 79.
Veteran Corps, recruited, 318, 320, 324-325.
Vosen, ——, 9, 24.
Voss, Charlotte, 160, 162, 164. See also Charlotte Althaus.

Waconia (Minn.), Schurz visits, 196.
Wade, Sen. Benjamin, 437.
Wagner, ——, 378.
Wagner, August, 49.
Washburne, Elihu B., supports Schurz, 460.
Washington (D. C.), in Civil War, 254; peace conference, 244-247, 249.
Watertown, land near, 149-150; Schurz visits, 139, 146-147; buys land, 152-158, 413-414; home, x, 171-172, 174-176; county seat, 170; railroad center, 170, 172; growth, 170; Wide-Awakes, 228-229; Democrats, 303.
Watertown *Weltbürger*, opposes Schurz, 225.
Weber, Carl Otto, 36.
Weise, Ludwig von, at Bonn, 25, 26, 28, 29, 44; member of Franconia, 30; at Cologne, 39, 41; Berlin, 55.
Wells, Gov. ——, at New Orleans, 350.
Werlich brothers, 182.
Wermerskirch, ——, 276.
Wesendonk, ——, 171, 375.
Wessel, ——, 64.
Westendarp, Willy, in Civil War, 273, 276.
Wide-Awakes, in 1860 campaign, 213-214, 218; at Milwaukee, 227; Watertown, 228-229.

Wilkinson, Morton S., 199-200.
Willich, August von, 118-119.
Wilson, Sen. Henry, 238.
Wilson, Gen. James H., 348.
Winterschladen brothers, 3.
Wisconsin, land, 146-150; immigration, 139; roads, 139; railroads, 142-143, 170, 172, 192; Germans, 150-151, 412; Schurz's relatives in, 110, 137, 139-140; Schurz visits, 138-140, 142-143; settles in, 149; in election of 1857, 179-184; 1860, 229-230, 232; 1867, 412, 414; governorship, 194, 244-245, 412; legislature, 205-206, 246-247, 249; chief justiceship, 206, 208-209; Democrats, 207, 303, 412; Republicans, 210; Wide-Awakes, 227-229; in Civil War, 253, 317.
Wisconsin University, chancellor, 206, 211, 213; regents, 206, 207.
Wright, F., Indiana governor, 124.

Ziemesen, ——, 44.
Zürich (Switzerland), Schurz at, 71-86.